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Chick Evans' Golf Book

The author and his mother, with the National Amateur and Open championship trophies [the "Double Crown"] won in 1920.

Chick Evans' Golf Book

The Story of the Sporting Battles of the Greatest of all Amateur Golfers

BY

CHARLES (CHICK) EVANS, JR.

Sixty-five Illustrations

Published for

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Made in U. S. A.

TO MY MOTHER

Who has shared in all my joys and sorrows, my trials, failures and achievements; and whose love, courage and devotion have been the strength of my striving,

this book is affectionately dedicated.

BANCROFT MAR 16 1921

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	Boyhood Days	15
II	Lure of the Links	25
III	A Parting of the Ways	39
IV	About Caddies	54
V	Caddie Days and Ways	66
VI	"Johnnie" and "Chick"	76
VII	Tournament Experiences	84
VIII	In Fast Company at Sixteen	96
IX	Championship Honors	110
X	My First Eastern Tournament	122
XI	Campus to Cattle Boat	131
XII	A Yankee Golfer Abroad	144
XIII	My Second Western Title	161
XIV	Touring the Northwest	173
XV	That "Semi-Final Hoodoo"	180
XVI	Back on Foreign Links	187
XVII	Triple Honors in Western	204
XVIII	Golfing Across a Continent	212
XIX	Winning the Double Crown	220
XX	Red Cross Golf	238
XXI	Auctioneers on the Links	255
XXII	Defending My Titles	274
XXIII	"Old Edgewater"	286
XXIV	Matches Not in the "Book"	299
XXV	Shots and How to Make Them	306
XXVI	Clubs and How to Use Them	324

ILLUSTRATIONS

The remarkable illustrations in Chick Evans' Golf Book are selected from the author's great collection of photographs. They are listed here in the order of their appearance in the book.

The author and his mother, with the National Amateur and Open championship trophies [the "Double Crown"] won in 1920.

Miss Helen Reedy and Charles Evans, next door neighbors in Lake View, Chicago, whose adventures kept both from becoming lonesome.

Old Edgewater Club House and the dining room, which was the center of attraction to Chick, looking from the outside in.

Mrs. "Johnnie" Carpenter Hall, first Western Women's golf champion. As Miss Carpenter she played in eight women's open tourneys. She won all.

This position evidently looked best to Evans in 1906. The photo was taken just before the Western Amateur golf tourney at St. Louis.

Chick Evans just before winning his first Western Amateur golf championship in 1909.

Chick's smile grew broader after he had celebrated his nineteenth birthday, which came prior to the National Amateur tourney in 1909.

Chick seems to be a little embarrassed by his proximity to greatness, especially as he is to meet Chandler Egan (at his side) in the semifinal match of the 1909 National Amateur championship at the Chicago Golf Club at Wheaton.

List of Illustrations

Take a good look at the little gray sweater. It was Evans' mascot in his march to victory in the 1910 Western Open golf championship.

The victorious team in the Olympic Cup competition, 1910, the first time Evans participated in the play for the trophy. Standing left to right: Robert Gardner, Paul Hunter. Sitting: Albert Seckel, Chick Evans.

Great throng sees Evans lose semifinals in the 1910 National Amateur at Brookline Country Club, near Boston, to W. C. Fownes, Jr. The snapshot was taken on the thirty-sixth green, where the match was decided.

Types of Old World caddies and a caddie master. Below is a group of caddies at St. Andrews Golf Club, Scotland. In the upper right hand corner sits the late James McDonald, famous caddie at same club. The one in uniform is caddie master at La Boulie, Paris.

Scenes from the British Amateur golf tourney at Prestwick in 1911. In the upper picture Evans is shown getting out of the rough; in the lower he is putting.

Striking photo of Bruce Pearce of Tasmania, who put Evans out of the 1911 British championship. Pearce is shown getting out of a sandpit near a green.

Harold H. Hilton, noted British amateur golfer, whom Evans defeated for the low qualifying medal in the 1912 National Amateur championship at the Chicago Golf Club.

Four defeated golf stars in the 1913 National Amateur at Garden City Club, Long Island. The semifinal hoodoo got Evans. From left to right they are: W. C. Fownes, Jr., Chick Evans, Walter J. Travis and Heinrich Schmidt.

Team of midwestern golfers who triumpantly toured the Northwest in 1913. The players who faced the camera at Salt Lake City are: Standing, left to right, Harry Legg, Howard Lee, Fraser Hale, Phil Stanton and Carl Devol. Sitting, Warren K. Wood, Chick Evans and D. E. Sawyer.

American amateurs and English pros meet at the Ravisloe Country Club, near Chicago, in 1913. From left to right: Harry Vardon, Chick Evans, Warren K. Wood and Edward Ray.

List of Illustrations

John Graham, Jr., British golfer, considered by Chick Evans as the greatest amateur player of the present day generation.

John Barton Payne, Chicagoan and member of President Wilson's cabinet, to whom Evans gives credit for much of his own skill on the links.

Comrades of the links. Warren K. Wood and Chick Evans, snapped on the Excelsior Springs, Mo., course in 1915.

Evans driving in record-breaking round which netted him 71, with six on the last hole, in the 1915 National Open at Baltusrol.

Evans, in winning the Western Amateur golf championship at the Mayfield Country Club, Cleveland, had a hard match with D. E. Sawyer of Chicago in the semifinals.

Chick Evans, just after winning the 1915 Western Amateur at Cleveland.

Principals in a famous West vs. East foursome which was played immediately following the 1915 National Amateur at Detroit. Left to right: Chick Evans, Robert Gardner, Jerome Travers and Francis Ouimet.

Three national champions meet at Philadelphia. Left to right they are: Robert Gardner, National Amateur champion; Mrs. C. H. Vanderbeck, National Women's; Charles Evans, Jr., National Open. The photo was taken just before Evans clinched his title to the "Double Crown" at the Merion Cricket Club, 1916.

Winners of the "Double Crown." John Ball (left) of Hoylake, England, victor in the British Amateur and Open, 1890. Chick Evans adds up his score at Minnikahda, Minneapolis, after winning the National Open, 26 years later.

"Shorty," caddie and mascot, who helped Evans win the "Double Crown" in 1916.

Champion and his pals get together on the Edgewater links after Evans had won the 1916 Amateur title. Left to right: G. M. McConnell, T. E. Hendee, Chick Evans and Robert Gardner.

List of Illustrations

E. G. Grace, president of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, the best business man golfer whom Evans has ever met.

The eighteenth hole on the links of the Pine Valley Golf Club near Philadelphia, pronounced by Evans the most difficult course in the world.

Friends of many years. A. W. Cutten, prominent Chicago business man, and Chick Evans, snapped at a wayside station on their way to California in 1917.

The Guelph Country Club, Canada, scene in 1916 of the first Red Cross golf match on the American continent. The girls in the upper picture each paid $25 to have their photos taken with Chick Evans and George S. Lyon.

Evans starting out on his record-breaking round of 69 on the Lambton Golf Club course at Toronto, Canada, in 1917.

Charles F. Thompson, who, as president of the Western Golf Association, largely contributed to the success of Red Cross golf in 1918.

At the Broadmoor Country Club, Colorado Springs, Col., 1918. Jock Hutchinson, Warren K. Wood, James Barnes and Chick Evans confer on ground rules before the start of the Red Cross match.

Gen. Thomas H. Barry, U. S. A., discussing golf with Evans at the Old Elm Club, near Chicago, before the start of the Red Cross match in 1918.

Scene at the fourteenth green at Oakmont Country Club, near Pittsburgh, where Francis Ouimet put Evans out of the 1919 National Amateur in the second round by one up.

Golfing adversities during the season of 1919 failed to wipe out Chick's smile.

Bobby Jones of Atlanta and Evans, just before the semifinals of the Western Amateur at Memphis, 1920.

A sensational 15-foot down-hill curving putt on the thirty-sixth hole kept Evans in the 1920 National Amateur tourney at Roslyn, a match he eventually won on the forty-first green from Reginald Lewis of Greenwich, Conn.

List of Illustrations

W. C. Fownes, Jr., and Chick Evans, third round rivals in the 1920 National Amateur at Roslyn, Long Island.

Francis Ouimet and Chick, both former caddies, meet in the finals of the National Amateur at Roslyn.

Chick goes "aloft" after his sensational victory in the 1920 National Amateur tourney.

George Herbert Walker, president of the American Golf Association, presenting the 1920 National Amateur golf trophy to Evans after the latter's victory over Francis Ouimet.

The author has a willing, but possibly awkward, golf pupil in Otis Skinner, the actor.

Miss Alexa Stirling, Women's National golf champion, 1920.

Yes, it is Evans swinging, all right, but he objects to his own style, as shown in this picture. He says: "The shot will probably find its mark, but it shows too much tension, and the weight of the body has been thrown too far ahead of the ball."

This photo was taken in 1910. The author apparently is not proud of it, for he says: "This is an interesting picture, because it shows my old grip, which it took me months to unlearn."

Evans on the eighth green in the National Amateur finals at the Merion Cricket Club, 1916, showing actual putting form of that period with a center shafter putter.

In the author's opinion the form displayed shows a perfect follow through. This snapshot of Evans was taken at Memphis in the 1920 Western Amateur tourney.

The tenth hole at Roslyn on which Cyril Tolley, British champion, took a 9 in the qualifying round. Francis Ouimet and Evans are halving it in 2.

An early picture of Evans. It was taken in 1911, just after his return from abroad, and shows his position in putting at that time.

Cups and medals are not the only rewards which have come Evans' way. Here is the magnificent roadster the Edgewater Club members presented him after he had won the 1920 championship.

List of Illustrations

The first and ninth fairways of the Old Edgewater Golf Club on which Evans learned his game.

The three grips which have helped to make Evans a champion. His present putting grip is shown in the left hand corner; opposite is the all-important position of the left thumb. Below is shown his present grip for all shots except the putt.

The address.

Upper left hand corner: On the way up. (Notice distance of hands from body.) Upper right: Correct position of right elbow. Lower left: Top of swing. Lower right: The finish of the drive.

Snapped at Pinehurst in 1911. The picture shows how the right elbow is up instead of being fairly close to the side, a style Evans employs at present.

The little flick at the top of the stroke that is so clearly shown by the blur on the club head is the necessary feature of every good golf stroke.

Just after a full brassie shot. A very good position. Observe the bent position of the arms.

End of the back stroke in a full iron shot. Note the straightened right knee, position of left shoulder, and also length of back stroke.

Finishing a low cleek shot.

Top of a half mashie shot.

The perfect finish of a full "dedstop" or cut shot. Study this picture carefully.

Chick Evans' Golf Book

CHAPTER I

BOYHOOD DAYS

Fleeting fame among the great — An early introduction to sport — Indiana loses a prospective athlete; Chicago gains a future champion.

It was at Indianapolis, on July 18, 1890, in a brown, shingled house on Pennsylvania Street, that I first saw the world that has treated me with so much kindness. The picturesque house is still standing, I believe, and I know that the big elms still meet to form a leafy archway over the street. At the time I was born there was a pretty garden with many roses at the back of the house. That was my first playground.

Interesting families lived in all the houses along that street, and children, who have since found many different paths in life, played in those gardens. Altogether it was rather an ideal spot for a birthplace, but it seems a little strange that I should have been born there. I am pretty sure that not another man so thoroughly addicted to sports as I have been throughout my life, ever caught his first glimpse of daylight in that community, for the general spirit of the place, at that time at least, seemed a little too serious for sport.

On the street immediately back of us, and only a few

blocks down, was the home of Benjamin Harrison, then President of the United States. Directly across the street, in a house previously occupied by a member of the Landis family, lived a well-known lawyer, Albert Baker, son of a former Governor of Indiana. A young next-door neighbor, my brother's most constant playmate, was a nephew and namesake of General Asa Bushnell, afterwards Governor of Ohio.

On Meridian Street and within a few blocks of us lived Albert G. Porter, who had himself been Governor of Indiana and was then Minister to Italy. On the same street with the Porters and about a block from us was the home of Addison C. Harris, a noted Indiana lawyer who was afterwards Minister to Austria. A little farther down on the same street was John H. Holliday, founder and editor of the Indianapolis News, and I think that near him lived John C. Shaffer, now known as the publisher of a string of newspapers in various cities of the West.

Many other close neighbors, most of whom we knew, had claims to distinction, but I doubt if one of them could have been induced to watch even a game of baseball for an hour, and I am certain that my sporting friends will admit that it was a singular neighborhood for me to be born in. It has been reported that the late ex-President Harrison once said: "Golf is not a game, it is a disease." I have even known some golfers who agreed with him.

At the time that I was born my father was librarian of the Public Library, which he had organized, and also secretary and one of the founders of the Indianapolis Literary Club. Unlike most literary societies this was

Miss Helen Reedy and Charles Evans, next door neighbors in Lake View, Chicago, whose adventures kept both from becoming lonesome.

Old Edgewater Club House and the dining room, which was the center of attraction to Chick, looking from the outside, in.

really an association of noted men. I doubt if any other such club in the country ever carried upon its membership rolls the names of one President of the United States, two vice-presidents, three cabinet officers, two foreign ministers, three United States senators, a novelist of Meredith Nicholson's or an educator of David Starr Jordan's distinction; one poet, James Whitcomb Riley; three, or more, governors of the state and a liberal sprinkling of authors and editors; a preponderance of lawyers, followed closely in numbers by clergymen of all denominations, doctors, bankers and leading business men. It was after a visit to this club that Matthew Arnold is said to have remarked that it constituted the finest body of distinguished men that he had met in America.

My father was a librarian by profession; my mother was interested in books and all manner of educational things, and it might well have been expected that their child, born in such environment, would have become a writer, a lawyer, or, if statesmanship was beyond his grasp, a politician, for Indiana was that spot of magic, "a pivotal state," and thus held many a plum for the political-minded. The reason that I became none of these, I suppose, is that I lost the ennobling influences of the state at too early an age. I could not even appreciate presidents at the time I was there, and believed that driving a horse-car was a much better and more interesting occupation.

My only connection with sport in Indianapolis consisted in watching hours at a time, from our second-story windows, boys playing football in the next yard, and then turning away to try out their kicks on a small and

inoffensive ball of my own. It was cotton filled, very soft, and covered with alternating sections of pale-blue and white kid. It was my idea that a ball was meant to be kicked, and I put this one constantly to that use, imitating the boys in the yard beneath my windows. My family, however, moved to Chicago several months before I reached the mature age of three years, and all my education thereafter, physical, moral and mental, was found in this city, or its environs. Therefore, I am largely a product of Chicago, but my birth in Indiana, although it could not furnish me with even one of its many robes of greatness, has given me many precious things, one of the best being the right to belong to the Indiana Society of Chicago, where, once a year, I realize what I missed when I left at too tender an age the state that produces distinguished men.

Chance threw golf in my way, but it is probable that I was the original play-boy, and I think that wherever my life had been cast I should have found some game for self-expression. It happened that I found golf in Chicago, the great sporting center of the country.

The days at Indianapolis were probably not really within my memory — they were something that the family talked about and were related to a faint subconsciousness, but here in Chicago I came into my own. My father was still at his profession of librarian at the Newberry Library, the Virginia Library, and the Chicago Historical Society, but Chicago is big, and the overwhelming political and literary atmosphere of Indianapolis was absent. Chicago was eager and busy, and one could not expect to meet an ex-president or a cabinet member in the course of a day's walk, and not

a boy that I knew in Chicago ever expected to be one, but almost every one counted on becoming some sort of a champion — and he invariably pronounced it "champeen."

It may have been the atmosphere, or it may have been something else, but the two Evans boys and the one Evans girl were intensely interested in all forms of athletics, and but slightly interested in school. I think that we must have surprised our parents; but, then, on the other hand, we had always been encouraged to spend much time in the open air, and that naturally led to an interest in outdoor games.

My earliest definite recollection is of our home in Lake View. It was an apartment on Roscoe Street, not very far from the lake. I was only four years old when we moved there. We lived on the second floor of a three-apartment building, and round about us was much vacant property. These lots, after school hours, were always filled with boys at play. I was much too young for regular games, but I remember that I never saw a group of boys playing that I did not stop to watch them with an admiring wonder at the things that they could do, and with a feeling of humiliation that I could not equal them. Once this act had rather a disastrous consequence, and at the time I could not have been more than six years old. Noticing some large boys playing baseball I, as usual, joined the group. As I was standing near the catcher I determined to try for the ball myself in my best big-boy manner, so that they could not yell "butter fingers!" I was only too successful and the league ball tore my small hands apart and struck my eye, felling me to the ground. Luckily the bony struc-

ture saved the eyeball itself from real injury, but it was a narrow escape. A black patch concealed a multicolored eye for many a week.

I cannot remember a time when I did not have a passionate love for games, and I am told that from the very beginning, in the playing of the simplest, I was a good loser. It has been a very useful quality for I have done a great deal of losing at golf, but then I have had my share of victories, too, and in the end success has more than balanced the failures. I have also been told by older boys, who knew me then, that I was always willing to be "it."

At this season of my life I had an intense admiration for the older boys who could play baseball and football, but I did not care much for those of my own age, for as a rule none of them could play any games as well as I, but there was one small girl, a year or so my junior, who lived in a house across a vacant lot from our apartment, who proved a kindred spirit. Her name was Helen Reedy. She was small, and delicate looking, and she may have been all of three years old when I first knew her, but she had a dauntless soul. We planned many an adventure together, and her imagination and courage were the most consoling things I knew when I was snubbed by the older boys. Once we started to visit her relatives in Cincinnati with a combined capital of two nickels. We were captured at the car-barns by parents whose excitement surprised us.

On another occasion we both attempted to walk a board, or log, that for some reason or other had been extended into the lake. If a man had not been working near enough to rescue us I should not be writing this

story and she would not be the fine musician that she is. He carried us through the snowy streets for a quarter of a mile to our home, and we were none the worse for that icy bath in midwinter.

About this time the older boys became more obliging about their games, and often allowed me to hold their pens, pencils and other treasures when they stopped to play football in a vacant lot on their way home from school. Frequently the owners of these articles received such sudden parental summons that they were unable to claim their belongings, and in consequence I often found myself the puzzled possessor of an extraordinary collections of odds and ends whose ownership was untraceable.

At the age of six I began my education at the Louis Nettelhorst School, which was situated very near my home. There I played as many games as I could but the little boys were not proficient and the bigger ones showed no hospitable feelings. I do not remember what I did in my school work, but imagine that it was not any more than I was obliged to do. The next year I had typhoid fever and was dangerously ill. It was around the Christmas season, and it was months before I could get back to school, and, of course, there was a lull in my sporting proclivities, but by spring I was ready to play at anything that came my way.

I well recall the first time I ever saw, or heard, the word golf. I had been taken for a ride out to Evanston on the electric car line. It was a pleasant ride on a hot day and seems to have been quite a habit of the neighborhood; something like a trip to the country. The line was rather new, I fancy, and Helen and I had once tried to hitch on. The cars rushed down Halsted Street and

Evanston Avenue, and finally turned the corner at Devon, where a high board fence bore an inscription informing the public that the "Edgewater Golf Grounds" were within, and that they were private. I did not realize then the magic that lay in that name, but as usual I was curious, and my father told me that it was a Scottish game that this country was just taking up. It was one of the many strange coincidences of my life that only a few months later we should happen to find a home near that golf course.

Three restless children were getting to be too much for an apartment building, and the vacant lots that had given so much breathing space to that Lake View neighborhood were being built up principally with similar buildings. Even the spot across which I had looked from our dining room window to little Helen Reedy's, was now covered by a three-story apartment structure owned by a Swedish family that approved of neither of us. More and more our parents were beginning to see that a house with at least a little ground about it was a necessity to our family. It was very evident at that stage of my life that the confinement of a second-story apartment was not meant for me, and my subsequent liberation from it was not only a joy to myself but to many others beside.

I believe that it was after some new amusement of mine that did not meet with the approval of others in the building that my mother began to study advertisements, and concluded that somewhere in Rogers Park, a subdivision extending northward to the extreme city limits, was the best place for us. There a suitable house was found on Pratt Avenue and we moved in, either in

the latter part of August or the first of September, 1898. The next year we bought the property, and there we have lived ever since. It happened — and thus does Fate weave the life-web — that the house was very near the Edgewater Golf Club. It was so near, indeed, that after I had learned to play, I often, very often, when the policeman and house owners were not looking, drove my ball to Southport, now Glenwood, Avenue and thence to the lower end of the golf grounds.

All of the houses in our new neighborhood were detached, each boasted a considerable back yard, and there were practically no apartment buildings. There were, too, many blocks innocent of all buildings, and looking towards the lake there was much wooded space. It seemed to be a neighborhood of children. Most of the families were like ours, I judge, and had left the more crowded portions of the city in order to give their children room to grow. We were near the lake because my brother and sister were both fond of water sports. I was, too, but a skin that always would blister kept me from carrying swimming to the extreme.

I was put in school at once and spent the first few weeks in my new home getting acquainted with my surroundings. One day about that time, Reginald Brownlee, an older boy who lived next door, showed me a golf ball, the first I had ever seen. He explained that such balls were used in a new game called golf, and that it was played with clubs; that boys were needed to carry them, and that they were paid ten cents for nine holes on week days, and fifteen cents on Saturdays and Sundays. With that information, although I did not know what "holes" were, visions of untold wealth passed

before my eyes. It was too late, however, to set out in search of fortune that day, but immediately after school the next afternoon I started for the golf grounds.

The course itself ran down to within a short distance of my own house, but the clubhouse was at the Devon Avenue end, about three-quarters of a mile away. I crossed the golf grounds, and consumed with curiosity, saw with an eye to detail, a golf course for the first time. It showed up a little brown after the summer's heat with old-fashioned cop bunkers, white tee boxes, and the brilliant green spaces with the little red flags in the center. Pleased as I was with the novelty of the sight I never dreamed then how thrillingly interesting any landscape so bedecked would be to me in after life.

CHAPTER II

LURE OF THE LINKS

Edgewater Golf Club acquires a new caddie — First job on the links yields extra dividend — A discovery in retrieving golf balls — Getting acquainted with professionals.

In the early history of the Edgewater Club, back in 1898, there was no caddie master and the so-called caddie yard bore no resemblance to those of today. The entrance to the club was on Devon Avenue, with the caddie yard just across the street and car tracks. I am not certain that this ground even belonged to the club. It was more likely a place where the boys "hung out."

There was a ridge running through the lots, and in that part of the city the subsoil is of sand (it was this sand that gave the course such wonderful greens) and some of this had been dug out, leaving a big sandy hole that played an important part in the lives of the caddies. There were high board signs, and trees and bushes, and climbing the signs and trees was a favorite sport. There were rabbits there, too, and we frequently chased them. There were many wild violets—which we did not pick. It was a strangely fascinating spot for a boy of my temperament.

The street cars stopped at the club entrance, and from the lot across the way the caddies emerged and asked

the descending clubmen for a job. That is, if they were what caddies considered good men to work for, otherwise there would not be a caddie in sight, all being carefully concealed in the sandhole, among the bushes, or up in the trees.

Frequently we had a game of baseball, or even marbles, in which I was rather proficient, to while away the time until the next car came. There were a couple of tomato cans sunk in the ground for putting, but for a long time golf clubs were luxuries, and the trees were badly mutilated to furnish shinny sticks, and implements that in a pinch could be used for golf clubs.

I was, however, really too young for caddying, even my brother was rather young—boys of twelve and fourteen being preferred—but there is one quality that I possess in abundance, and that is persistence, and from that first day I simply haunted that caddie yard, confident in the belief that sometime I would be allowed to carry the bag that was taller than I.

One day when only ladies were playing my long-looked-for opportunity arrived. It happened that there were few boys out, the older ones, I fancy, having been drawn to a football game of their own, and a caddie was needed. The lady who accepted my services, such as they were, was Miss Amy Jones, daughter of G. I. Jones, one of the five founders of the Edgewater Golf Club, and unless I am mistaken, she, herself, was at the time the woman champion of the club.

I was about two inches shorter than the bag, and the strap adjusted to the last notch was still much too large for me. In consequence the bag just bumped along with each alternating step. Luckily for me Miss Jones was

very kind and made allowances for the little freckle-faced boy who was caddying for the first time, and exceedingly anxious to do well at it.

Of course, burdened by the bag, I could not keep up with Miss Jones, but she would walk back to get the club needed for the next shot, and if there was a short cut for the caddie she showed it to me, and took two clubs if she were in doubt as to the one to be used, because she knew that the little youngster could never be up to the ball in time.

I can appreciate these acts of Miss Jones more now than I did then, because when I got to playing myself, I was, and am now, a crank about never making a final decision on the club to use until I stood right at the ball, and I always confess to considerable irritation if the caddie hands me a club he thinks I should play, or even asks me to take the club, before I am at the ball. Fortunately for me, Miss Jones was not that sort of a player, and she even took her niblick out of the bag to lighten it for me the second round, for Edgewater was a nine-hole course. Still more fortunately for a boy making his first essay at the task of caddying, Miss Jones, as became a champion, was a very good player, and seldom off the course, and, therefore, it did not matter whether I watched the ball or not.

I cannot recall now whether I took any interest in Miss Jones' game. I am afraid not, for at that time I was practically unacquainted with golf, and was probably only interested in "pay time." I may have asked (but I hope not) as I have heard many a small boy do, if we were nearly through. The extraordinary interest that I as a caddie always took in the game of

my player came later. I became proudly happy over every fine shot, excused all the poor ones, and made of my caddying time a period of great emotions.

On the day of my first caddying round Miss Jones was playing with Miss Lucy Peet, and I afterwards learned that these two were almost inseparable on the links. They were the best two women players at the club at that time.

The boy who was caddying for Miss Peet was from up on Clark Street, which meant that he belonged to an altogether different caddie circle at Edgewater.

There were neighborhood cliques—Edgewater, Rogers Park and Clark Street—and they stood for many different things. I asked the Clark Street boy a number of questions about the work and the game, but his replies were not encouraging. I think that he regarded me as a presuming youngster who should be made to keep his place, and only allowed to caddie when none of his elders was around.

It was nearly dark, when, on the ninth green, Miss Jones removed the bag from my shoulders and handed me thirty-five cents! Twenty cents was what she should have paid me. I had done nothing for her except to lug the bag around, but I think that she recognized the good intentions behind the poor performance, and understood how tired an eight-year-old boy could be.

The money received for this first caddying seemed a princely sum to me, for up to that time no one had considered my services very valuable, a dime having been my maximum wage previously. For that amount I had made a Marathon race from the Rogers Park Station to a man's house on Southport Avenue for a pair of

forgotten spectacles, and I now saw that kind ladies who played golf would provide more money than impatient gentlemen whose memories only failed them occasionally.

I hastened home with all my riches and my family had to stand a great deal of detailed information about golf, that night, and for many other nights since that time. This first day of caddying was a great and happy occasion, but as any caddie knows it could so easily have been made a humiliating experience. The tactful kindness of a woman, hardly more than a girl herself, caused me to turn my steps then and there to a path, obscure indeed, but one that led surely and pleasantly to a very joyous land.

I could hardly wait for school to be out the next day, and as soon as it was I headed for the golf grounds. At that time the Edgewater Golf Club had only been a year or so at that location. Furthermore, it was late season, there were no rules about caddie turns, and there was no caddie master. The big boys ran the show. It was the time known as "scabbing time," and no caddie needs to have that term explained. It meant a free-for-all rush for the "good guys" with the everlasting motto "little boys last!" As I was one of the smallest my chance of getting a job on any day was of the slimmest and, therefore, a large share of disappointment was in store for me.

This was long before the days of the caddie uplift movement. The game was new in America, and if uplifting had been tried at that time it is possible there would have been no caddies. They had not then felt the lure of the game, being largely attracted by

the novelty of the thing and the chance to earn pocket money without working steadily.

The Edgewater Golf Club itself was new and very private, and the caddies were not expected to stay inside the grounds except when caddying. If they did they were likely to be ordered out by the manager of the club-house, or the professional autocrat.

The course at that time extended from Devon on the south to just beyond North Shore Avenue on the north, and from Sheridan Road to Southport Avenue. No part of the grounds lay in Edgewater. Notwithstanding its name it was entirely in Rogers Park, Edgewater begir ning on the south side of Devon Avenue. This, t marked the four-mile limit of the Northwestern Univ sity prohibition district. About the only houses on that side were two saloons—Joe Miller's and "Punkin Pete's"—at the corner of Devon and Evanston, now Broadway.

The downtown cars let the golfers off directly in front of the club on Devon Avenue, and there was generally a boy up on one of the big signboards. From this vantage point he could see the next car far down past Granville Avenue, and we could tell as soon as it turned the corner and started down Devon whether it was going to stop. If it did, before the car was at a standstill, or the man could get off, his passage to the club was blocked by a crowd of boys yelling, "Caddie, Mister?" About the only chance for the little fellow was on a busy Saturday afternoon or Sunday morning when he might be the only one left, or the big boys might "duck" and give him a chance with a player who was considered disagreeable, or who did not tip, for

I am sorry to say at that time the boys were purely mercenary, and every man was really " marked."

Although jobs must have been infrequent in the fall of 1898, I soon learned the names of most of the clubs, and the places on the holes where most of the balls were lost, and I always had a golf ball to bounce and to play catch with. Once I recollect that at the Eugene Field School a big girl took a perfectly good ball from me to play jacks with—a sort of desecration, it seemed to me. Those were the hard ball days and I soon had a fine collection of Ocobos, Vardon Flyers, Musselburghs, Agrippas, Silvertowns and others.

A certain aptitude for football, baseball and other school games drew me often to them despite the new lure of golf. Perhaps it was a family reason that changed the balance to the side of golf. My mother had never objected to my long stays at the golf grounds because it was near home, and she always knew where I was. Otherwise nothing short of omniscience could have kept her informed. The lake was near and I soon learned to swim, and near the lake were heavily wooded lots where I learned to climb trees. Then, too, I had formed a habit of being carried home in a more or less dilapidated condition, and she thought that golf seemed safer than most of my other amusements. My method of playing football apparently struck terror to the family heart, but I was quite successful at it, and in spite of my love for golf and family opposition, I spent a great deal of time on the gridiron all through my grammar school and Evanston Academy days.

That first year in Rogers Park my father asked me

what I wanted for Christmas, and I told him a golf club, although I think that he knew that anyway. My brother Eliot, several years older than I, told him the same thing, showing the hold the new game had taken upon us. What club, however, was the question, and very seriously we sought information from other caddies and from the men for whom we caddied.

Each one asked replied " a cleek."

Nothing shows the passage of time like that choice, for then the cleek was the popular all-around club and now one hears but little about it. At Christmas time my brother and I both received our clubs. They were Morristowns, and cost seventy-five cents apiece. Mine was a dandy-feeling little club, and cut to a ridiculously short size for me.

Things about the house were considerably damaged while I was learning to swing, but most of the practical knowledge I acquired of golf and other games was attended with more, or less breakage at home. Before I killed any one with the cleek, which I seemed in a fair way of doing, I suffered a broken leg, and to use an Irish bull, that broken leg carried me with still a different step towards golf. It put me on the reading side of it.

It was my constant admiration for the older boys and my intense interest in their games that caused me a serious accident in January, 1899, my first winter in Rogers Park. It was at the morning recess of the Eugene Field School. The playground was frozen hard with icy spots here and there. The older boys were playing a game that they called " Land Sting-Goal," and we little ones were looking on. Sides were drawn up and

Mrs. "Johnnie" Carpenter Hall, first Western Women's golf champion. As Miss Carpenter she played in eight women's open tourneys. She won all. Chick caddied for her in each.

Photo by Pietzcker, St. Louis.

This position evidently looked best to Evans in 1906. The photo was taken just before the Western Amateur golf tourney at St. Louis.

Chick Evans just before winning his first Western Amateur golf championship in 1909.

Photo by International Film Service.

Chick's smile grew broader after he had celebrated his nine-
enth birthday, which came prior to the National Amateur tourney
1909.

the small boys were expected to keep out of the way of the big ones, but I ran across the open space, and one of the bigger boys tripped me up. I think that he wanted to teach me to keep out of the way. I fell heavily on the icy ground and found myself unable to rise.

After a great many painful experiments on the part of the boys, such as pulling my leg and then attempting to stand me up on it, I was carried into the schoolhouse and laid upon a table. By that time it was discovered that my leg was past walking upon, and three of the older boys, Ray Clarke, Bob Marshall and Will Follett volunteered to carry me to my home, about three-quarters of a mile away. It was an unforgettably painful progress. The boys were kind and patient, but no one had ever shown them how a boy with a broken leg should be carried.

My leg was found to be fractured above the knee, and after it was set it was kept extended with some sort of pulley arrangement. The leg was measured every day. No chances for unevenness were being taken, for I was a restless and impatient patient.

During this period of confinement reading, and being read to, were chief amusements, and chief among the books were Andersen's Fairy Tales and the Golf Guide, two books not often coupled together. But to my young mind they were of equal interest. Two months in bed is a long time for any one, but it is an eternity to a restless eight-year-old boy, and it was during that spell, I think, that I definitely decided to be a golf champion. The names Braid, Vardon, Sandy Herd and Taylor took on a new meaning for me as I read the Guides, and I learned the story of our own few

championships and was thrilled by the names of the winners.

It was March before I was out again, and by that time there was already some playing over at Edgewater, because it was a late and early season playing course. It was fortunate in having a sandy subsoil, and this good drainage was one reason for its wonderful greens and fairgreens. The texture of the turf was famous, and K. L. Ames, member of both Edgewater and Glenview, tried to copy them for the fifth green at Glenview, and spent $1,200 or $1,500 doing it, a big sum in those days. The Edgewater greens were so good and so well drained that one could play five minutes after the heaviest rain.

As my agility increased I was soon practicing around the north end of the golf course trying to imitate the shots made by the golfers that I had been watching. I probably got some caddying to do before I went back to school, for with the other boys in school it was a good time for a little one to caddy, and doubtless my leg was much stiffer at home than it was out on the golf grounds. It was also a good time to look for golf balls.

I remember finding, and I think that it was that spring, a brand new ball by a method that I have always claimed to have originated, but, of course, I may have deceived myself. I saw a player drive into some long grass that separated the then second and third holes. He knew, of course, that it had gone into that strip but although he looked for a long time, neither he nor his caddie could find it. When he left I concluded to try an experiment and went over and lay down where I thought the ball had fallen. Then I rolled over with

thoroughness, accompanied, I must confess, by dizziness, all around the spot until some part of my body struck a round, hard object. This, of course, was the ball, which I immediately proceeded to dig out.

The method soon made me rich in golf balls, but what was better it gave me a reputation among both members and caddies of never losing a golf ball.

The golf professional at Edgewater, when I went there in 1898, was Harry Turpie. He was the first one I had ever known and a very good one he was, too. I think that he had come to Edgewater from Glen View only the year before, remaining until 1902.

I do not think that the caddies of the present day have the feelings that we held towards professionals. We looked up to them as if they were gods, and their rule was often of iron. None of us at that time really liked professionals. They were our natural enemies (and I am sure that they looked upon us as necessary nuisances) but we admired their position in life and we thought clubmaking a particularly delightful occupation.

One of my earliest golf recollections is that I was always gazing into the screened shop window which opened into the caddie yard, marveling at what I saw there. For a while Harry Turpie employed his brother George to make clubs for him, and in those days a professional actually *made* clubs. Now it is largely done for him. The head of the club was fashioned from a square block of wood. The shaft required much planing and sandpapering, and every caddie in the yard was absorbingly interested in the job. George was not very friendly to the lowly caddies. Our restlessness was a trial and the noise we made must have been deafening.

George Turpie was then supposed to have better prospects as a player than Harry, although the latter was very good, but evidently George's game did not develop as expected. He is still in the business but he has never become a great player. He did not stay long at Edgewater.

Although I was almost daily at the golf grounds, not all my time in the spring and summer of 1899 was given to caddying, for my fondness for baseball still lived and I was pretty good at it for a kid who celebrated his ninth birthday that summer. There were plenty of vacant lots in Rogers Park to play in and a good many chances to play. I remember that my brother had a bet with a boy that I could throw a golf ball a certain distance, for I did have a very good "wing" for a youngster, and I believe that he won his wager. By midsummer of the year I was pretty well acquainted with all the boys who frequented the golf grounds, and with many of the members.

About this time, however, I had a week or so of intermittent fever that kept me at home, and early in August I had another one of my narrow escapes from serious injury, and this threatened for a while to put me out of the golf game, for it seemed to prove that even golf was not entirely safe for me.

While I, when I first acquired the golf ground habit, was probably the youngest boy actually caddying at Edgewater, there was another little lad, still younger, who haunted the golf grounds and fairly grew up on the course, his home being on Southport, now Glenwood Avenue, just across the street from the grounds. The lad was "Bobbie" McNulty, later on well

known to golfers all around Chicago. After playing in the amateur ranks for a time he accepted the place of professional at Danville, and then at La Grange. He was Lieutenant J. Robert McNulty in the war. He gave up professional golf and has been reinstated as an amateur.

One day we were over near the sandhole across the tracks, and Bobbie had a new iron club. I don't know whether it belonged to him or to one of the other boys, but we were watching him and telling him to swing as hard as possible. In my zeal I stood a little too near and the iron caught me just above the eye, completely laying me out. I was taken into the clubhouse and Dr. Henry Hooper, who happened to be playing there, gave me first aid and then once more I was carried home to my mother by the big boys. She must have concluded then that there was no place or occupation safe for me. Our family physician, Dr. Paul Hullhorst, who had just released me as a patient a few months before, was called upon for a little more practice on me.

Bobbie's older brother was one of the boys who brought me home. He deserves a little tribute here. Of all the Old Edgewater caddies he gave promise of becoming the best golfer. He was a great favorite with the members, and whenever the professional went out to play he always took Louis. His death a few years later at the early age of fifteen years was deeply mourned at Edgewater.

The kids living at the north end of the club grounds had taken quickly to the idea of making money so pleasantly and abundantly as seemed possible at Edge-

water, and in a very little while we were all "going down to the club," as we called it. The big boys, of course, got the cream of everything, and they were already playing a little on the course after caddying time when the professional was not looking.

I think that it must have been about this time that the club decided to get a caddie master and to "corral" the boys. There was a high board fence on the Devon Avenue side with two entrances, a small one for the house supplies and a large one for the members. We were given a right to the lesser and a place inside was set aside for us. In time there was a shelter in case of rain, and also some benches on which we carved our initials. A professional's shop, the caddie master's house and a tool shop formed one boundary of it. Each year a few improvements were added but land was scarce and the area remained the same.

The caddie yard had a putting course—five holes—each one well worn around the top. Many a close match was played there at a penny a hole, and no national championship could ever be more exciting. Saturday mornings were always the time for the big events. There was a noisy crowd of spectators, and plenty of gratuitous advice, abuse and general information was handed out to the contestants. Not infrequently Turpie and the chef would break up the game on account of the noise.

CHAPTER III

A PARTING OF THE WAYS

When I was a caddie, a wee, sma' laddie,
I lived in a world that was new;
Life itself was a game, to play it my aim,
In the best way my hands found to do.

I'm no longer a caddie, nor wee sma' laddie,
Nor's the world so eternally new;
Life's not wholly a game, yet my hope is the same
And my hands seek the best they can do.

Caddies are like all other boys, and grown-ups too, for that matter. Mostly they follow the leaders. If any man looks back over his boyhood days he will recall that some one boy, much to the admiration of the others, "ran" things. I believe that I was usually the head of a gang of boys of my own age. Only the big boys subdued me.

In football, baseball and other games I was always trying to lead the way, perhaps not so much that I wanted to lead as that I did not want anybody to boss me, and the price of my services, and they had a well-defined value, was a finger in the management. I think that was the reason that I had my scrap with Art

Graham over our local baseball team, and that tilt probably meant golf as a life game for me.

We were both in the seventh grade, and we were playing " hookey " from school one afternoon. The biggest building going up at that time in Rogers Park was the Congregational Church, and there of course we climbed the scantlings and jumped the holes in the full joy of this forbidden vacation. The reason we two boys chummed, I think, was because we were both inclined to " run " the local sports. I forget now what inconsequential thing started that row high up in that church but I was angry and so was he, and we split, and I decided that I wasn't going to play on that Rogers Park team any more. We climbed down from our place on the structure by different routes, through brick and mortar, and went upon our separate ways. The other boys begged me to go back, but that afternoon I had immediately headed for the club, and concluded that golf was my best love after all. It was perhaps this little incident that limited my playing of other games in which I had shown ability, and turned me decidedly to golf.

It was astonishing how kind the members of the Edgewater Club were to the boys in those early days, long before the caddie " reformation " of the present time. The old clubhouse itself was small and unpretentious, and of course there was no room in the caddie yard for many of the things now deemed necessary for the welfare of the caddies, but the members all seemed solicitous of our happiness.

The boys were generously treated in the matter of playing. Each year we had a tournament and each

Monday morning up to 10 o'clock we were allowed to play on the course. I have to confess that our playing was not limited to this generous allowance. The second hole went due north for six hundred yards, and it was on the green of this hole, very near my own home, and yet not visible from it that many a putting match was played, often lasting well into the night, a handkerchief being used to mark the hole.

The caddies at Edgewater were composed of several widely differing groups of boys. They were rather roughly differentiated as the "Edgewater crowd," "Rogers Park kids" and the "Clark Street bunch." These groups never exactly assimilated. The Edgewater boys thought themselves a little better than the Rogers Park and we in turn considered ourselves a little better than the Clark street crowd.

I think, too, that with just a few exceptions the skill of the caddies was graduated by the location of their homes. For instance, those who lived on Southport, now Glenwood Avenue which faced the grounds, played better than those who lived farther to the north or west, and those in their turn better than those who lived up on Clark Street, and the latter had the edge on those in Edgewater. I have been so impressed by this fact that I have never failed, since the Old Edgewater moved, to live near a golf course during the playing season.

Certainly those caddies who lived nearest the old links played best because they were able to take more practice shots. One of the exceptions of the early days was Joe Morheiser, who lived over on Ravenswood Avenue, near the railroad tracks. When going home

he would play the old Sunset Hole, and then proceed up to Clark Street and home with his clubs. Sometimes Joe would play up to the Birches with us and back again if he had enough time.

Very few of the kids had clubs when they first began, but whenever a fellow had one he was always swinging it unless working, and I kept mine busy. I think that I must have swung it a million times, and those first million swings happened to be wrong.

Like all golfers we often came home late to meals, being delayed by a fiercely contested match on the last green. The stakes were a soda. Joe Morheiser once won 244 sundaes from the crowd in the caddie yard, and yet he had to buy his own at the drug store that night. It was always better to owe a fellow than to beat him out of it.

For some reason very few Jewish boys came to caddy at Old Edgewater, and none of them learned to play golf. The reason may have been that in those early days the older boys, being as I know from sad experience unregenerate gentiles, systematically discouraged the offspring of a thrifty and industrious race; but, whatever the cause, few came.

Over on the corner, just outside the prohibition district of Rogers Park, were two saloons, and the one belonging to Joe Miller, although it did not have the better location, seemed to enjoy the more lucrative business. Joe's wife was related to Lou Houseman, the theatrical promoter, and he had a friend whose son, Abe Freeman, came from downtown to caddy. I remember him as a very entertaining chap, always headed for a good job and most actively "nursing"

it when a good tip was in sight. It is not surprising that he was once fired by a member who rarely tipped.

We found Abe, who was a big boy, very interesting because he told wonderful stories. He talked about fortunes and gold mines and marvelous treasures in a most familiar way, and yet we noticed that in spite of the treasures he had found and the fortunes he had made, he was still glad to come to our own little gold mine—the Edgewater Golf Club. He extracted some pay ore, for he was a good combination of romantic vision and practical common sense. Our caddie master was attached to Joe Miller and his bar, and therefore he favored Freeman, who, moreover, was a very good worker when there was any money in sight.

There was another Jewish boy, Isaac Cohen, who caddied occasionally at Edgewater. He now has a cigar store somewhere on Division Street. He and his brother Dave came down from the "Ridge," where their father had a dry goods store. One day Dave was accidently underpaid by Henry Newton. The blow hurt. It was some time before he got Mr. Newton again, but his first remark was: "You owe me five cents from before, Mr. Newton." A quarter made up for the overdue payment.

There is a certain skill even about caddying and some boys never make good caddies. There is a knack about the carrying of a bag, and in the days when I was caddying the manufacturers did not make the bags as carefully as they do now. They were not well balanced for the shoulders and almost any sort of a bag was good enough. We used to put the niblick, the least used club, heel downward so that the preponderance

of weight would not send the bag tipping forward. Without such weight in the bottom of the bag it was very uncomfortable for the boy. David Maxwell used his niblick so often, however, that his regular caddie kept a little smooth stone that he dropped in the bottom of the bag.

Nearly all of us North End kids had clubs that we kept with us constantly. They were our greatest treasures and it would never have done to leave them around in the caddie yard if we ever expected to see them again. I even took mine to my bedroom at night, partly to keep it from my brother and partly to protect myself from burglars. Not that I had anything that a burglar would care to steal but there was always a chance that he might not know that.

Two clubs head downward were really needed to keep the old caddie bags properly balanced, and it was my habit to so place the niblick and my own club. It was safer to keep that club with head down for there was many a player to whose swing I could never have trusted my pet club. I was often asked how I was able to distinguish my club from the niblick when I could not see the heads. The question made me laugh for there was nothing easier for me than distinguishing grips by the sense of touch.

With the old bag the new caddie was easily spotted. His " greenness " was evident as a " rookie " in camp. The usual rule then was to put the strap criss-cross over both shoulders. As a consequence the inexperienced kid stumbled all around when the heavy heads drew the bag nose downward. Now the manufacturers place the straps more intelligently and the experienced

caddie has no longer a reason for snickering at the green one.

I made a study of caddying, however, from the beginning and I tried to do everything that I saw the experienced boy do, and if I could think out anything that seemed better I did that, too. It was easy for me to learn quickly the names of all the clubs, and I noticed, too, that the members had different ways of taking them for the next shot. When they called for them I got so that, without looking, I could just feel for the right club and hand it out. Many caddies pulled out the club and thrust the cold iron into the player's hand. I made a point of dusting off the head of the club and handing the grip to the player.

Perhaps because my mother was from the South and all southern children do it, I was always careful to say, "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," and I always addressed them as "Mr.," "Mrs.," or "Miss." This was in marked contrast to a great many of the caddies, for while many of us were Americans, there was a strong intermingling of foreigners and an indifferent "Yah" was the favorite form of assent, with the negative a sort of a grunt. I was no model of politeness in the caddie yard, far from it, but my manners changed immediately on the other side of the fence.

When it came to shining clubs I was as good as any, if not the best of the crowd. Caddies no longer do this, yet they still think that they are obliged to work too hard. I really like the polishing. It was sport for me to work on them till they shone. It was pleasant to me to go out in the yard and sit on the carved benches and do my shining with all the kids talking

at once about their man's game, and what happened on the last round.

The other day I found in an old suitcase two caddie badges. One was No. 56 and the other was No. 1. They were the only numbers I had during my life as a caddie, although I was on the job for five more years, which meant that numbers were given out in 1900 when I was ten years old.

My first number was 56. As it was connected with much happiness in my life, I have had many superstitions about it and, strange to relate, events have somewhat justified them. Years afterwards when in important tournaments, I usually asked for locker number 56, and this happened to be the number of my locker at Minikahda when I won the National Open, and began so auspiciously the season of 1916. Even now, for sentiment's sake, I usually try to get Caddie No. 56 when I am playing in tournaments at different clubs.

Each year we were asked if we still had the badges and I was kept on that number. I usually wore it on the peak of my cap, even when I went to school, or to the shops on Clark Street in Rogers Park, which was our equivalent to "going to town."

In the summer of my fourteenth birthday a new design was ordered for enough badges to supply over 300 caddies. The news that they were going to give out new badges had swept the caddie yard like fire. When the caddie master opened the parcel each boy's heart beat fast, but none faster than mine when No. 1 was handed to me with the remark, "Because you are the best caddie at the club."

I found the No. 1 badge was quite a responsibility,

but I tried to live up to it and I was allowed to keep the badge when I quit caddying the day before my sixteenth birthday.

When the caddie master was at Edgewater we were required to register and that meant merely registering your number. The caddie master often hardly knew our names. I can hear him say now: "If you don't stop making that noise, 56, I'll give you a beating you'll remember." As the members filed past the window the voice from the caddie master's office would call out numbers and we would answer. Even the members knew us chiefly by numbers, but some wanted to know our names, and as time passed I came out of the number class and was "Chick" and "56" in the same breath.

Occasionally caddies came down from Evanston and one such visit is deeply impressed upon my mind. The newcomer was one of the toughest boys that we had encountered. He had accompanied an Evanston man, E. P. Ide, I think, who was entered in a tournament. He played a good game with a cross-handed grip and was playing against C. M. Rogers, for whom I was caddying. It is needless to emphasize the fact that I was eager for my man to win.

The Evanston kid was what we called "downright mean," and he soon insolently informed me that he was to get a dollar extra if his man won. He began by insisting that I take every one of the flags, notwithstanding that it is a sacred caddie law to go fifty-fifty in a single match and twenty-five—twenty-five in a foursome.

When we took some of the "caddie short-cuts" the

Evanston caddie spent the time swearing at me because I had pulled for my man to hole out. Once when my man went into the long grass he stepped on our ball. It did him no good because I was watching for just such a performance, and easily found it, but I was beginning to get angry through and through. Never in my life had I cheated for my man, having a great belief in fair play.

I saw that he was an extreme example of what we boys were accustomed to call "California caddies," the theory being that such boys usually caddied for rich men who tipped liberally if their score for the day was good, and rich men were supposed to go to California in the winter. Of course, the golfers themselves, as a general rule, never realized the result of their good-natured generosity. Almost always these caddies cheated on the lie. Some of them were very clever with their feet. Others would go and sit down near the ball and "fix" it with the most foolish grin imaginable on their faces; or else they would pretend that they were getting the club ready for the next shot and would "fix" the ball as the club gyrated.

In the meantime the two players were placidly unaware of the raging enmity in the hearts of their club bearers—their own rivalry being nothing in comparison. The game kept very close as it went along. Several times I saw the caddie get in back of Mr. Rogers' line of putt, and I wondered that he did not complain.

The players reached the eighteenth green all square, and each had played two, when to my amazement I saw the caddie take the flag, the only one he had taken

Photo by International Film Service.

Chick seems to be a little embarrassed by his proximity to greatness, especially as he is to meet Chandler Egan (at his side) in the semifinal match of the 1909 National Amateur championship at the Chicago Golf Club at Wheaton.

Photo by International Film Service.

Take a good look at the little gray sweater. It was Evans' mascot in his march to victory in the 1910 Western Open golf championship.

The victorious team in the Olympic Cup competition, 1910, the first time Evans participated in the play for the trophy. Standing, left to right: Robert Gardner, Paul Hunter. Sitting: Albert Seckel, Chick Evans.

Great throng sees Evans lose semifinals in the 1910 National Amateur at Brookline Country Club, near Boston, to W. C. Fownes, Jr. The snapshot was taken on the thirty-sixth green, where the match was decided.

during the whole round. Evidently an idea had struck him. Mr. Rogers' approach putt was a little short, and in going to hold the flag for the Evanston man the Evanston caddie had deliberately heeled Mr. Rogers' line of putt. The imprint was just enough to hold the ball short of the hole on my man's next putt and that meant that he was defeated. I saw the handshake of the players, and then the crisp dollar bill slide into the hands of the Evanston caddie. I also saw red. I was not angry because my man lost but because he had been cheated.

The other caddie was larger than I but, throwing caution to the winds, I could not keep from telling him just what I had seen him do. Words followed words and then one fist followed another. He could hit hard but I hardly realized it at the time. The usual caddie ring was formed and there, near the sandhole, in the cool of the evening, Edgewater took on Evanston before a partisan crowd. I did my best, but I might have been badly cut up if some of the members had not happened along and stopped the fight.

Living near to a golf course gave to me, the slim, frail and small dweller in a large city, certain advantages that only country boys have, freed, too, from much of the drudgery that falls to their lot. Men and horses were necessary for the upkeep of the course, and there was a great fascination in the hay, the horses and the barns to the small boy with his ever-present club when he went a-visiting the groundsmen.

My particular friend was John, who was the all-year-around man for a long time, and was succeeded by Henry. It was very interesting to see John make holes

for the cups. He did it so carefully and so well. In the winter he used to cut down a few trees for the club fuel and that was another delightful occupation in which I shared.

John had one weakness,—a passion for strong drink. He also had a safe guard, a wife. "Old Lady," he called her, and she made him bring home every cent that he earned. This meant that he drank under difficulties.

Henry, John's successor, was not unfriendly, but he was no conversationalist, and in consequence our relations lacked intimacy. There was another John, too, and a Pete, just hired for the summer, for often as many as five or six men were needed to keep that course in trim.

I made my first acquaintance with Pete when I drove a full mashie from in front of Cole's house onto the second green. Pete and John were cutting the green, and my ball hit Pete as he was bending over. He was Polish, I believe, so I can't repeat what he said. He knew that I had done it because I had dropped those balls all around him before. It took a long while to square this, and in the meantime I did lots of little things for Pete.

In spite of the fact that golf clubs could easily be turned into death-dealing instruments and strongly propelled golf balls might become missiles of death, when we consider the great and often careless use of both, serious accidents are not very numerous. I recall some amusing ones, however.

I was caddying one day for C. L. Allen. Joe Morheiser had Arthur Dyrenforth, and Joe Harter carried

for W. W. Gurley. The latter player did not drive so long a ball as the others, while Mr. Allen always sent a straight ball down the center of the course. I went up to his ball without paying any particular attention to the other players, when, all of a sudden, Mr. Gurley's ball came whizzing along and hit me on the arm. Neither he nor I expected so long a shot. I dropped with a yell. The pain was slight, but the surprise was great, and I thought the only thing to do was to cry. I made a good job of it.

Everyone gathered around me in sympathy, and poor Mr. Gurley was the most frightened and sympathetic of all. The only thing he could think of doing was to hold out a bright, new dollar bill, saying: "There you are sonny; don't cry any more." The remedy acted like magic. My tears ceased flowing at once, and from that moment the black and blue spot on my arm meant nothing to me.

News travels swiftly in a caddie yard, and in an incredibly short space of time every caddie knew the extent of my injury and the balm applied. Within the next two or three weeks an amazing number of caddies were hit. It seemed that every one at the club was willing to risk life and limb for a dollar. After a time the casualties ceased. Whether the members had caught on or the boys had collected sufficient extra money I do not know.

At another time I had a painless and peculiar accident. I was walking quietly along a golf green when a smartly rolling ball carried away the heel of my shoe. That incident shows what might happen on a golf course. My caddie days, however, really trained me

to great carefulness, and to that caution I attribute the fact that I have never hit any one. Perhaps I should knock on wood as I make the statement.

One of the many pleasant things about caddying was the chance that one might be selected for a trip to another club, and every boy just loved that experience. He felt that he was being paid for making a pleasure trip. During these good old days the Edgewater Golf Club played several team matches each year. Among those that I recall was an annual event at Racine, where my brother went and one at River Forest, a course no longer in existence.

Much to my delight I was asked by Parsons Warren to caddy for him at River Forest. He was then fresh from Williams College, and famous in college baseball, and he could drive a golf ball a long, long ways. At that time he was showing great promise as a player but for some reason dropped out of the game later on.

I gave Mr. Warren's clubs a very extra polish the night before the River Forest team match and I was an expert in the shining of clubs, one of the quickest and most careful of the caddies. I always carried two kinds of emery paper, the fairly rough and the smooth, in fact, emery paper seemed always to be oozing out of my pockets.

If Parsons Warren did not win his match at River Forest it was not because his clubs were not properly shined and faced, for I took every precaution, and guarded them like a king's treasure. The match with Mr. Kettlestrings was very close. I simply agonized through it, I was so anxious for " Pat " to win, but he lost by a small margin.

It was dark by the time the game was finished and I remember looking into the locker room at the men sitting at the "nineteenth hole," and envying them. Just then Mr. Seaman came out and asked me if one of the Edgewater boys would take his clubs back to Edgewater. I was very glad of the chance, for it meant more money, and soon two bags and a small boy were humping along towards a home in Rogers Park. When the clubs were safely deposited at the clubhouse, I at last sat down to my supper at midnight.

CHAPTER IV

ABOUT CADDIES

Battles with the caddie masters — Story of a rubber-core ball — Abe Freeman conducts the first walk-out — Other strikes follow in which tar and feathers figure.

Before the advent of a caddie master at Edgewater each member engaged any caddie he wished, or perhaps more correctly, anyone he could get, and as a system of special caddying grew up, certain men always asked for particular boys whose work pleased them. This probably was the wrong method, impossible in a large club, but out of it grew some of the pleasantest relationships of the links. In my own case it has meant many a life-long friendship inexpressibly precious to me.

I believe that the first caddie master we had was named James McAfee. I do not remember him very well, but I think that he was really the club chef, and merely added caddie mastering to his other duties. No doubt he would not have known me except for my staying qualities. All that I can remember of him is that he was a big, fat, gruff fellow who favored the boys who could best peel potatoes and were willing to do that work.

There was another one, a red-faced fellow who found liquid consolation for his many trials "down at the corner," a haven of retreat for many a caddie master.

The kids were certainly hard upon the caddie masters, and the post was often vacant and hard to fill. It is true that some caddies tried to be congenial, hoping for favors, but others were less considerate and some openly defied the boss of the yard. Only the few, however, were lawless. The rank and file were simply mischievous. At any rate we could not see the need of a caddie master, and I fear that we always resented his authority.

There was one boy, " Hen " Carstens, a very good player, who was always known as " Valentine's Caddie." P. A. Valentine was a fine man to caddy for, and was much beloved. Many and many a fierce argument " Hen " had with Sweeney, the caddie master, over Mr. Valentine, but he always got him even if he had to go down to the corner and ride up with him.

It must have been about 1905 that Bob McNulty, Everett Bartlett and I laid out seven holes at the north end of the course. We did not dare to go beyond the second sidewalk, because then we could be seen by the club members and the " pro " and would soon be chased off. We were very proud of the course but it possessed several extremely necessary limitations. Some of the holes were tin cans stuck in the ground and others merely worn places. We did not dare to mark them even with sticks for obvious reasons. The longest hole was about 170 yards, about a full shot for us in those days. Some of the holes were located in the long grass and we judged the distance by memory.

Here on this diminutive course the " north-end fellows " had many a battle as long as daylight lasted, and when darkness came we would putt awhile. Of course, we could only play very early in the morning or late

in the evening after the members had gone home. The caddies did not consider me a good player on the big course, but on the little one I held the record of 19.

One day I played " Bob " McNulty's and Everett Bartlett's best ball with one hand tied behind my back, and I beat them. Carlisle Smith, " Pete " as we called him, later a third baseman for Boston Nationals, was a strong caddie rival on this course.

The special advantage of these improvised links was that we could practice full shots here, instead of the eternal putting. The disadvantage of the course, however, might have been deemed considerable by our elders. There was the constant danger of being discovered, and using handkerchiefs to mark the holes while playing in the dusky summer evenings was not exactly satisfactory, but the boys were enterprising and improvements were continually taking place. Finally one of the big boys went to work for an electrical firm, and very soon we were gaily putting for electric-lighted holes. We prudently refrained from inquiring as to how he came by them.

I think that it was in 1901 that I saw the first rubber-cored ball, an invention destined to play an important part in my life thereafter. I treasured that ball for a long time and I fancy that I still have it somewhere. I had long believed that it was the first rubber-cored ball ever played at Edgewater. Later I learned that at least two other Edgewater caddies made similar claims. Robert McNulty tells me that his brother Louis, who died in 1901, owned the first Haskell ball ever played at Edgewater (the inventor by the way was at one time a member of the Edgewater Club). Robert remembers

that Arthur Dyrenforth brought the ball to Edgewater. He says that it was not marked with any name, and looked like an old " re-made." Mr. Dyrenforth drove it over the fence on the second hole, and after Louis had finished caddying he went over and got it.

Frank Douglass is equally certain that he possessed the first Haskell ever played at Edgewater, and I have long cherished the same belief about myself.

I know that Henry Carstens had the first luminous ball, and, gee, how we envied him. The ball had belonged to J. C. Brocklebank. He was trying it out in a game with E. M. Lapham. I do not know the exact steps by which it came into " Hen's " possession, but I know exactly how it came into mine. " Hen " used it in the putting matches on the old second green, and then he began playing with it after dinner each evening. On one such occasion I was coming home rather late at night when the shining ball dropped near me, and it and I quickly disappeared in the darkness. I had longed for just such a miracle.

It may be a question as to whether I really obtained the first rubber-core ball used at Edgewater, but the manner in which I made my first acquaintance with one is rather interesting. One fact is very plain, I had no money to buy one, and no real use for that particular kind of ball but its fame had spread through the caddie yard.

It was on a Sunday afternoon that I saw Harry Turpie playing this new ball for the first time. The other men playing with him were his brother George and two of the club members, F. P. Schmitt and E. H. Seaman, I think, and there was something of a crowd following the

players. I was not employed that day, but had sauntered from my home looking for amusement on the links. Probably also I appeared more innocent than usual because I was wearing my Sunday clothes.

I can recall to this day what a wonderful ball it was and how far it went off Turpie's driver, and that excellent mashie player had to work hard to keep his approaches short of the hole. After a pretty drive on the sixth Turpie pulled a long second over the railroad tracks, or rather into the ditch over the fence near the tracks. "Grubby," who was caddying for Turpie, shot out after that "only rubber-core," and as might be expected under the circumstances Turpie was swearing a little. I saw just where it went and, believe me, I was good at knowing where a ball went when I was a caddie, for I seldom lost one. So I followed "Grubby," and then we all left on the run to get it for Turpie.

All the time they were hunting I knew where the ball was — I could just see the little gleam of white deep down in a big bunch of grass on the embankment. Every one thought that it was in the bottom of the ditch, and Good Heavens, how they did look for that ball! Finally I decided on a plan. I went right over and sat on it, remarking at the same time how tired I was. Then I slipped it under the rubber band of my blouse, and we looked some more. Turpie finally gave it up but "Grubby," suspicious, remarked that he thought I had it, "for I seen him looking funny, and I know he was 'hot.'" As there was no substantial evidence supporting the accusation I proceeded on my way rejoicing in the possession of this wonderful but ill-gotten ball. I hit it quietly with my little cleek, and oh, how distinctly

different it felt from the old hard balls. How soft and sweet was the sound and whack of it.

I was eleven years old and I thought I was getting even with Turpie and Grubby for past wrongs, and should have suffered the pangs of a guilty conscience, but I did not. I thoroughly enjoyed having that ball and the manner in which I obtained it. It opened a new world to me, and I have always felt that Fate was particularly kind in sending me into the game at the big transition time from hard to soft balls. I am very grateful to Mr. Haskell.

One morning following a certain Halloween, Turpie, with blood in his eye, lined us all up preparatory to a general firing, for every movable object on the course had changed its place on the previous night. The sand-boxes were on the railroad tracks, the flags were probably miles away, and when we looked around we hardly knew our own course.

After a little lecture from Turpie, brimful of threats, a chastened and repentant crowd of boys went out, collected and carefully replaced the missing objects. For several years thereafter each October 31, before the shadows of Halloween began to fall, we put away everything on the course. It was a great deal of trouble, but it saved property. Boys' memories are short-lived, however, and some years later when Turpie's warning was forgotten, something serious, although at the same time humorous, occurred. I think that it must have been in 1902 or '03, when Chester Horton was professional and Tom Riley caddie master.

The old second green was a fine target for a quick slice off the third tee and after Mr. Lapp had been

grazed by a sliced shot made by Mr. Pickrell, the club erected a wire screen from the tee to a point far enough along to protect the player on the green. On this Halloween we tore this down and distributed it widely. There really wasn't anything funny about this, but some kid had suggested it and the rest of us concluded that it was a very humorous idea. One of the fellows saved part of it for a backstop on our baseball field. The rest of it was just thrown around. When the members caught sight of this piece of vandalism they were very angry. One of the boys was caught. He told on the rest of us, and we were all taken to the Sheffield Avenue Police Station. I suppose the members by that time had come to the conclusion that we all needed a severe lesson.

We boys were scared stiff, of course. I had been very careful about not mentioning it at home until it was all over, but some of the boys, thinking that they were headed straight for prison cells, were accompanied by near and distant relatives. Some of the mothers were in tears.

I think that we all confessed our share in the mischief and the older boys as usual tried to make it appear that the little ones were to blame.

The officials seemed to find the whole affair quite funny. There was a lawyer who asked me, much to the amusement of the judge, if I knew the difference between a cleek and a mashie, but we caddies could not even smile at that.

Nothing was done to us, of course, but when we got outside no air ever seemed sweeter and freer, for we had been dreaming for many nights of big policemen, steel bars and clammy walls. The club was nice about telling

us to come back and caddy, for after all they needed us as much as we needed them, and on our part we were very thankful not to be either jailed or expelled from the club. I think that we paid at least part of the expense of putting up a new fence, and caddied several weeks without pay.

We had strikes and rumors of strikes down in the Edgewater Golf Club caddie yard. It is astonishing how human nature exerts itself even at an early age and it was not long after the club was started before one of the kids, with a gift for leadership, started a walkout. He was Abe Freeman. To our suburban imaginations the ten cents for nine holes, sweetened by many a tip from generous men like Mr. Weaver and Mr. Taylor, was fine pay, but Abe had bigger ideas, and he soon got the other caddies to his way of thinking. When this happened I was too small to be considered, but I learned that Leonard Larson told Mr. Koehler about it, and as he happened to be a director he soon had it arranged to give the boys fifteen cents for nine holes.

Soon afterwards Freeman went away, and I have never heard of him since. We learned later that the reason that he wanted the extra nickel a round was because he was giving the caddie master that amount for the good jobs. It was the first time that a money-getter, or real merchant, had come into our ranks, and his way of figuring things out made us dizzy. It must have put the idea into our heads, however, for there were other strikes, and they were very characteristic of American boys as I knew them. Our strikes were never for money, but for playing privileges, and to get rid of hated officials.

I was not much of a participant in the second strike for I was still considered too young. Its object was to get rid of the caddie master, and the complaints against him were that he was brutal to the boys, held out their money, played favorites, and was generally incompetent. The strike did not go far. A spokesman called the attention of the proper members to the grievances, and the caddie master disappeared and all was well.

The last strike was really my own. We had been allowed to play on the course every morning until 8 o'clock, and on Mondays until 9. We had a putting course in the caddie yard where we practiced during our spare time. We were also accustomed while caddying to put our clubs in the members' bags so that we could swing them between the tees. Sometimes we forgot and swung the members' clubs instead of our own. As I look back upon it now I think that no club was ever more easy going in granting playing privileges, and no crowd of caddies ever swung golf clubs under pleasanter conditions. Suddenly all this was changed. With one deadly blow the hopes of all the prospective young golf champions were blasted. Even when we played late at night, at the farthest edges of the course, we were chased away.

The professional was not wholly to blame, for some of the boys had not replaced divots, and they had probably injured the course. The members had complained about the condition of the course, and as the "pro" was greenkeeper, he decided the easiest remedy would be to keep the boys away. It was impossible to keep us from all parts of the course, for we had expert ways of ducking in and out, but we missed the real playing, our caddie

team matches, and the little tournaments we held in the early hours of the morning.

The drastic change was soul-crushing, for much as we liked the money we made, the real lure that held us to the course was the privilege of playing. I said that I started the strike, for playing was beginning to be the breath of life to me, but soon the big boys took it out of my hands and carried it to a successful conclusion. I can see the boys now, each with his club, hanging around the outskirts of the grounds, hunting balls and picketing the course. Any boy who attempted to get back onto the grounds and carry double was taken care of quietly and thoroughly. Mr. Silsbee brought one of his daughters out to caddy for him and that presented a delicate problem which we did not solve.

The club members did not exactly like the idea of our appearing to dictate to them and so the strike continued through the week to the busy Saturday afternoon but it could be seen that the club members were uncomfortable carrying their bags, and some were going around with a single club.

Saturday arrived, bringing beautiful weather. Many members came out, asked for caddies, were told we were on a strike, complained mildly — although some were amused and others angry — and went along. We must have made an amusing spectacle — a bunch of determined kids, lustily yelling "strike," as we were perched on a high fence so that the members could get a good view of us. When we were chased off, which was often, we appeared on another sector.

About the middle of the afternoon J. M. Moulding, always our friend, and Feno Smith, the club secretary,

came over towards the fence just back of the ninth green. We were about to duck when we heard Mr. Moulding say, "Wait a minute, boys." Some of the kids had already jumped down on the other side, but they came back when Mr. Moulding said that he and Mr. Smith wanted to talk to the spokesman. When the committee of big boys jumped down into the yard I followed, and standing at the edge of the little crowd I heard Mr. Moulding reason it out with them. It was agreed to let us play Monday and Thursday mornings until 10 o'clock, if we would go to work immediately.

We were also little savages in many ways, too, and we tarred and feathered Willie Grubb for beating the strike, and I recall with shame how much his mother depended on the money he brought home.

We might have struck for better accommodations, but golf then was new to both club members and boys, and no one expected much. When I look at the sumptuous caddie quarters of the present day, and remember what ours were, the thought comes to me that I should like to see the contrasted pictures. It might make the boys of today more contented.

There was one more strike at Edgewater, but it was after my time, and ended disastrously for the caddies. Some of the boys went up to Exmoor for Saturday and Sunday, and discovered that the caddies up there were getting twenty cents an hour. They talked it over in the yard in their usual way, and began to think that they were badly treated.

When the boys presented their grievance, Riley laughed at them, and told them that they were lucky to be alive. A few days later they struck and not a mem-

Types of Old World caddies and a caddy master. Below is a group of caddies at St. Andrews Golf Club, Scotland. In the upper right hand corner sits the late James McDonald, famous caddie at same club. The one in uniform is caddy master at La Boulie, Paris.

Scenes from the British Amateur golf tourney at Prestwick in 1911. In the upper picture Evans is shown getting out of the rough; in the lower he is putting.

Striking photo of Bruce Pearce of Tasmania, who put Evans out of the 1911 British championship. Pearce is shown getting out of a sandpit near a green.

Photo by Pietzcker, St. Louis.

Harold H. Hilton, noted British amateur golfer, whom Evans defeated for the low qualifying medal in the 1912 National Amateur championship at the Chicago Golf Club.

ber knew why. Riley and Turpie kicked out a few, fired others, and the boys came back. Afterwards it was learned that the best caddies got twenty cents an hour.

Joe Morheiser held the record of fourteen dollars for the week, but that was when the other boys were at school, and good Mrs. Brower and her friend came out every day, and Joe carried double for them. Then, too, I think that Joe, who was a fine player, gave lessons for money for I remember that the professional was very angry about it, as, of course, it interfered with his earnings. Earnings of the Edgewater caddies could be said to run from fifty cents for a week up to the record of fourteen dollars. Five to ten a week was not so very uncommon.

CHAPTER V

CADDY DAYS AND WAYS

A great mashie player gets an admiring pupil — Hole in one through the kitchen screen — Apples cause of downfall in first caddie tournament.

There is not much that I can say about playing at the early period of caddying which will help other caddies to become good golfers. As soon as I possessed a golf club I kept it in my hand most of the time, and swung it in as close an imitation of the best players as was possible to me, but my method, I regret to say, was wrong, and that meant many a month of discouragement. After all is said, it was my good caddying, not my good playing, that brought me out of the heap of other caddies, and to the attention of the members. Later on I received help and encouragement from them, but I earned it first by toting a bag.

Caddies play under great difficulties. It is a rare thing for them to be able to cover a course under actual playing conditions, in spite of the fact that they play a great deal. Round after round we had at Old Edgewater before 8 in the morning, and we would come in happy and excited, with feet sopping wet from the dewy grass.

There is one thing that I particularly owe to Harry Turpie, and it is much. When he was first at Edge-

water I heard him say that the mashie was the most important club in the player's bag. This sunk in, for Turpie was a beautiful mashie player. I could not have found a better model for that shot as at that time he was one of the best professional players in the Chicago district. I caddied for him several times and mind and eye were busy copying one of the prettiest mashie players the game has ever known.

About this time Mrs. E. M. Lapham gave me a ladies' lofter, made by Turpie, and if ever a boy practiced with a club I did with this one. I can picture that beloved blade, worn thin by emery paper and constant practice even now, after all these years. It was my habit to hit a ball from my house down to the club, back and forth, full shots and half, from home to clubhouse. I think that it was in my practice with this club that the Old Edgewater members best recall me. Out from a corner of the kitchen, the nearest room to the clubhouse, I would grab that Turpie lofter, open the door, and drop two golf balls out of my pocket into the middle of the backyard.

A few practice swings, and I would tee the balls up and pitch them over Grund's fence into the alley towards Southport Avenue. Then I would loft them onto the little stretch of lawn at the side of Cosby's or Bredow's house. Thence I would send them towards the walks leading to the street in front of each house, Bredow's, Himmel's, Dabelstein's, Obermyers', Winchell's, Douglass' and Hetherington's. When I reached the last two I pitched over onto the old "Birches" green, chipped it to the edge, and started with full shots for the clubhouse, taking a circuitous route if the

" pro " appeared to be in a bad humor, or a straight one if he seemed pleasantly inclined. Twice every day I made the journey, and whole days of caddying I made it four times.

Chester Horton followed Harry Turpie as professional, with many theories about the teaching of golf, all of which we were too young to appreciate. He had a very interesting and successful pupil in Miss Bessie Anthony, afterwards nationally known, and she often came to Edgewater for lessons. I sometimes caddied on these occasions and picked up many good points. It is a good thing for a boy to be able to caddy for a professional when he is giving lessons.

Horton had two brothers. One of them, Elijah, worked in the shop, and he was very nice to us boys. Being young himself he frequently played with us. When Chester was away, some of the boldest of us would go into the shop and talk to Elijah. Many a time I sandpapered shafts for him and considered it a great privilege to be allowed to do it. I think that it was Elijah who taught me how to tie the knot used to fasten the whipping on the club. Often and often I have had occasion to use that knot since. There is always the time when even the humblest knowledge does not come amiss.

Horton's other brother was named Waverly and he could drive the longest ball I ever saw hit at Old Edgewater. He used to come out late at night to drive balls, and I loved to chase them for him, just for the pleasure of seeing him do it.

About this time I began to connect every spare bit of ground with golf, and in accordance with this thought

I built a five-hole putting course in our back yard, the holes being tomato cans sunk in the ground. Until this was done there had always been considerable difficulty in getting me to cut the back lawn, but after the course was laid out I insisted upon doing it with surprising frequency. I even wanted to roll it.

It happened that some time before I had brought a small box-elder from the woods near the lake and planted it at the side of the house, where, if it had been larger, it might have screened the back lawn from the side and front. With my mind obsessed by golf the thought came that this bush would make an admirable thing to pitch my mashie shots over. A flower pot was sunk in the side lawn, and from the back I pitched the ball over the bush to within putting distance of the hole. Once started, this practice became a regular daily habit, and to it I can attribute much of my present ability to place my shots. I looked at that tree the other day and its size reminded me, as nothing else could, of the passage of time.

Of course, my sort of practicing was not carried on without accidents, both to our windows and to those of our neighbors. Once I sent a golf ball through an open basement window and it landed in a laundry where a German woman was washing. She was very angry and kept the ball. I fancy that she thought I was trying to kill her.

At another time I had a very singular accident, an unexpected sort of a hole in one. There was an alley back of our lot and coming down from Devon another joined to it at right angles in the middle of the lot. Standing far up this alley I concluded to try to drive

a ball onto our back lawn. The ball sailed through a small hole in a screen protecting a closed kitchen window breaking the glass. Fortunately it was our own kitchen window.

My golf practice has always had a systematic regularity about it. My method of playing, judged by my present knowledge, was, I consider, entirely wrong, for I palmed all my shots to get the club over my shoulder, but because I was hitting a ball so often the result was fairly good. It requires a tremendous amount of practice to keep the palm-gripped shot in order.

The caddie tournaments were times of great excitement. Weeks before they took place each boy would get together all the clubs that he could, and never an opportunity for practice was overlooked. The old caddie yard fairly buzzed and many individual games were arranged to be played in connection with the annual tournament, and the customary wager of a penny was increased to a nickel and in the case of the big boys sometimes, but not often, a whole quarter would be risked.

Once Harry Turpie put up a full set of golf clubs to be played for by the caddies. The event was to be held on a Sunday morning with the understanding that it must finish before 8:30 when the members would be arriving.

We played around in twos, threes and " gangsomes " as we called them, and a certain two, when the returns came in, showed a lamentable ignorance of addition, but crimination and recrimination were the order of the day in that caddie yard. It sounded like a debating society organized with little regard for rules.

The clubs were won, I think, by Frank Douglass, one of the best players among the larger boys, and the runner-up was, if my memory serves me, Dan Morheiser. It is hardly necessary to say that I was not among the leaders.

The biggest tournament of all was for a fine set of clubs put up by F. E. Donohoe, one of the club members. It consisted of a driver, brassie, midiron, mashie and putter. It was a tempting collection. I did not play in the event. I suppose I was not considered good enough, but I caddied for my brother who was beaten by Joe Morheiser. Frank Douglass played Dan Morheiser in the finals, and there was the usual argument as to the result, but Frank got the clubs. He turned over an old set of his, which happened to be pretty good, as a prize for the runner-up. There were three of these Morheiser boys who caddied regularly at Edgewater and they were all good players, although Herbert Tweedie once told one of them that he would have to change his name to McTavish if he ever expected to play good golf.

I really did not stand so well in my golf playing as in other games, and only once did I win a caddie tournament, but the winning of tournaments I learned soon was not entirely a matter of skill, but of handicapping and pairing, and I was never allowed to have anything to say about either. My game was either slow in developing, or I had less conceit about it. The members, however, were very encouraging, but I rarely received anything but the most uncomplimentary criticisms from the boys in the caddie yard. A favorite criticism was that I had altogether too bad a temper to succeed at golf.

The big Edgewater caddies had a caddie team when I

was getting to be a pretty big boy myself. This team was scheduled to play a team of Midlothian caddies on the Midlothian course. After considerable deliberation, and as a great favor, I was allowed to go along. The position given me was last place. I fully appreciated the honor but failed to take into consideration the great risk involved in playing on that particular links. There were remnants of an old apple orchard on the Midlothian course. I am very fond of apples, and like Adam of old, I also fell. It was a very warm day and eating freely of the fruit I suffered the usual consequences. My game was really past praying for, and my overwhelming defeat caused the failure of the Edgewater team.

I shall never forget my feelings as I came up the eighteenth hole. All the other matches were finished, and my team mates were waiting for me. My disgrace was complete, for Edgewater had been 3 up on the total result until my sickening overthrow.

I was told pointedly and with a wealth of detail that I would never again enjoy the great honor of being the last man on that caddie team, for as a golfer I was a complete and disgraceful failure.

After I grew up a little more and almost at the end of my caddie days, I recall a very tight team match between the Edgewater caddies and the Jackson Parks. By that time I had worked myself up to the position of first man on our team, and the leader on the Jackson Park team was a chap named Loren Hibbard, who was a promising golfer in those days and for a few years thereafter, and then dropped out of sight. He was as intensely interested in golf as I was and I recall that he

made his own wooden clubs, a feat that I, having very little talent for mechanical work, considered wonderful. I just managed to beat Loren in our team match and the Edgewaters won. After that I had several other close successes playing against him, but I am sorry now if those lucky wins of mine drove him from the game for he was a fine little player. By this time I was advancing, but I had traveled a hard road.

It must be borne in mind that we caddies never had any instruction, but learned chiefly by imitation, and this we did to the queen's taste. The players we admired most were our chief subjects. Almost any little fellow swinging a club out in a caddie yard would look as I did then. I had very few clubs and those I had were cheap ones, but in addition I failed to handle properly the tools I had. In my first, unguided impulse I gripped the club in the fingers with the thumbs straight down the shaft. In consequence I never had a full swing. Indeed, I had only a short half swing. It made me a great deal of trouble for a time, but I had reason to be glad of this afterwards, for it taught me to hit the ball accurately, whereas, if I had been swinging fully and wildly, I should have lost a certain sense of value that I gave to the accurate hitting of the ball.

My brother was one of the best players among the caddies, and he had naturally a fine dashing style. He being older usually had pretty good clubs and balls even if some of them had belonged to me originally. Many a fight we had over them, and, indeed, my life in the caddie yard was one of constant combat.

My associations with the members, even when I was a mere lad, were friendly and encouraging, but my

relation with the boys was one of turmoil. The thought has occurred to me that these experiences unconsciously have brought about the condition that throughout my life I have had so few intimate friendships with younger men, while words fail me to describe how close, endearing and enduring have been my associations with my elders. If my caddying at Edgewater had brought me nothing except my friendships with the Edgewater men I should always regard it as abundantly justified.

As a boy I was accused of having a terrible temper, and golf so taught me to control it that hardly a remnant of it exists today. Perhaps, since life has been kind to me, I deceive myself, and it is merely slumbering. I remember that once, out in our own back yard, I became so angry with my brother that I took his favorite mashie and broke it against our old birch tree. As a golfer I knew just what a terrible thing it was. My brother was to play Bruce McRoberts the next day for some old balls, and what he did to me I do not care to set down.

One day my brother got up a caddie tournament, and C. K. Miller, one of the members, said that he would give a prize to the winner. The event, which was largely attended, was held between the hours of 5 and 7 A. M., on a day in June, 1903. I am not quite sure of the year, however. The qualifying round was nine holes, and my brother had low score.

The card, which may be of some interest, read: Eliot Evans, 43; Chick Evans, 48; Robert McNulty, 50; Kenneth Wilmarth, 56; William Harvey, 56; William Johnson, 57; Howell Jenkins, 59; Everett Bartlett, 59.

These scores are set down on the crude elimination

sheet, yellowed with age, that lies before me. My brother and I got it up, and we were very proud of its regular appearance. The bracketing was begun in my brother's handwriting but after his defeat by Kenneth Wilmarth he lost interest in it, and I kept it up to the end. It was the first time I had ever won anything.

I can vouch for my own score, and it is interesting to me now that at that time I was just breaking under 50. I have always been very careful about my scores, and only once in my life have I cheated in golf, and that was to get a match-play crack at those who started the cheating. I do not recommend that method but it was an instinctive seizing of the only weapon at my command.

Caddies are inclined to help out scores a bit, and it is a pity. Even the slightest dishonest practice eats the heart out of a sport. Leaving out the question of ethics and honor, it is a wholly illogical thing. A man might, if he were dishonest, cheat in business and attain his object—money—but in sport the object is the attainment of personal skill, and no cheating in the world can ever give him that.

One fact in regard to my caddie days stands out in my mind, and I offer it to the consideration of ambitious caddies. When I began to play, comparing myself with those of approximate age and experience, I was for several years one of the worst players, but in the last year or so I had left the crowd far behind and was unquestionably the best. Over and over again I had seen good players ruined by an easily satisfied conceit and now looking backward I attribute my improved game to the fact that in humility of spirit I saw my faults clearly and worked constantly to improve them.

CHAPTER VI

"JOHNNIE" AND "CHICK"

Beauty and charm often a bar to greatness on the links — Tom O'Neil and his new assistant — Why a caddie became a total abstainer — A course in shop craft.

Although I caddied for a great many men at Edgewater, I carried mostly for women, taking my seven or eight years of caddie life as a whole. Perhaps it was because I began by caddying with a woman and it was easier to get work from a woman when I was so small that I could only stagger under a man's load of clubs. Maybe, too, I inclined to the gentler sex when I grew older, because there was always a better chance to caddy for them at outside tourneys and I liked that.

Among the women members of Edgewater was an official and leading spirit in the Western Women's Golf Association, a very good player, who was kindness itself to the thin, freckle-faced boy of those days who had many troubles of his own. This was Mrs. A. T. H. Brower, and I would have done anything in my power for her then, and would now, for that matter, for my regard for her has never changed throughout the years. Mrs. Brower came out very often early in the morning to play around and, in those quiet times, we became well acquainted. She took me to many outside tourna-

ments, but well as she played and pull as I might she never won the largest events we tried for because too much of her time was given to the executive part of the game. Her special talent in this direction was recognized by continual election to office.

Mrs. Brower was so encouraging and kind to me that I fell into the habit of going to the women's tournaments and at one of these I began to caddy for Miss Olive Mitchell of Racine. I thought that she was a charming young woman, that she was a coming golfer, and that she had a pretty name. She never became a very good golfer, however, and I fear that, towards the end, she began to think that I was an unlucky caddie and would have liked to avoid the persistent youngster. As I know now, the real reason for her lack of success was her popularity. She was a most attractive young woman and always surrounded by admirers and golf is much too jealous a mistress to accept a divided allegiance.

About this time Frank Cook, a fellow caddie, was carrying steadily for Miss J. Anna Carpenter, better known as "Johnnie" Carpenter, a striking young player, who had once won the Women's Western Championship in a spectacular manner. Frank's mother had been objecting to his caddying for a long time and he introduced me to Miss Carpenter with the idea that I might become his successor. With that introduction began an interesting experience and a warm friendship. I went to all the local tournaments with her and we became known to many of the women golfers as "Johnnie and Chick." She won all the open events that season except the Western Championship, which she

lost to Miss Frances Everett of Exmoor, a fine, aggressive player—but, although she came near some of the biggest championships, she did not quite make any. I was with Miss Carpenter at the Chicago Golf Club in 1903 when Miss Bessie Anthony beat her 7 and 6 for the National. Nine years later I lost to Travers on the same course in the Men's National by a similar score.

That Christmas Miss Carpenter gave me a pearl-handled knife, engraved: "Chick, Christmas, 1903." With that knife I carved my initials over all the wooden portions of the golf courses around Chicago, and my crowning effort was on the fence at Edgewater, where I slowly and laboriously cut out the legend—"Chick, Miss Carpenter's caddie." Soon, however, that loved knife went the way of most of my other valuables—I lost it. Years later, as Mrs. Hall, she, returning from abroad where she had served as nurse during the world war, brought me another.

In 1904 Miss Carpenter became acquainted with a Mr. Hall, a university professor, who began to accompany her to different tournaments. I recall that I did not like him, partly because he once made a remark about a big freckle on my ear—and I was sensitive about my freckles—but most of all because he was taking her mind from her game. The professor won out, however, and the following year Miss Carpenter became Mrs. Hall.

Probably my last experience caddying for ladies and, indeed for anyone, was in the Annual Women's Tournament at Edgewater. This was always a well-contested event. There was entered a delightful woman, Miss Elizabeth Young from Calumet, who was much

interested in golf in those days. I got her for the tournament. She was a good player, but extremely nervous. We won the event. I say "we" for she insisted that my knowledge of the course was of great assistance to her. In the finals she met Miss Isabel Smith of Evanston, a young but a slashing fine player. At the conclusion of the match Miss Young asked me if I would not caddy for her throughout the season.

Mrs. F. E. Donohoe was one of the best Chicago women players of that time, and a member of Edgewater. She had a good, free and easy sweep and putted easily and successfully. She called me her favorite caddie and once took me to a tournament.

I caddied very often for Miss Marion Warren, daughter of W. S. Warren. She had a fine, free swing and played a good iron shot, but she was a poor putter. I thought at one time that she was going to be a great golfer. She was an athletic girl and I am sure that if she had studied the game more she would have made one of the country's finest women players. She is now Mrs. Sanger Steel and lives at Hartsdale, N. Y.

The boys all considered Mrs. David Maxwell a "peach" to caddy for. She played often and was always very jolly and snappily dressed. Another lady for whom I caddied rather often was Mrs. E. S. Jackman. She was a kindly woman and hit a good ball.

Tom O'Neil came to the Edgewater Golf Club in 1904. Our association during the three years he was there is a story of an intimate friendship between a caddie and a "pro." Most professionals look upon a caddie as a necessary nuisance. The mischievousness of the small boy is very trying and his playing on the

course adds considerably to the work of its upkeep.

I remember well the day in 1904 when Tom first came to the club. I was around of course and helped him to unpack. How excited I grew over his clubs. There were some dandy, new, shining ones, and a shipment of Stewart irons, with the pipes on the back, glittering like gold to my eyes.

I hung around Tom in an excess of hero worship, and he was kind and patient with me and to all small boys in fact, for from the moment that he came he was a friend to the caddies and generous with playing privileges. Big, good-natured and cheerful, he apparently took an immediate liking for me. It was a pleasure to caddy or, indeed, to do anything for him. He was also friendly with the caddie master, and between them I fared well. I think that I must have been making as much as five dollars a week. That meant steady work, but I fear it would be considered very poor pay now. Only the other day I saw that many caddies are now being paid $1.60 for thirty-six holes.

Tom O'Neil belonged to that class of men who are their own worst enemies. He was one of the best friends that I ever had and I am glad to have known him, but he suffered from one of the saddest weaknesses of mankind. I am no prohibitionist, but Tom O'Neil is one of the many reasons why I am and always have been a total abstainer.

Tom did not play much golf, but he had many good ideas about the game and he was lenient about my playing, and I often carried for him.

When the big professional championship at Homewood was played, I went down to caddy for him. Of

Photo by Pietzcker, St. Louis.

Four defeated golf stars in the 1913 National Amateur at Garden City Club, Long Island. The semi-final hoodoo got Evans. From left to right they are: W. C. Fownes, Jr., Chick Evans, Walter J. Travis and Heinrich Schmidt.

Team of midwestern golfers who triumphantly toured the Northwest in 1913. The players who faced the camera at Salt Lake City are: Standing, left to right, Harry Legg, Howard Lee, Fraser Hale, Phil Stanton and Carl Devol. Sitting, Warren K. Wood, Chick Evans and D. E. Sawyer.

American amateurs and English pros meet at the Ravisloe Country Club, near Chicago, in 1913. From left to right: Harry Vardon, Chick Evans, Warren K. Wood and Edward Ray. After the match Vardon pronounced Evans the greatest American amateur golfer.

John Graham, Jr., British golfer, considered by Chick Evans as the greatest amateur player of the present day generation. He was killed in action during the late war.

course I did not know how well the other men played, but the night before I dreamed that Tom would win, and I prayed that he would. I had gone out there one day before, and I had it all figured out how he would win. I shall never forget with what breathless anxiety I waited for the starter to call Tom's name.

He went around in 78, which made him about twelfth, but somehow I felt that he would still pull through. At the end of the first 36 holes he remained at about that position, and I went home and prayed some more. No one got more 2's and 3's than I got for Tom that night.

I was waiting at the tee next morning when he showed up, hopelessly unfit. He had not been in bed at all, but had made a night of it "with the boys." He could not have played worse, and it was a very heartbroken boy who crept back to Edgewater with Tom's clubs. Tom himself did not come to the club for several days.

The spring of 1905 came and Tom was opening up again. The slim, freckle-faced boy was still around, swinging his club and willing and anxious to do anything for anybody. During 1904 Tom had had an assistant in the shop. He had another one engaged for 1905, but he didn't show up, and as I was always there and it was early in the season, few players being out, I did what I could to help him out. I was then going to Evanston Academy and my school work suffered, but I went down to the shop after school. Then Tom decided to have me as assistant for the season, managing the best he could until I was out of school. It was a great experience.

Tom's intentions were always good and so, until I

got out of school, he was on the job pretty regularly. Of course I ran the shop on Saturdays and Sundays. I would go over to the club very early in the morning, sweep out the shop thoroughly and place all the tools in position on the bench. Tom had a bed adjoining the shop where he slept occasionally but I never disturbed him. Of course this arrangement of time meant that I played over to the club and back again before breakfast. After that, on school days, I went to my classes. On holidays I worked on clubs. Some one really should have been in the shop all the time, but under our arrangement it was not always practicable, for Tom and the caddie master were too near the saloons on Devon. About that time the " pros " were beginning to take care of the members' clubs, and that work fell to me, too. My pay was a little irregular, depending on how much Tom had not spent the night before.

The year 1905 was interesting and epochal for me and filled with responsibility. Tom's habit of drinking grew steadily worse but it never seemed to affect his pleasant disposition. Even when I went down to the corner saloon, and that was only too often, insisting that he come back to the shop, he was always kind, whether he accepted my suggestions or not. In all our association under many trying circumstances we never had a row, but in spite of his amiability I could not devise any means to induce him to stop drinking.

By the time school was out a fifteen-year-old kid was running the " pro " shop at Edgewater, working from early morning until late at night and really making the shop pay. Tom had a peculiar way of keeping

books, and sent out his bills when he felt like it. After I took charge the bills went out regularly each month and the money was promptly collected.

Golf lessons ceased at Edgewater. Of course whenever I was asked out to play with a member I jumped at the chance, and would have been only too glad to tell them the little that I had picked up about the game. I hope that I did not tell many, for measured by my present knowledge, I think that everything that I knew then was wrong.

By that time I knew every playing member by name even to the initials, and by the end of the season I also knew how to make a club and I could wind the whipping around a spliced shaft as fast as any one. I even originated a way to do this and the black cords fitted snugly and tightly together.

I was doing a great deal of downright, hard work, but the hardest of all was trying to keep Tom out of the members' way when he was in no condition to be seen. I, however, knew there was bound to be an end to the patience of even the most lenient of men.

About this time Sam Park of Beaumont, Texas, took a summer membership at Edgewater. Through his influence Tom was engaged as professional at the Beaumont Country Club, for like the rest of us he was very fond of Tom. It was hoped that change of scene and general environment would work the miracle we were all praying for. Later on Tom gave up golf and has gradually dropped out of sight, but wherever he may be I know that the best wishes of his old Edgewater friends are with him.

CHAPTER VII

TOURNAMENT EXPERIENCES

Jackson Park gallery gets glimpse of budding amateur golfer — School and some of its handicaps — Evanston Academy player breaks into print — The first gold medal.

It was in August, 1905, that the first City Championship was to be played, over the public course at Jackson Park. The cup was put up by the Chicago Evening Post. Its sports editor at that time was E. G. Westlake, who afterwards, until his death, did a great deal for golf and became a good and encouraging friend of mine.

Any amateur golfer and this, of course, included caddies under sixteen, was eligible. My heart beat rapidly when I read the announcement. Ordinarily entrants to all amateur events must be club members. At once I determined to enter, but I did not dare to tell any one except my mother of my intention, for fear that I might be laughed at. I was very sensitive to ridicule. Immediately I began to practice harder than ever.

By that time I had managed to collect the following clubs: my well-known Morristown cleek, a lady's Turpie lofter, a Carew putter, and a brassie with a broad head and a nice, large striking surface, given me by Mr. Hamill when Horton was professional.

In preparation for the event I spent considerable time looking for balls, and as the day grew near I confided

my ambition to Tom O'Neil. Instead of ridiculing me he was very sympathetic and said: "You can put your clubs in that old bag over in the corner." That was just what I needed, for of course I had no golf bag.

The fact that my brother and some of the older boys I knew were going to play was an additional reason why I wanted to enter. We had once played a caddie team match down on Jackson Park so the course was not wholly unfamiliar, but I wanted to play it again, and a few days before the tournament I got up at 3 o'clock in the morning and took the street car for the park. After reaching there I had to wait until 10 o'clock to start, and I decided to finish my practicing at Old Edgewater.

I worked hard with brassie, lofter, cleek and putter, but the two things on which I prided myself most — a tightly palmed grip, and my right elbow straight out at the end of the back stroke on the half shots — I now consider absolutely wrong. Eliot had seen Parsons Warren doing this and he talked about it so much that I was convinced that it was the only right way. Now I know that this particular style that I had worked so hard to perfect was not the one best suited to me.

My appearance gave the Jackson Park crowd considerable amusement. I was very small and thin, and wore, not the knickerbockers of the golfer, but the short trousers of the small boy. The gallery was good-natured, but a bit uncomplimentary, and advised me to go back to kindergarten. I stuck to it, however, and did not mind the chaffing. I qualified with an 83 and was defeated in the second round by R. C. Knickerbocker.

To me this was a great event, and it marked the begin-

ning of greater things. It was not only my first real tournament but it was the first of my playing in the city championships.

I started in the Evanston Academy in September, 1905, from which time I date one of the happiest periods of my life. I did fairly well at school — once being on the honor-roll — but I was usually mediocre or worse in mathematics. My time for that year I arranged with the utmost system in order to get in caddying and golf practice. I knew then that if I remained an amateur I should have to stop caddying the following year, which I was preparing to do. The prospective loss of my caddie money threatened to be serious, but having saved something, I would be able to caddy that fall and a part of the next summer.

By this time I had many friends at Edgewater, made during seven years of caddying. These had become enthusiastic over my game, and as they often played with me I passed through a period of delightful companionship. My parents, however, wanted me to have a better education, and so I began the school work at the academy with much enthusiasm, but I was careful to choose studies that would come at hours that would leave the afternoons free for golf. To do that I had my first lesson at 8 o'clock, and as I walked to school, and Evanston is four miles from Rogers Park, it meant early rising. By this means my studies were kept to the morning hours except one which came twice a week in the afternoon.

When I got up in the morning in the summer, I went directly to the club, playing and studying all the way over. When Tom O'Neil was there I swept out the shop,

laid out the tools and got everything in readiness for the day's work. At other times I practiced on the course until it was time to play myself home to breakfast. After breakfast I changed my clothes and, unless the weather was bad, walked to Evanston, reaching there in time for my 8 o'clock class.

In July, 1906, I was sixteen years old, and in that month I stopped caddying. At the time I was playing what might be called a good game for a boy — wrong method according to my present light — but getting pretty good results.

My unwavering desire to become an athlete kept me from taking up smoking at the age when the average boy thinks that a very manly thing to do. There was no moral pose about my attitude. I knew that the boys on the football team were not allowed to smoke, and it seemed foolish therefore for a delicate boy with athletic ambitions to cultivate the habit. Boys of stronger physique might have thought that they could do both. I knew that I could not. This same reason may have had a great deal to do with the fact that I have never taken anything stronger to drink than water and an occasional cup of coffee. There were other reasons for this, however.

To stop caddying in midsummer was an act that tested all my moral strength, and it also put to test the kindness of the Edgewater people. For practically eight years I had spent the greater part of my spare time—and it was remarkable how much time I could spare — at the club.

One of the advantages of caddying was the right to be around the club; indeed, a caddie used the course more

than a member's son. Yet here in the middle of the summer and my prized vacation I had dropped my caddying, and was, in every golf sense, homeless. My habits suffered a terrible wrench. There was literally no place where I had a right to go for a game of golf, except the municipal course at Jackson Park, and that was fifteen miles from my home.

Luckily for me, Tom O'Neil was still at the Edgewater Club although his days there were numbered. I would slip over to see him, help him a bit with his books, and play a few holes now and then with some member who did not have a partner. Almost any other professional would have chased me off, for I really had no right at the club at all and it required a good deal of "nerve" to go there. It was then that the members, the friends I had made while caddying, helped me through. I know that I felt forlorn. A few old clubs, some good shots, and an intense desire to become a real golfer were likely to go for naught without a course to play on.

My clubs at that time were a collection, not a selection, and in consequence they were of varying weights and kinds. They were all gifts except the Carew putter, which I had bought. My Morristown cleek, as already mentioned, had been a Christmas present from my father. The mashie was in reality a lofter given me by Mrs. E. M. Lapham; my midiron was not a midiron at all, but a mongrel loft, perhaps nearer to a jigger than anything else. My only wooden club was a broad-headed Horton brassie that I think Mr. Hamill had given me. The shaft had been cracked, but I wrapped some tight whipping around it and it worked fine. I loved it.

The bag was a dilapidated affair, discarded by F. P. Schmitt, and through Tom O'Neil's kindness I had fallen heir to it before the Jackson Park tourney. It was marked with initials, I remember, but after I had done some crude work on it, I fancied that it did not look so bad. Until I began to play in tournaments I did not use it very much, for I rarely played with my whole set of clubs, reserving that for serious occasions, but I always carried one club in my hands, and this was usually my lofter. I, and this single club, hung around the clubhouse and grounds a good deal, I fear, and whenever anyone came out who didn't have a game I was asked to play. Even when there was a regular game I was frequently invited to tag along.

I belong to a great many golf clubs now, and I have played with the greatest golfers in the world, but never have I enjoyed anything so much as these casual games with the members of Old Edgewater, when there was not a place in the world where, except by their courtesy, I had a right to play.

The second City Championship was to be played about the middle of August over the Jackson Park public links, and, of course, I was planning to enter. Every chance to play at Edgewater would help me to get ready for the event, and this time I hoped to win the big prize. I was destined to receive many a hard blow, but always I could come back cheerful and hopeful.

It was a long, slow journey from Rogers Park to Jackson Park in 1906. Today one can board an elevated train and go straight through. Then it required several changes, and much time was lost waiting for trains. A number of the Edgewater caddies went down with me

to try their luck, and there was a large crowd assembled by the time we reached the course, although we had risen very early. I, after a practically sleepless night, found myself keyed to the highest pitch of excitement. I hoped that no one would notice that my knees were shaking so that I could hardly stand while at the first tee.

There was a large entry, as always in open affairs, but when the afternoon papers came out they announced that "Charles Evans, unattached," had qualified with an 82. This was well towards the top, the holder of the title, C. W. Clingman, having an 80, and R. C. Knickerbocker leading the field with a 73. I bought all the evening papers and turned my tired feet towards Rogers Park with a happy heart. It was pleasant news that I had to tell.

I set forth on my journey next morning with mingled feelings. My qualifying round the day before had been very encouraging, but match play rounds with grown men in serious competition were practically unknown to me. Luck was with me, however, and that afternoon one of the papers said: "Charles Evans, the sixteen-year-old player from Evanston Academy, won easily in the morning from W. E. Code, and followed up in the afternoon with an overwhelming win from C. A. Turney. Evans played through the rain in the afternoon and used only his midiron."

Newspaper notices were encouraging, but, of course, I was due for a setback. Once more I had R. C. Knickerbocker for an opponent, and again he defeated me, but this time I carried the match to 19 holes, losing by one stroke. The round was a very trying one although I had it practically my own way at first. It was hard for the

older man to take so young a boy seriously, and from notes made at the time I can see that I resented his attitude and felt somewhat aggrieved.

There is a very pleasant, outstanding feature in my memory of this event. I made the acquaintance of a wonderful fellow called "Shorty." Of course, at that time of my life, I never had a caddie; indeed, for years afterwards I always carried my own clubs, for to my trained shoulder such burdens were easy and my clubs were few. I think that it was "Shorty," whose real name was Frank Scholl, who noticed me first at Jackson Park, and offered to carry my clubs. I couldn't permit him, it seemed, but he insisted, and his words of encouragement were as a tower of strength to me.

The medal which I received was a joy to my eye. I loved the red and bronze enameling, and, as it was in the form of a fob, I invested a bit of my scanty hoard in a dollar watch and wore it prominently, so that I and every one who saw me could see it.

It was in this second City Championship that I learned for the first time what newspaper publicity really meant. Of course in the previous City Championship I had had a few notices, and in the Interscholastic in June I had received more, but the City Championship of that year, 1906, put me for the first time prominently before the golfing public. No one has learned better than I that on the list of those who helped me in my game, at a time that I most needed help, I must give an important place to the golf writers of Chicago. My good friend E. G. Westlake wrote:

"The lad who learned his ideas of the game while caddying on the links of the Edgewater Golf Club yesterday furnished

a surprise. All that Evans uses in his matches — this was true also of his qualifying round work — was a midiron, and a putter for the green when the grass was short enough to permit using that sort of club. Straight down the course did the ball fly every shot, and with almost as much distance as the elder players could get with their wooden clubs. Should Evans continue to improve his game it is difficult to see how he could escape first flight honors another year."

It may be that this tournament after the lapse of so many years needs some analysis. There is no doubt that it had a great bearing upon my future golf life. Chance here played its part. Had I qualified far down the list and been beaten in the first round (and this could easily have happened) the discouragement might have kept me from entering another tournament that fall, for I had shown ability in other athletic sports. I do not believe, of course, that given my start and considering my urge to golf, I would ever have given up completely, but my development could readily have been retarded and I might have become only a fairly good player.

Jackson Park then was not the good course we know today. It was our first municipal links and new. Most of the players who played upon it knew little of the game and had less of consideration for the course. The greens were poor — no chance for good putting there — and the fair greens lacked much. Since the park and links were both public there could be but little control of crowds and they were everywhere, surging even across the line of play. It was no place for the man or boy who expected deathless silence while he made a shot. A public course cannot give the player that privacy. Compared with private club standards there were many disadvantages in playing at Jackson Park at that time,

but looking back, I consider it a part of my good fortune to have begun just there.

Jackson Park really taught me to play before a gallery — an enthusiastic gallery. And that gallery grew and grew with the years, until finally I became very popular with it, and loved it dearly in return.

I was finding the year 1906 very eventful. As I had entered Evanston Academy the previous fall I was then eligible for interscholastic events provided that I reached a certain average in my studies. In June, 1906, I had my first taste of competitive golf, outside of caddie events and my initial essay at the City Championship in August, 1905. I qualified third in the Interscholastic and was defeated in the semifinals by Gordon Copeland. My ambition was now growing rapidly, and in September I went to the Western Amateur in St. Louis.

Still my ambition was unsatisfied. It kept growing. What was then called on " open tournament," meaning open to any amateur golfer of Chicago, was held at the Calumet Golf Club September 20. It was a three-day event. I entered, of course, but what was not " of course," I had the good luck to lead the field of qualifiers eleven strokes ahead of Ned Sawyer, who was second. In addition to Sawyer, the new Western champion, Warren Wood, the runner-up, Albert Seckel, Paul Hunter, Runcie Martin, Charles McArthur, Ralph Hoagland and other leading lights were there.

Paul Hunter, almost exactly my own age, really made his first public appearance, away from his own course, Midlothian, at this Calumet event, and reached the finals, where he was defeated by D. E. Sawyer, while I had been defeated by the same player in the second

round. My low qualifying medal was a beautiful one of heavy gold. One Chicago paper said:

"The wonder of the tournament is Charles Evans, the Evanston High School (it should have been Academy) boy who set a new record in the qualifying round yesterday under the most adverse conditions. Evans first came to public notice at Jackson Park in the City Championship for the Evening Post cup, when he lasted until the semi finals. He plays a remarkable long game, and is good in the short work, but is still a bit crude. A little tournament experience will keep him among the topnotchers."

In general the kindly notices I received from the golf writers of Chicago—E. G. Westlake, J. G. Davis, Joseph Ryan, and Walter Bermingham—kept my spark of courage glowing. They made me and those around me feel that I was justified in keeping up my golf even at a great sacrifice.

My friends at Edgewater were now considering how I could be taken legally into the club. It was a matter for delicate adjustment. It is true that I had been a popular caddie, but all popular caddies are not received into golf clubs, and this holds particularly true when the boy happens to be only sixteen years old. I doubt if I had an actual enemy in the whole Edgewater Club, but, although I do not know it to be a fact, it is very reasonable to suppose that a number of the members may have considered it impolitic, to say the least, to take me into the club. At any rate I noticed that my friends were moving warily.

Mr. Brocklebank advised, in order that the question of professionalism be settled for all time, that I get an affidavit from my father giving the date of my birth, and another affidavit from Tom O'Neil as to the date of my

quitting caddying. It appeared that when I had won the low qualifying medal at Calumet, some question had arisen, and Mr. Brocklebank said that the proper affidavits filed with my application for membership would make my standing a matter of safe record, forever preventing any mischief maker raising such a point in a tournament.

CHAPTER VIII

IN FAST COMPANY AT SIXTEEN

In the Western Amateur for one round — Two medals in as many days — Swift exit from the 1907 National — Junior titles come more regularly — Goodby to the Interscholastic.

In 1906 the Western Golf Association Championship event was played over the Glen Echo Country Club links, September 3-8. Naturally the grand objective of my vacation was to play in this event, but there were two great obstacles. One was that I was not a club member, and competitors in this event had to belong to accredited clubs; the other that I lacked money for the trip. I had been able to enter the City Championship because it was open to any amateur living in the city and many unattached golfers competed.

The expenses at St. Louis would not be great for one of simple habits and there was no use worrying about them until the far more difficult matter of club membership was settled. To be taken into the Edgewater Club, even if it had been agreeable to a sufficient number of members, was not possible under the rules. There was no provision for independent junior members. Only the young sons of members could be taken in. I was in a peculiar position. I had stopped playing just before my sixteenth birthday to avoid professionalism, and

John Barton Payne, Chicagoan and member of President Wilson's cabinet, to whom Evans gives credit for much of his own skill on the links.

Photo by Davison, Kansas City, Mo.

Comrades of the links. Warren K. Wood and Chick Evans, snapped on the Excelsior Springs, Mo., course in 1915.

Photo by Edwin Levick, New York.

Evans driving in record-breaking round which netted him 71, with six on the last hole, in the 1915 National Open at Baltusrol.

Evans, in winning the Western Amateur golf championship at the Mayfield Country Club, Cleveland, had a hard match with D. E. Sawyer of Chicago in the semifinals. The picture shows the pair [illegible] the 6th hole.

therefore if I expected to play it would have to be as an amateur.

I had stopped caddying about the middle of July, the City Championship ended on August 21, I think, and the Western was scheduled for the first week in September. There was little time for action and most people would have thought there was no use trying to do anything more that year. But I was accustomed to overcoming difficulties, and, as always, a way out was found.

I believe it was C. D. White who suggested the first step, and that was to join the Jackson Park Golf Club. This club, composed of golfers playing on the public links, was accredited to the Western Association and the dues were but two dollars. With our present enlightenment the course I took seems the most natural thing in the world, but at that time the Jackson Park links was the only one in the city, and few of us had ever heard of a club of public links golfers. Everything prospered, however, and I think that I got my membership certificate on the same day that I started for St. Louis.

By that time financial difficulties had been smoothed out. The railroad fare from Chicago to St. Louis would not be considered of much moment to most people, and my expenses at the tournament would be comparatively small. I had saved a little money, my family made a few sacrifices, and close Edgewater friends did the rest. Among those J. C. Brocklebank, C. M. Rogers and P. R. Wilmarth took a special and substantial interest in my journey. I carried several letters of introduction. I remember that one of them, asking the good offices of a St. Louisan in my behalf, also

stated that "Mr. Evans is a very young man and unaccustomed to travel."

The latter statement was appallingly true, for except when I journeyed from Indianapolis to make my home in Chicago, and a few lake trips, always accompanied by members of my family, I had never been a hundred miles from Chicago. I remember once going to the Chicago Golf Club at Wheaton to caddy for Mrs. Brower, and the second evening, much to her inconvenience, I threw up my job and went back to Rogers Park unable to bear the prospect of another night away from home.

As I was so late in getting away there was no one whom I knew on the train. I did not mind that. I felt that I had set forth upon a stupendous enterprise and I was very proud to find myself traveling alone with a suitcase and golf bag. Not until I landed in St. Louis late in the afternoon did I fully realize that the world was a large place, and I a young boy. As for the city itself, it seemed to me that it was a million miles from Chicago. Looking about that crowded railway station, with not a human being in it that I knew, I could see that starting out to conquer the golf world was likely to prove a complicated and lonesome undertaking.

I went at once to a good hotel because I was afraid to go to any other kind, and in consequence I paid more for my room than I felt that I could afford. I deposited my luggage and went out to a cheap restaurant for dinner. My appetite, as always, was excellent, and I was much cheered by my meal, but when it was over, and I took my solitary way along the brightly lighted, unfamiliar streets, I began to doubt if in the whole

world there was a single person that I knew. I had to go back to my room and my golf clubs to convince myself that there was such a game as golf. I doubted if I could play it, however, and I went to bed gloomily, but slept well.

The next morning bright and early I took my suitcase and golf bag and went out to Normandie where the Glen Echo Club was situated. The sight of the course made me feel somewhat at home, and I found that I knew very slightly a good many of the golfers. The noted stars, Wood and Sawyer, were there, and circling about were many lesser lights. Wood and Sawyer were really not so many years older than I, but they seemed men, to be looked up to and envied. I hardly dared to believe that I would be permitted to play in the same tournament. Then, to my great joy, I ran across Runcie Martin. I did not know him very well at that time, but he was a friendly soul and had played in the City Championship at Jackson Park. He played a very good game, too. I confided my troubles to him, and he asked me to share his own inexpensive room near the club. To be exact, the room was part of a saloon, and we paid, I think, fifty cents a night for the privilege of sleeping there. It was near the club, and we didn't care where we slept.

The next day I was made happy by qualifying, but I drew George Clingman in the first round. We had a good game, too. I do not recall what he scored, but the margin of my defeat was not large.

I felt very unhappy at the time over my defeat, still I would have liked to stick around, for things were very interesting, but I could not afford it. So I gathered

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my few belongings at the golf club together and headed for Chicago. I had been in St. Louis three days.

It was that winter, I believe, probably after Christmas, 1907, that I was made an actual Junior member of the Edgewater Golf Club. It had been a difficult thing to do and it meant more to me than words of mine can ever tell.

My first golf event of the season of 1907 was the Interscholastic tournament at Onwentsia, June 17 and 18. Just a year previous I had played in the event for the first time and had been defeated by Gordon Copeland. It is impossible to describe the strain under which I played in this 1907 event, but I led in the qualifying round, had a large margin in my first match round with D. McMurray, a close one with Albert Seckel, and another good one with C. McArthur. My victory carried with it the title and a silver medal and I was exceedingly proud of both, but the real joy lay in the fact that I had come through.

The next day, tired as I was from the Interscholastic and exhausted still more by the hot weather, I threw all my left-over energies into the one-day Edgewater open tournament and won. That, too, proved a great triumph, and the prize was that most tangible thing, a cup—for the first of my large collection.

A week later I entered the Western Open Championship at Hinsdale. My reason for taking part in this tournament at this stage of my golf development must have been merely a desire to let nothing escape me. Albert Seckel entered, too, as also did Charlie McArthur, another interscholastic golfer. A good many other local amateurs ventured among the professionals but Warren

Wood, who played particularly well, was the only one to finish " in the money."

The event on which my heart was set, however, was the National Amateur Championship at Cleveland. Albert Seckel and I discussed it with utmost seriousness whenever we met. With me the real question was financial. Could I raise the money? Cleveland is not far from Chicago, as distances go in this country, but the expense of the journey seemed stupendous to me. Finally my father, seeing that my heart was set upon it, gave me the money for my railroad fare. Then C. S. Lincoln, a member of the Edgewater Club, had friends in Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. Thayer, who at his request kindly invited me to stay with them during the tournament.

C. F. Thompson of Chicago, who later became president of the Western Golf Association when I won my first Western, often mentions seeing me get off the train at Cleveland, staggering under the weight of golf bag and suitcase. I was taxing my already slight strength to save carfare. At that time I was very thin " built," as Joe Davis used to say, " something on the lines of a thin-shafted driver " and, perhaps, in consequence I was subject to a peculiar weakness that made it difficult for me to play a hard match in the afternoon. My strength apparently deserted me about 3 or 4 o'clock, and I was accustomed to play the rest of the way on my " nerve."

I had arrived late and had but little time for practice before the qualifying day. In the first half of that round Seckel and I did well, with an 83 each. For his second round Albert made an 84 but 165 was the last to

qualify. My finish was grievous. I started out pretty well on my last round then I sent my ball into the car tracks, and after several futile efforts to dislodge it I lost my temper, and my score soared. Never afterwards have I felt such grief at the loss of a game as I suffered at that failure.

I felt that I had not justified my coming, or my giving so much time to golf, and that I never could become a golfer. I had never in my wildest dreams hoped to win, but I had expected to make a fair showing. That my score should be the worst of all the Chicago players was heartbreaking.

As I look back from the vantage point of ten years or more I realize that I have been very fortunate, for, with the single exception of that Euclid event. I have never failed to qualify in every tournament for which I entered, and my actual tournament play began at the age of fifteen.

A week after the National Amateur at Cleveland I was playing in the Glenview open. I was very happy over that tournament. I did not win, of course, but I played unexpectedly good golf, and lasted until the semi-finals. I played in that round against Warren Wood and was all square at the turn, but was defeated one down in the afternoon. Wood had been a bright star in Cleveland, losing to Travers, the winner of the event, by one stroke.

My connection with the Glenview tournament ceased on July 19, and July 25 found me playing in the Western Junior at Westward Ho. Paul Hunter and I tied for low score and I lost in the play-off, one of the few times I have been defeated in a play-off for low score.

Unexpectedly, too, Paul was defeated in the first round of match play.

Hunter was one of a remarkable group of golfers from the Midlothian Golf Club. Others were Mason Phelps, Kenneth and Donald Edwards, and Robert Hunter, Paul's cousin. Paul was the youngest of these players and by many considered my greatest rival. I know that I feared him greatly for a long time, but for some reason or other, he has not lived up to his early promise. He had played well since a little boy, and had a particularly graceful style. His father, C. L. Hunter, played a strong game, too, and they were an interesting pair in the Pater Filius events, so popular at Midlothian.

It was Albert Seckel who defeated Paul in the first round, and he almost won from me in the final. A long putt on the home green gave me a match that had been sensational throughout, and a title, the second of the year.

I had been going at too strenuous a rate and collapsed soon after this event. In fact I had been ill after every event that season, but kept on in spite of bodily ailments. That persistence cost me the chance to play in the Western Amateur which was held that year at the Chicago Golf Club.

I recovered sufficiently to enter the City Championship at Jackson Park on August 18 or 19. It was the third City Championship and also my third attempt to win it. In the qualifying round Runcie Martin and R. W. Lazear tied for low score, and I, who was paired with Lazear, came second. In the second round I defeated Runcie Martin, which I had feared I could not

do. I had an interesting match with the Reverend D. J. Magill in the semifinals, and defeated Marue Carroll in the final, the third time proving the needed charm.

This was a great victory for me, the happy ending of a three years' struggle, and it all happened before a typical Jackson Park gallery.

The summer of 1907 had been a season of mingled joy and disappointment. To give a rough summary: I won the Interscholastic Championship for the first time, the Edgewater Open event, the City Championship, the Western Junior event at Westward Ho, made a good showing in the Glenview tournament against older star players, and won fourteenth place in the Western Open at Hinsdale, Illinois.

My first tournament of the golf season of 1908 was the "One-Day Open" at Edgewater on June 17. I won this event by defeating L. H. Reinking of Wheaton in the final by the narrow margin of 1 up. It was my second successive victory and second successive trial in this event at my own club. While the match had been close the final victory gave me the comforting feeling that my own game was developing a certain steadiness that promised well for my future.

The Western Interscholastic was played over the Skokie Country Club course in June, and this, too, I won for the second successive occasion and with more eclat than on the previous time. I began the event by making the lowest qualifying score, and won each of my matches by a pretty good margin, although my opponents were the best of our interscholastics—Lawrence Bragg, R. T. Lazear, Gordon Yule and Fraser Hale.

While we were assembled for this tournament we thought it a good time to organize the long-discussed Western Interscholastic Association. I was elected its president; the vice president was Robert T. Lazear, University High School, and the secretary and treasurer, Harry Kimbark of the Evanston High. We began to feel proud of ourselves and endeavored at once to arrange a schedule for interscholastic team golf matches. At the time we had great dreams of a national interscholastic golf championship.

During the school year of 1907-1908 I had tried to interest a few of the Evanston Academy boys who played golf in this matter of a golf team championship to be competed for by players from the preparatory schools of Chicago, or indeed the whole West, for there was nothing small about my imagination. It was rather uphill work, however, for Evanston Academy was not deeply interested in athletics.

On July 3, after winning the low-score medal, I was defeated in the semifinals of the Westward Ho Open by Robert Hunter of Midlothian. This event, together with the Junior tournament following in August, was very dear to our hearts, indeed it is not possible for me adequately to tell how indebted the rising young players of that time were to the Westward Ho Golf Club at Oak Park, Illinois. Of course I was disappointed to be put out of this event, but I entered the next competition with cheerfulness and hope restored.

The next event of importance happened to be the Western Amateur at Rock Island, on July 13. This was a more serious matter to me than the Chicago events. The carfare to Rock Island seemed a small fortune,

and where the money for board and lodging was to come from I did not know. Life at that period was just one prolonged strain of trying to make ends meet. I managed to get together the money for my railroad fare. When I reached Rock Island I lodged in a barn and got my meals where I could. There is no doubt that with my weak digestion I was paying a big price for my golf, and I could not very well expect to win under such conditions. Still my first half of the qualifying round was creditable. I made 159 for the two rounds, but was beaten in the first match by Donald Edwards.

On August 1 I went to an invitation tournament at the Kent Country Club, Grand Rapids, where I was defeated in the first round by Mason Phelps. He almost always defeated me in those days. I won the consolation event in which my defeat in the first round deposited me. The next week found me playing in the Onwentsia Open, where, after qualifying third, I was defeated by Willie Howland, but won the La Salle Cup, put up for some special medal round. On August 15 I won an open junior championship at Glenview together with the qualifying medal for 150 for 36 holes.

An important event was scheduled for August 19. It was at our beloved Westward Ho and it was called the International Junior Championship. Its international claim was based upon the presence of David Jolly, who had arrived in this country from St. Andrews a few days previous to the tournament. Seckel and I were much excited over the approaching competition. I do not think that a finer list of junior entries could have been found any place in America at that time, the field

including Albert Seckel, Paul Hunter, Donald Edwards, Phil Stanton of Grand Rapids, Gordon Copeland, R. O. Ainslie, to mention only a few.

It was a fortunate tournament for me from a golfing standpoint, but it was made especially memorable to me by a meeting with a young lad who afterwards became one of my best friends. It stands out in my memory because one of the unusual features of that period of my life was that while I had many acquaintances among the young boys of my own age my real understanding friendships were with grown men.

My new acquaintance was Mason B. Starring, Junior, son of a well known Chicago business man and grandson of the noted divine Dr. David Swing. The Starring summer home was at Swinghurst, Lake Geneva, and there I afterwards spent many happy days. Mason and I were drawn together in the first round and before it was over I had been invited to become one of a house party for the Lake Geneva Annual Invitation Tournament. Thereafter I went to the Starring home every season for several years for the Lake Geneva Tournament, in fact until the Starring family moved to New York.

I was pitted against David Jolly in the semifinals, and I confess that I had been very much afraid of him in spite of the fact that his preceding rounds had not been so good as we expected. He came well-heralded from St. Andrews, but those velvety greens did not prepare him for ours, and his scoring was rather high. I was able to defeat him 3 and 2. He was a pleasant, modest youngster, one of a large family of golfers, mostly professionals, who came to this country.

In the finals, I met my regular opponent of those days, Albert Seckel, who had defeated Donald Edwards by the narrow margin of one hole. This hard match evidently had worn him out and he did not play his accustomed game, and I defeated him by a large margin. Yet the previous year, in the same event, I had only won on the thirty-sixth green by a lucky twenty-foot putt.

When I first went to the Evanston Academy I hardly dared mention that my game of games was golf. There must have been other students who played, but it had no standing among academic sports. In looking back I am surprised that I did not give up golf for the more popular sports beloved by pretty girls.

The Interscholastic came after school closed for the year, and any enthusiasm aroused by it had a chance to die long before school re-opened. After my first Interscholastic Championship, won in 1907, however, I became a little "played up" in school, and then dared to sound the praises of my game. I had learned from my two appearances in interscholastic tourneys that a good many schoolboys were interested in it, and so on my third appearance in 1908 I had some ideas to add to those of the other players, and I practically ran the event.

Before going further, however, it may be interesting to consider the interscholastic finances. There was an entry fee of fifty cents, and with this we were able to buy a silver medal for the winner. I often thought how fine it would have been had some kind golfer given us a cup.

I knew that in 1908 something more was needed and so I went to see my good friend, C. S. Lincoln, an old

Edgewater member, and asked him if he would give a pennant for the winning team in a special event. He did so.

There were about eleven schools entered, each with a team or two. Lawrence Bragg and I represented Evanston, and our scores were the lowest. Thus the pennant went to the academy to take its place alongside the trophies of other sports. We tried to get the trustees interested in providing expense money for our team matches, but little if any was forthcoming, for golf was a hard game to interest a school board in.

The academy was in the habit of presenting emblems each year to members of winning teams, and I believe that I have two for golf.

Unfortunately a severe illness in 1909 made it impossible for me to play in the Interscholastic Championship for that was my last year in the " prep " school. The next fall I entered the Northwestern University and after that saw little of interscholastic golf and heard less about the Western Interscholastic Golf Association of which I had been so proud.

CHAPTER IX

FIRST CHAMPIONSHIP HONORS

A banquet without guests — Winning of the Western Amateur a close shave — "Chick" becomes "Mister" as "Shakey" looks in — Leading the qualifiers softens defeat in the National.

The 1909 Western Championship was held at the Homewood Country Club, Flossmoor, Illinois. I had played in the event just twice before, in 1906 at St. Louis, and 1908 at Rock Island, but had not made much of a showing on either occasion. So far that season had been disappointing. I had had a serious illness lasting several weeks and I had lost several tournaments unexpectedly.

At that time the big event was preceded each year by a team match play for a cup presented by Marshall Field. Not only had Mr. Field donated the club trophy, but he had paid all the expenses of the competition, and provided medals for the players of the winning team. Only golfers who had won a trophy of note were eligible for the team, and this was the last year of competition for the cup.

Early that summer I had been asked by several members of the Exmoor Country Club whether I would like to join their club and anyone who knows me may be certain that I did. Accepting memberships in golf clubs is the most enjoyable thing that I do, but I

assured them that first, last and all the time that my heart was at Edgewater. I was soon admitted and a little later I was asked to play on the Exmoor team for the Marshall Field cup—permanent possession of which was to be decided just prior to the Western.

Only three clubs entered for the event,—the Midlothian, Exmoor and Glenview, I think. The Midlothian team was considered an almost certain winner. Previously in these pages I have told of the golfing prowess of this club, for it was made famous by a wonderful group of young players who were making the golf history of Chicago. Paul Hunter, Robert E. Hunter, Mason Phelps and Kenneth and Donald Edwards composed the Midlothian team. The Exmoor players were H. Chandler Egan, Walter Egan, Charles Evans, Jr., Alden Swift and W. B. Egan.

The third team was out of the running before the first nine holes were played and a terrible shock was in store for the Midlothianites, who, it was rumored, had already ordered a big banquet to be spread at the club in honor of their victory.

The cup play came on the Saturday preceding the Western. As it happened I was in the last four-ball group. The play was against bogey, and at the end of 18 holes the Midlothians stood at a total of 3 up, Exmoor was 1 down, and Glenview was 17 down. At that time few people believed Midlothian to be in any danger. I had played very well in the morning, I thought, being all even with bogey, and the rest of our team also did well.

Our four-ball set dragged behind a little, and somebody came out to the twelfth hole and told us what

the Midlothian players had done, pointing out that Exmoor had a chance to win if I could finish up on bogey. The information was like a spur to a jaded horse and I surprised myself by coming back in 35, 5 up on bogey, and the trophy went to Exmoor.

It was the biggest thing that I had yet done in golf. I got a great deal of credit in addition to being selected to play on the team with H. Chandler Egan. I still have an honorary membership at Exmoor, and the beautiful cup is there to remind us of the famous battle between the Exmoors and Midlothians.

The Monday following the Marshall Field Trophy competition the Amateur Championship of the Western Golf Association began at Flossmoor and under unusually pleasant conditions for me. It was realized that if I expected to win any of the big events I must play them under more comfortable conditions and so it happened that for the first time I was able to have a room at the clubhouse for the event. How I did appreciate the luxury of rest and quiet afforded by that little room. It afforded me everything I needed to keep in shape. What a happiness it was to be able to eat a leisurely breakfast, and then take a few unhurried footsteps to the first tee, instead of rising at daybreak for the long ride from Rogers Park to the city, then across the town and far out into the country.

I was paired in the qualifying round with Harold Fisher of the Denver Country Club, and made 78 for the first half, five strokes behind the leader, Warren Wood. The next 18 holes handed me a 77—a total of 155 for fourth place. Warren Wood made another 73, winning the low medal with a wonderful 146. E. M.

Photo by Pletzcker, St. Louis.

Chick Evans, just after winning the 1915 Western Amateur at Cleveland.

Photo by Pietzcker, St. Louis.

Principals in a famous West vs. East foursome which was played immediately following the 1915 National Amateur at Detroit. Left to right: Chick Evans, Robert Gardner, Jerome Travers and Fran-

Photo by Pletzcker, St. Louis.

Three national champions meet at Philadelphia. Left to right they are: Robert Gardner, National Amateur champion; Mrs. C. H. Vanderbeck, National Women's; Charles Evans, Jr., National Open. The photo was taken just before Evans clinched his title to the "Double Crown" at the Merion Cricket Club, 1916.

Copyright by Sport and General Press Agency, London, England.

Winners of the "Double Crown." John Ball (left) of Hoylake, England, victor in the British Amateur and Open, 1890. Chick Evans adds up his score at Minnikahda, Minneapolis, after winning the National Open, 26 years later.

Byers came second with 152, Ned Sawyer third with 154. R. A. Gardner had 156 for fifth place.

It so happened that while we were playing the officials of the W. G. A. were deciding upon a method of numerical pairing for the first match play round instead of trusting to the old luck of the draw. The new rule had been formulated rather early and the afternoon papers had been furnished with the news before many of the players had come in. I finished my round rather late and being tired went immediately to my room. I was told afterwards, however, that Ralph Hoagland, who was noted for his ability to pick a winner, went up to the bulletin board on which the pairings had been placed, and after studying them carefully said: "It looks like little Chick Evans to me."

It is only too true that the new rule had landed me in a pretty good place, but some of the leading players were bitterly dissatisfied and many protests were lodged, but the new rule, having been made public before many of the scores had come in, had to stand.

My first match round was with Charles Baker—the best handball player in America—and although I was very nervous I managed to nose out a 3 and 2 victory. My next opponent was George Lindsay, and I beat him 3 and 2. I was out in 36, which was pretty good in those days. The surprise of this round was the defeat of Warren Wood by Robert Gardner.

During the painful days of convalescing from a broken leg I had read the football yearbooks and discovered a famous player in Lee Maxwell, quarterback on the University of Chicago team. I had conceived

a great admiration for him, and when my third opponent turned out to be the gridiron star, I was more nervous than ever but still I won 3 and 2.

In the upper half my old rival, Albert Seckel, was putting up some splendid golf. Good as he was no one expected him to beat Sawyer, but he did this most convincingly. Then Kenneth Edwards beat Robert Gardner with a magnificent 70, thereby making himself a big favorite for the title. We had arrived at the semifinals with Seckel against Kenneth Edwards and I against Paul Hunter. Strange to say Seckel and I were always being drawn against each other, but Paul and I had never met in match play. I felt that it was no time for relaxed vigilance, and I went right after him and won by a large margin. Success at that time gave me the needed morale.

In the meantime Seckel had disposed of Kenneth Edwards, another fine Midlothian player, by 5 and 4, and once more he and I faced each other in a decisive match, the youngest players who had ever met in a Western Amateur final. In all our previous meetings I had been the victor and the consciousness of that fact gave me a distinct advantage. Things were breaking nicely for me, and although I was nervous and had passed a sleepless night, I stood at the first tee on that summer's morning in my best fighting spirit.

The morning round justified my confidence, but even in this round Seckel showed his remarkable rallying power. Before we reached the thirteenth hole I was 7 up and Seckel had not won a hole. Then he took the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth, halved the eighteenth and I went to luncheon 4 up.

After a varying fortune in the afternoon I was still 4 up at the eleventh hole. I holed my putt for a half, and as Seckel's ball was practically dead I knocked his away, and was immediately informed by Referee Bendelow that I had lost the hole by conceding that putt. It was a new W. G. A. rule, and had been broken in almost every round, but I suppose that our match was the only one officially followed, and, as usual, I was "it."

I do not think that I have ever known any little happening to occasion so much discussion. The fact that I had won my half before I knocked the ball away was dwelt upon, but the hole was lost on that technicality, and for a time I seemed to lose my grip on the game. On the fifteenth I lost a hole as well as on the sixteenth, but we halved the next two, and I won by the narrow margin of 1 up.

It had been a big occasion for two young boys, for we were the youngest players who had ever gone that far in the Western. Strange to say the Western has, with this exception, never been won by a boy under 20, while the National has been rather often.

Seckel and I were very proud of our big gallery. Seckel's mother was there, as were also my own father, mother and sister. It was the first time that either of my parents had ever seen me play. That night we were all the guests at dinner of J. H. Wood, Warren's father, and when I saw my own name woven in green leaves, extending in huge letters across the dining room, I began to feel the real importance of my victory.

Not long afterwards a notice was mailed to every member of the Edgewater Golf Club saying that "Mr.

Charles Evans, Jr.," a club member, had had the honor of winning the Western Golf Championship, and the club was giving a dinner and dance, August 7, in honor of the occasion. Here was the kid, " Chick," being called " Mister."

It was a great occasion but right in the midst of it I turned toward the window and saw " Shakey " looking in. For an instant I forgot my present self and remembered the many times when I, as a caddie, had gazed into the well-lighted room and watched the members laughing, dining and dancing with their wives and sweethearts.

In August, 1909, Trigg Waller, secretary of the Western Golf Association, wrote me that I had been selected for one of the four players to represent that association in the Olympic Cup event, September 4, at the Chicago Golf Club.

I believe that it was in 1904 that a team of Chicago golfers went to St. Louis and won the famous Olympic Cup of the Western Golf Association. The Association then put it in play, open to teams of four from any golf association in the world. It was usually contested for at 36-hole medal play on the Saturday before the Western Championship, or the National, if it happened to be in the West. The first time that it had been played before a national tourney was at the Euclid Club, Cleveland, in 1907. The Metropolitan Golf Association team, consisting of Walter J. Travis, Jerome D. Travers, Fred Herreshoff and Archie Reid, won by a large margin.

Even at this early date I had begun to envy the men chosen to play for this famous cup. I held it one of the

biggest honors that could come to a Western golfer, and I had vainly hoped that my performances in golf up to 1908 would cause me to be selected to play on the Western Golf Association team at the premier Western event at Rock Island that year. Naturally, therefore, when I was asked to play in the event I felt deeply honored. The players I had been asked to assist were Chandler Egan, Warren K. Wood and Kenneth Edwards. We won rather easily.

I had gone to work at once after winning the Western Championship in order to prepare myself for the National. Each day I had gone to the Edgewater course and practiced in a systematic way. I had a club in my hand from morning till night and I hit the ball around and waited for the days to pass until I could make my second appearance in the National tourney.

When the great day arrived I found myself much more nervous than on any other occasion of my life, for in addition to the importance of the event to me, I was drawn to play in the qualifying round with Walter J. Travis, at that time the most notable figure on the American links.

I can remember as clearly as if it were yesterday how I played the first hole. The gallery was behind us and, as my knees hit together, my drive was missed miserably. I then topped my second shot, and my third landed just short of the bunkers in front of the green. I was having a tough time, indeed. I was anxious. It meant much to win. I shot again, and my very poorly hit fourth landed luckily and rolled into the hole. Even the silent Mr. Travis had to exclaim. This piece of luck made it easy for me to gain my equilibrium and

when the cards were counted up I saw the name Evans at the top of the list with a 74—40 out and 34 in.

I slept uneasily that night, but my 77 the next day gave me a total of 151—tying for low score with Robert Gardner of Chicago and Tom Sherman of Utica, New York. This was my first of a series of successes in the medal-play round of our National Amateur Golf Championships. The honor of the best 18-hole score, however, went to Ned Sawyer, who made a 72.

My first match round was against a Philadelphian, W. G. Pfeil; my second, Addison Stillwell of Chicago, and the third my old friend Albert Seckel, whom I defeated 5 and 3, landing into the semifinals. Higher up in our half were notable names, any of whom would have been terrifying to me. Ned Sawyer was in great form and defeated Robert Hunter, and Chandler Egan —what magic in that name!—defeated Warren Wood, and then he and Sawyer had another of their memorable battles. It was not decided until the thirty-eighth hole. The decision brought me face to face in the semifinal round of the National with the great Egan, who had reigned almost supreme in Western golf during all the days of my most ardent hero worship.

It was hot playing the following day, although there was a light breeze. As I took stock at the end of the first nine holes I discovered that Egan had gone out in 34 and I was 4 down. A little later I lost the eleventh and stood 5 down, but I managed to win two of the remaining holes and finished the morning only 3 down, Egan having made a 73 and I a 77.

The afternoon showed me that it pays to stick in golf, and it is a lesson I have seen demonstrated many

a time since. Egan won only one hole of the first nine and I won four, so that we were all even and 9 to play. Then he made a 3 on the tenth, eleventh and twelfth, making me once more 3 down. I caught him at the sixteenth, and holed a very difficult partial stymie on the seventeenth for a half. We were all square and one to go when I topped my tee shot, and my chances to play in the final were soon ended. Not long after I was helping to revive Chandler Egan in a locker room of the clubhouse, where he had fainted.

The next day Robert A. Gardner defeated Egan, and won the title by some splendid golf, 4 up and 3 to play. Gardner had not had much experience in tournament play until this time, but he had played fine golf throughout this event and had defeated both Travis and Phelps to reach the final.

The day after the tourney proper, Robert Gardner, Tom Sherman and I played off the tie for the low score medal, and then occurred one of those sensational happenings that have punctuated my golfing career. At the end of the first nine holes Gardner had a 36, I a 42 and Sherman a 44. The latter had been very unfortunate and put three balls in succession over the fence. He and I didn't think that we had much of a chance, but we just went along, when lo and behold, beginning with the eleventh I began to pick up almost a stroke a hole back from the then national champion. I have played the seventeenth and eighteenth at the Chicago Golf Club many, many times, but I believe that the only time in my life that I ever made them in 3 each was on the occasion of this play-off. I was one stroke behind Gardner and two holes to play, and although he made

those holes in par, I won the medal from him by a stroke.

I had planned to apply myself most diligently to my studies, having entered Northwestern University, but in November I went down to Nashville to take part in an invitation tournament. At that time it seemed that I should not have neglected my school work, but being urged I did so, and as a recompense I made some of the best friends of my life and played some of my best golf. It was my first introduction to Nashville golf and golfers, and I have had many reasons since then to appreciate my good luck in meeting them.

About fifty southern golfers took part in the tournament. Malcolm McConnell and I, both of Edgewater, were guests of Horace F. Smith, to whom more than any other single man, the South owes its golf. Among his other guests were Lowry Arnold, Thomas Paine and George Adair, an Atlanta trio now well known to golfers all over the country, and whom I a little later on had reason to remember most affectionately. Among the Nashville golfers were Mr. Pollard, Clarence Angier, Ned Daly, D. Weaver, Tom Scoggins, F. O. Watts, Tom Webb and John A. Bell. Grantland Rice, the sports writer, whom I met then for the first time, competed in the tournament and won a third flight cup.

The tournament was played over the old course, since abandoned, but which was then in fine condition. I was extraordinarily successful, winning a gold medal for low score, the first flight cup, and the driving contest. The singular thing and the thing that showed me that it wasn't all luck was that each time that I won out on the course I reduced my previous score, beginning with a 75,

next a 73, followed by a 72, then a 71, and ending with a 70.

The 1910 Western was played over the Minikahda course at Minneapolis. It was immediately preceded by the Olympic team event. Again I was made happy by being selected to play on the Chicago team along with Robert Gardner, D. E. Sawyer and Albert Seckel. The event took place on July 23, and our team had very little difficulty in winning; in fact we made the lowest score ever made in the contest.

I found the event most interesting. It began with the brilliant qualifying round of Harry Legg which left all of us strokes behind. I had the most peculiar sort of luck. From the first round to the final I was matched against the great group of Midlothian golfers, meeting Donald Edwards in the first round, Kenneth Edwards in the second, Paul Hunter in the third, Robert Hunter in the fourth, and Mason Phelps in the fifth and last.

Robert Hunter played some remarkable golf in this tournament, reaching the high-water mark with his 68 against Seckel. In his round with me he had me 1 down and 1 to play, and I pitched out of the road for a 3 to square the match. Going to the first extra hole he was nicely on the green in 2. I sliced my tee shot to a bunker, got out into another bunker, missed my next, and was about to pick up when Warren Wood, who was caddying for me, said: "Play it out." I was on in 4, down in 6, and Bob took four putts. That taught me to stick. I beat him on the thirty-ninth after a nerve-racking ordeal. The next day I lost my title to Mason Phelps, 2 and 1.

CHAPTER X

MY FIRST EASTERN TOURNAMENT

Butterfly plays important role in decisive match — Fownes beats Wood for title — Sensational golf lands the championship in the Western Open — Simpson victim in the final.

My success in the 1909 Amateur had made me look forward eagerly to the next National Championship, scheduled for Brookline. When the meeting place was announced my first thought was whether I would be able to afford the trip. Boston seemed a far place. I had been to St. Louis, Rock Island and Minneapolis, but I had never been farther East than Grand Rapids.

Because of the expense I was obliged to time my arrival to one day before the championship began. Sunday golf was unpopular in New England at that time, and my consternation can be imagined when I was informed that I could not have a caddie, and that it would really be better not to offend public sentiment and play on the only day that I had to practice. I had to play, of course, and be my own caddie as well. The golf course itself not only impressed me; it stunned me. I had never even dreamed of one like it. There were a great many traps. The bunkers had railroad ties for their facings, making them look particularly formidable, but the grass was wonderful. Three holes, up in one corner of the grounds, were beautiful affairs, cut through

the woods, at a cost, I was told, of $35,000. The putting greens simply shocked me. They rolled in every sort of a way and I just could not control the ball.

The first qualifying round saw a tremendous entry beginning at 7:30 in the morning and lasting until nightfall. Those overtaken by darkness could finish the next morning; rather unfortunate for them, to be sure, for to the successful ones it would mean a match round following fast upon a medal. In the first 18-hole qualifying round there were a number of 83's and strangely enough the newspaper men put the names of F. Ouimet and C. Evans together. Here were two former caddies, one from a small course in the West and the other from the very course on which the championship was being played.

Among the sixty-four players who qualified in the first round Chandler Egan was missing, the first time that he had ever failed to qualify in a major event and the last time that he played in one in the East. When the names of the second qualifying round were checked off it was found that six Chicagoans had made good. They were Warren K. Wood, Robert Hunter, Paul Hunter, D. E. Sawyer, Albert Seckel, Intercollegiate champion, and myself. The West was shocked to learn that the National champion had failed to qualify. He was a victim to the crush, having been caught in the darkness on the second qualifying round.

Almost unnoticed, near Gardner's name, was that of F. Ouimet who was also outside the circle. Fred Herreshoff was in great form, and won the low qualifying medal with the score of 152—74 in the afternoon.

The draw was peculiar, its chief feature being Chi-

cagoans against Chicagoans. I beat Robert Hunter in the first round, ran up against my old friend Ned Sawyer, who had just defeated Albert Seckel, in the second. Ned and I had another stiff match and my 73 in the afternoon brought me a 2 and 1 victory. In the third round I met the medalist, Herreshoff, and defeated him 11 up and 10 to play, producing a shock from which the eastern players did not recover for a long time. To do it I had 74 in the morning, and was out in 36 in the afternoon.

My old pal Warren Wood was doing some fine work in the other half of the draw and had beaten three Massachusetts golfers of note. It was in this round that Harold Weber of Toledo finished the thirty-sixth hole all square with W. R. Tuckerman of Washington, D. C. I asked him to let me carry his clubs on the extra hole. The first thing that he did was to send me to his room for some pills. These apparently did him no good, for he took three putts on the extra hole and lost, much to my sorrow.

My second appearance in the semifinals of the National brought me against W. C. Fownes, Jr., of Pittsburgh. I have not space here to tell of the popularity of that player and his fine game. His caddie was George Ormiston, a Pittsburgh amateur but a native of Scotland. Robert Hunter, a fellow Chicagoan, performed the same kind office for me.

I was conscious that I was affording the gallery a great deal of amusement, for all week I had been putting with a midiron, trying by means of a backspin to get some sort of a hold on those terribly fast greens. Then, too, I had not taken off the little grey sweater, later

prized mascot of the Western Open at Beverly, and clung to it until it was almost in shreds. Whatever the efficacy of the garment, I generally played in greater luck up to the green than Fownes, but I could not get down as many twos as he, finding it impossible to master the tricky surfaces of those slippery greens.

Notwithstanding my putting troubles the time came when I found myself 2 up and 3 to go. Going to the sixteenth I pitched onto the green, and Fownes was short in the bunker in front, and barely got out to the edge of the green. The game seemed clinched for me, and the spectators were so sure of it that many of them started for the clubhouse. Bill started to putt rather quickly. Just then a butterfly attempted to alight on his ball and he tried to drive it away. The incident made him pause long enough to steady his putt a little, and he holed out in 3, while I took 3 putts. He won the next hole with a 175-yard second almost dead to the hole. As my ball lay in a position where it was impossible, with my western knowledge of greenplaying, to lay dead, I took three more putts on the eighteenth and lost the match.

Fownes beat Warren Wood the next day and won the title. I don't know how Warren regarded his defeat, but with the passing of the years I have not regretted that I lost my match that day. It was to the most popular golfer in the country, one who plays a fine game, and who has always been one of the firmest upholders of national golf. I'd not played a poor game, but he'd played better. Had I won in both the semifinal and the final, it is probable that I should only have kept in the game to a limited extent; its expense meant con-

tinued privation, and with ambition realized I might not have thought it worth while to make the sacrifices.

Immediately after my defeat I accepted an invitation to play in the Annual Open Handicap of the Vesper Country Club, Tyng's Island, Lowell, Massachusetts. I won the chief trophy, a beautiful crystal vase, which I gave to my mother. That night I went out canoeing and on the quiet, shadowy waters of the Merrimac, with a brilliant moon overhead, I forgot for a little space the last three holes at Brookline the day before.

The greatest success of my early golfing career came during the first week of September, 1910. Only once before had I dared to enter the Western Open Championship, and the reason for that restraint was that my funds were always low, and I felt that I had not a chance to win. This year, however, the event was at the Beverly Country Club, and George O'Neil, brother of my good friend Tom, urged me to enter. I might as well add that I never needed much urging. The list included the best professionals of the country. I was one of the five amateurs who dared to try our fortunes in such fast company.

The Western Golf Association powers that year had decreed that the tourney should be played on an entirely different basis than formerly. It is hardly necessary to say that open events are almost invariably medal competitions, but this year it had been decided to hold a qualifying round and to determine the event by match play.

There was a foursome preliminary to the event and in that my partner was Harry Turpie. I should have liked to win with him for I remembered the years of practice

and play at Edgewater, but Albert Seckel and Bob Simpson finished with a 72, one stroke ahead of Harry and me.

In the qualifying round I was paired with Willie Middleton of Rock Island. I remember that I slept well the previous night, something that I had never done prior to an important competition. I was free from anxiety, being perfectly sure that I had not a chance in the world. On my way home the night after that round was played I had the strangest sensation trying to realize that I, a diminutive amateur, so thin, as Joe Davis said, that "he could slip between the raindrops and not get wet," had made a 71, the lowest qualifying score of the day. The previous record of the course had been 72. Jock Hutchinson was two strokes behind me, Bob Simpson was not far away, and the two amateurs, Seckel and Sawyer, were in the last place at 77.

Jim Barnes, who had come all the way from Spokane, failed to qualify, and Lawrence Auchterlonie and Otto Hackbarth also fell by the wayside. Just outside the charmed circle was Harry Turpie, whose game I had first studied and upon which I had tried to model my own. Somehow I was vaguely troubled by the fact that I had qualified at the top of the list and Harry with his fine game had fallen outside.

The Glenview Club, one of the largest and best in the United States, had been looking for a professional. They could not be suited here and so continued their search abroad. Up in Aberdeen, Scotland, they found a leading Scottish amateur who consented to take the place. This was Jimmie Donaldson, and he had a splendid style and a big reputation. It was he that I was

drawn against in my first round. Believe me, I was frightened. I began nervously and was 2 down at the seventh hole. Then I holed an approach on the eighth for a 3, and chipped in again for a 2 on the tenth. Then we alternated in winning strokes, and finished the eighteen all even.

I shall never forget the extra holes with this player. I scrambled a half on the nineteenth, and on the twentieth Donaldson was only a few feet from the cup. I must have been twenty feet away when I holed my putt for a 2, and he missed his.

Seckel and Sawyer also won their matches. Sawyer was drawn against Jock Hutchinson, and they had a great match. I believe that if you talked with Sawyer he would tell you that it was one of the greatest matches of the many he has played. He was 4 down and 5 to play, but won.

Sawyer met me in the semifinals and there was another tight match, but my 71 against his 75 gave me a chance to play George Simpson in the final. From the first day of the event I had been playing like one possessed and by the time the semifinals were reached the gallery had become very large. It was an unforgettable second of September. My caddie, I felt, contributed much to my success. He lived in Rogers Park and caddied at Edgewater. He was a fine, loyal lad who had been carrying for me in all the tournaments around Chicago. Behind him in the gallery were scores of Beverly caddies who had been permitted to follow the players. At the end of each successful match the shout would reach me: "They all look alike to Chick!"

When I reached the final there was much excitement

"Shorty," caddie and mascot, who helped Evans win the "Double Crown" in 1916.

Photo by International Film Service.

Champion and his pals get together on the Edgewater links after Evans had won the 1916 Amateur title. Left to right: G. M. McConnell, T. E. Hendee, Chick Evans and Robert Gardner.

E. G. Grace, president of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, the best business man golfer whom Evans has ever met. Photo taken on Mr. Grace's private links.

Photo by Strohmeyer, Newark, N. J.

The eighteenth hole on the links of the Pine Valley Golf Club near Philadelphia, pronounced the most difficult course in the world by Evans.

in the gallery, composed of many professionals, for it was the first time in the United States that an amateur had gone so far in an open championship.

In the final my medal play in the morning round was not particularly good — a 79 to 82 — but I went to luncheon two holes ahead. In the afternoon my little grey sweater and I did not miss anything. I went out in 35 and started in with 3, 5, 2, and 3, capturing by 6 up and 5 to play the first and only Western Open Championship ever won by an amateur. Had I made the remaining holes in ordinary figures I should have been around in 67, an extraordinary performance in those days.

I shall always remember how pleasantly George Simpson took his defeat. The thirteenth tee at Beverly is on a hill, and when we reached it I was dormy 6. We played our shots and George grinned cheerfully, grabbed my hand as we raced down that hill like a couple of kids. He knew that defeat lay but a hole or so away, but that could not disturb so fine a sportsman, and so good a loser.

Simpson had been amateur champion of Scotland, winning the title at Carnoustie in 1907. Later he came to this country and was employed at La Grange. He was a very good player, but gave up competitive golf, with the exception of Red Cross matches and other games among friends, and devoted himself to teaching and to the practical duties of his profession, in which he was most successful. He was professional at the Oak Park Country Club at the time of his death.

I was delighted with my victory, and I asked the directors of the association to give the money prize to

Simpson, but they said that they could not do that, and so I now wear a watch, duly inscribed and bought with that prize money. It is the only golf prize that I wear since the old days of the much-in-evidence and much-admired Jackson Park fob.

CHAPTER XI

CAMPUS TO CATTLE BOAT

Borrowed pony cuts short an educational career — Letter from President Taft — On the briny deep as assistant foreman — A wooden divot and whale — On English Greens — Three weeks at Piersland.

My second year at the Northwestern University began auspiciously enough, but soon interest in my studies was flagging. After the Christmas holidays, in the very first week of 1911, I found myself in a slump. I stuck along, however, until the end of the semester when examinations came, and then something happened which had a great bearing upon my after life. Unpleasant as it was I cannot truthfully say now that I regret it, for it brought to pass a very happy experience.

In the examinations Wallie Bell and I were sitting side by side. There were two girls in front of us. None of us four was a particularly diligent student, but each of us was bright enough in his or her way, and I believe that all could have pulled through. Across the aisle was a very fine student using a " pony." In parenthesis I would suggest that if schools really want to stop cribbing they should watch the brilliant students, for the ambition that leads them to work hard can lead them just as readily to the " sure thing."

As we were having troubles of our own and saw an

easy way out we motioned for the "pony," and the bright student was generous. We of course were seen using it, being but slightly versed in the art of concealment, and asked to report to the dean's office. It was not expected that any of us could tell where the "pony" came from, and so Dean Holgate suspended the four of us. We walked down the campus for the last time, half-laughing and half-crying. Wallie and I each happened to have a dime and we treated the girls to a soda. We pretended that we did not mind, but we parted rather sadly.

I knew pretty well what I wanted to do. I was sorry of course because I knew that it would be a hard blow to my parents, but for years I had dreamed of playing in a British golf championship, and only a short time before John Grassell and O. J. Frances of a stock yards packing firm had said that they could get me a passage on a cattle boat. Suspension coming at this time seemed the hand of fate. Accordingly I wrote to George Adair, Thomas B. Paine and Lowry Arnold of Atlanta, and asked permission to prepare myself on the Druid Hills course near that city, as the British event comes too early in the spring to allow much practice on a Chicago course. A favorable answer having been received, I borrowed the money to get to Atlanta. I was handsomely taken care of while there.

On the journey down I caught my finger in the Pullman car door. It was very discouraging. I suffered terribly, but the injury healed without permanent effect and I began practice. Once at the club I never went into town but worked regularly and systematically throughout the day. When I was too tired to play I

used to go to the caddie yard and entertain myself listening to the little darky caddies.

The three greens that I selected for the practice of my mashie shots were not more than 100 feet from Miss Alexa Stirling's home. Alexa was a great favorite. She could swim better and run faster than anybody in that section, and she could also swing a golf club amazingly well, although she did not then seem very deeply interested in the game.

The professional at that time was Stewart Maiden, who trained so well the group of young Atlanta players. He also strove to make things pleasant for me.

While in Atlanta I received an invitation from Mr. Tufts to play at Pinehurst in the North and South Championship. There I played on sand greens for the first time and it took me a little while to get going but I won the event by beating Walter J. Travis in the final.

An interesting feature of my trip was an invitation from Lincoln Beachy, who was testing an aeroplane in a field near by, to go up with him. This I did right after my match with Mr. Travis, who remarked that it was the first time that I had been up in the air that day. It is sad for me to record that Beachy lost his life at the Panama Exposition about the time that I went there for the golf championship.

I went back to Atlanta to resume my practice and found that Mr. Paine had arranged a wonderful program for me. Major Archibald Butt, military aid to President Taft, was from Atlanta, and a great friend of Mr. Paine. Through him arrangements had been made for me to have a game of golf with the president when I went to Washington on my way to Boston. I

soon learned, however, that the time set for the sailing of my boat would not permit me to play with the president, but I resolved to go to the White House and explain my predicament in person.

I think that it was Allan Lard who conducted me to the presidential mansion. The president, amiability itself, greeted me in the most cordial manner, called me "Chick" and wished me good luck. He also sent me a letter, through the courtesy of Major Butt, which I shall always treasure. I became of age the following year, and my first vote for president was cast for that kindly occupant of the White House.

It required more courage than I had realized to take my first voyage on a cattle boat. My only experience with water-craft was with lake steamers, and my only experience with cattle had been obtained from one short Christmas holiday on my cousins' stock farm. It is a family tradition that I showed a fondness for calling the after deck of a steamer "the back porch," and my relatives' remarks concerning my skill as a cow-puncher were not complimentary. I left Washington hurriedly after being notified that my steamer would leave April 29, a few days earlier than I had figured on. The ship was the Caledonian, of the Leyland Line, bound for Manchester, England, and it sailed under the British Jack. It carried a large cargo of American cattle, 522 in all, thousands of refrigerated chickens, corn and hay. The officers and crew were British, and so were most of the cattle gang.

When I arrived in Boston I found that it was necessary to sign shipping papers, and I had to stand the questioning of two sharp-tongued government officials.

Everything went well until they asked my age. Innocently I told the truth. It appeared, however, that no member of the cattle gang could be less than twenty-one, so the obliging officials adjusted my age to the requirement.

On the morning of April 29 the Caledonian sailed out of Boston Harbor with an assistant foreman on board carrying as his most valued possession a letter of good wishes from President Taft. He also had a golf bag filled with his idea of choice clubs which he had carefully smuggled onto the boat and concealed with needful precaution under the hay.

The cattle gang was assembled on the after deck. As we pulled out, one of the number played a mouth organ while the rest sang popular songs most lustily. I, alone on that, to me, never-to-be-forgotten April day stood idly dreaming. When my senses cleared Old Fort Independence and the quarantine station had grown dim and the water had widened into a great expanse of sea. It was then that I realized I was in a world differing from anything I had ever known before. There was no time for reveries, however. We were told to line up on the after deck while one of the ship's officers called the roll. Then a search was made for any possible stowaways. Immediately thereafter, the foreman, Charlie Ward, in a most impressive voice, ordered us to get into our working clothes.

My boy's world had turned into a man's world of hard work, rough speech and rigid discipline. The dominant idea of a cattle boat is to work under autocratic supervision, for the cattle must be well cared for.

My official title was assistant foreman but my

duties were varied and I was actually the engineer of the hoisting machines. Sometimes I helped to feed the cattle and did some work about their stalls, but I was not sure that Charlie Ward regarded my work with perfect confidence. I was very proud of it myself, and put in a strenuous day, beginning about 4 A. M. Once, when one of the men had been badly burned, I went down in the stokers' hole and then I learned what the hardest work at sea is.

In spite of many drawbacks I found the floating home both interesting and pleasant. I was very glad to be on a British boat because it gave me an opportunity to study the English temperament and English coinage, two subjects of which I was profoundly ignorant. Then with no passenger regulations I had practical access to the whole ship and had its ways and workings explained to me, a hopeless landsman absolutely unaequainted with seafaring things. The second engineer kindly explained the workings of the machinery and I think that I finally understood how the wheels went around.

Within a half a day I became well acquainted with Charlie Ward, who hailed from Liverpool, and I liked him very much. I think that he chuckled to himself when I called him "Mr. Ward." He was an interesting man with a marvelous vocabulary. I have heard unlucky golfers in various parts of the world indulge in emphatic language but in picturesque vituperation Charlie Ward is the only real artist I have ever met. Compared with him all others are amateurs, mere dubs in fact. He told me that he swore because "bluff is everything with these fellows, and I like respect." He even practiced his gift at night as I know to my sorrow.

When I first went on board ship I was given the lower bunk in the same room with the foreman. Always having slept alone I was not sure that I could rest in a room with any one else, but when Ward began to express his opinion of various members of the cattle gang in his sleep my doubt was transformed into certainty. At the end of two days he took pity on me and gave me a room to myself. The first night I occupied that room I left the port hole open, and at 3 A. M. the upper deck was washed and I was deluged. After that I took my fresh air during working hours.

The cattle gang was made up of some very interesting specimens of humanity. Among them was a cockney Englishman who played the mouth organ for recreation. He was going home to be married and carried a diamond ring for his fiancee. How he protected it in that crowd I have never been able to understand. There was a self-styled prize-fighter, and several who could not speak English, among them a nice-tempered, obliging Jewish tailor. Over these men, unacquainted with the English language, Charlie's sulphurous words poured in an unimpressive flood.

Once in an unusual fit of severity Ward ordered one of the cattle gang to take a bath. It proved a difficult process. First the man peeled off two coats and a sweater, then five shirts and two pairs of trousers. At this stage was disclosed a bursting pocket book suspended from his neck. He needed the bath and I hope it did him good, but for some reason I felt sorry for him, and also a bit apprehensive when I thought of the purse. He was bound for Hamburg, could not speak much English, and was the " goat " of the crowd.

In order to keep in practice for the championship I determined to drive a number of golf balls each day of my voyage. As I made my first attempt off the well-scoured upper deck I was watched with much curiosity by many of those on board, but when the ball flew gracefully out to sea, so did a small portion of the deck. A howl went up. The deck was the pride and joy of Cornwall, the third mate, and nothing so serious had ever happened before to its smooth and shining surface. Only the ship's carpenter could replace that wooden divot, for the original was sailing merrily away to parts unknown. Not until I had diplomatically induced Cornwall to try a drive himself was I forgiven. When he had unwittingly committed a worse crime he began to understand my good intention and poor performance.

As my little store of balls was lessening each day the first mate advised economy. After careful thought he instructed the ship's carpenter to drill a hole through a ball — a thing easier said than done. Through this hole a string was passed and a great deal of practice and exercise could be obtained by driving this securely fastened ball to the length of its tether. I do not know that I could recommend this, however, as a means of training under other conditions. Of course I still drove "free" balls occasionally, and once, when we sighted a whale, I tried for it. Whether I missed it entirely, or the ball played the part of a second Jonah I do not know.

As day succeeded day the monotonous sameness of "water, water everywhere" began to affect us, and the passing of a boat became a matter of increasing impor-

tance. I watched, with the interest born of novelty, the third mate, a fine, hard-working chap, hold semaphore communication with the passing ship. The second engineer photographed the Franconia and Lusitania, and he also took all of our pictures, but it was only by the exercise of my best powers of persuasion that Charlie Ward was induced to become one of the group. This seems strange because he labored under the delusion that he bore a striking resemblance to President Taft.

The days on board the Caledonian were not unpleasant. Indeed I enjoyed myself thoroughly, and I would be sorry to have missed the experience. My health luckily was perfect throughout the voyage. Not even one qualm of seasickness disturbed me.

Only those who have crossed the Atlantic in a slow boat can appreciate how beautiful the first glimpse of land appears and how welcome the view. We were in sight of land for two whole days before we finally discharged our cargo and placed our feet on solid Mother Earth. Slowly we passed Liverpool, and creepingly we moved up the Manchester Ship Canal between the greenest banks I had ever seen. Here was a quaint village, there a big factory, and a little farther on, oh blissful sight, a golf grounds, with players driving little white balls over a beautiful green course. Preparatory to landing, bales of hay had been placed on the upper deck so I mounted one and drove a few balls onto the grounds as we passed along. We were so close to one group of players that I could easily hear them talk, and as I sent a ball whizzing over the course I heard one man say: "My word, that fellow has a pretty good swing!"

I could hardly recognize the various members of the cattle gang in their going ashore clothes. I had waited for an opportunity, when no one was looking, to drop my ship clothes overboard into the canal. I do not know what rule I may have violated in doing this but it was the only fate they deserved. Then arrayed once more in seemly garments I found myself at last ashore in green old England, and the first part of my cherished dream had come true.

I carried a letter of introduction to an official of the Chicago firm, Mr. Middlebrook, who immediately arranged a game for me at the Leasowe Golf Club near Liverpool, the first links on which I played in England. I cannot adequately tell how wonderful the turf at Leasowe seemed to me. It is a seaside course as the British understand that term, something we hardly know in this country, though I was destined in the next few weeks to see a good many of them. At Leasowe the playing field was broken only by sand dunes — with not a tree upon it. I went out in 40 and came back in 43 — my first score on an English course.

Whether the unfailing kindness extended to me from the beginning was the result of international courtesy due a supposedly representative American, or a friendly sympathy for my youth, or whether an unmixed British ancestry two or three centuries back made me soon feel at home, I do not know, but the truth is that from first to last I received only the most generous and hospitable treatment.

I carried letters of introduction to Alexander Walker, Piersland, Troon, which is only a few miles from Prestwick, where the British Amateur was to be played that

year. I had been invited to go directly from Liverpool to his home, and at beautiful Piersland I spent three happy weeks, covering my whole stay in the Prestwick neighborhood and including, of course, the tournament week.

As I was staying at Troon it was not very convenient for me to practice at Prestwick, and besides it costs a pound sterling a week for non-resident members to play there. The privileges of the course were not extended to contestants in the championship until three days before the opening day. In the United States it is usually a week.

As is well known the Troon course is very good — one of the best over there — and the members of the club, realizing my difficulties, invited me to use their course for my practice. They did more. They arranged two and sometimes three daily matches for me with the best players in the club. In these matches I played a great deal with Mr. Stevens, a semifinalist in the championship, Mr. Jenkins, a plus-4 man at the club, who went to the sixth round in the championship, and whom I saw win the title itself at Sandwich in 1914. These players, aside from their golf, were fine and interesting men. I also played frequently with Robert Carrick of Winchester School, a young fellow about my own age, a very good player and the best of companions. I had, too, some instructive games with Willie Fernie, the club's professional, a former open champion.

It was a surprise to learn that fair greens are hardly mown at all in Great Britain, the work being done by grazing sheep. I tried to imagine a flock of them at Edgewater. In Scotland these animals graze among the

players, the only casualty being a broken leg when a golf ball goes astray. The chief disadvantage of this mode of "mowing" is an inclination on the part of the sheep to select certain choice spots for nibbling to the neglect of others. To counteract this tendency it is the custom to chase the flock once a day over the whole course. The sight of Willie Fernie each morning urging his living mowing machines to an impartial performance of their duty, amazed and amused me. The result, however, was good both from a golfer's and an economist's standpoint.

Troon was very beautiful to me. At Prestwick the sand dunes hide the water, but at Troon one sees it all the time, and to me, born and brought up so far inland, the sea never ceases to impress. Twenty-one miles off the coast was an island, but often it stood out so clear and distinct in the bright sunshine that it seemed but a short distance away. I used to gaze in great contentment over the sea towards this lonely land.

There was another thing besides the sea that I learned to love in Scotland, and that was the mysterious beauty of the northern twilights. Playing golf at 10 o'clock in the evening by a soft grey half-light is something to remember.

I liked Prestwick very much, too, and I had some great matches there before the championship began — two well-remembered ones with Mr. Hilton. His courtesies to me were many and I greatly appreciated the contests with him. My practice games at Prestwick were usually followed by a crowd of people curious to see how the American boy played. I was in pretty good form and played fairly well.

It was during the practice games that I came to know the young Tasmanians, Mr. Clyde and Bruce Pearce. Since those happy days the two brothers have made once more the long journey from Tasmania to England, this time to take part in the tragic game of war, and somewhere in France the elder brother laid down his life for king and country.

I used to think that Albert B. Lambert of St. Louis was the best left-handed golfer I had ever seen, but after playing with Bruce Pearce who beat me in the championship I must award the palm to him. I had, too, a pleasurable round with Major Davies, the champion of India; in fact, I met golfers from all over the world, and each and every one was extremely kind to me.

Charley Hunter, the professional at Prestwick, was very friendly to me. He was seventy-odd years old and a most interesting character. Perhaps if I had followed his advice more closely I should have done better, but I got more fun out of my trip by following my own inclination to play whenever I got a chance. He wrote me later, saying: "You took too much out of yourself before the championship. Fifty-four holes a day, I guess, was too much." His son Johnny was most encouraging and even lent me his putter when I mentioned that I was putting poorly.

CHAPTER XII

A YANKEE GOLFER ABROAD

In the British Amateur up to the fifth round — Scotch tweeds and a hot American — Great golfers in action at Sandwich — First Amateur in France — From Paris to Jackson Park.

It is customary to usher in most large tournaments by a small one, and the " curtain raiser " at the Prestwick event was the Troon Golf Club Tournament, or the Duke of Portland's Tournament as it was usually called, because two of the prizes to the value of thirty and twenty pounds were given by him. The event was medal play at 72 holes, a week before the great Amateur.

Scotland's best were in the tourney, but nevertheless the youngster from the United States, cheered by the fairest gallery in the world, did not do badly; in fact part of the time he was leading, and at the end he needed only a 5 on an easy 4 hole for a tie, but he didn't get it. Horrible to relate, he took four putts on that hole.

I really came in third, Hon. Michael Scott winning first place and W. G. M. Boyd of the home club second. Many weeks later, after I reached home, I received a merchandise certificate, from a tradesman in Glasgow, I think, for my prize. Some years later

Friends of many years. A. W. Cutten, prominent Chicago business man, and Chick Evans, snapped at a wayside station on their way to California in 1917.

The Guelph Country Club, Canada, scene in 1916 of the first Red Cross golf match on the American continent. The girls in the upper picture each paid $25 (which went to the cause) to have heir photos taken with Chick Evans and George S. Lyon.

Evans starting out on his record-breaking round of 69 on the Lambton Golf Club course at Toronto, Canada, in 1917. The mark set was two strokes under the former record.

Steffens, Chicago.

Charles F. Thompson, who, as president of the Western Golf Association, largely contributed to the success of Red Cross golf in 1918.

I was surprised to learn that the United States Golf Association frowned upon such prizes in our own country.

It was a happy and tremendously exciting day when I played my first round in the British Amateur at Prestwick. I lasted to the fifth round, but I did not play all of them. For the first round I drew a bye, although I was very anxious to begin play, and was a little nervous and excited over the delay.

In my next round my opponent, A. E. Latter of the Royal Blackheath Club, was compelled by illness to forfeit the match. In the third round I defeated Captain F. H. Stephens of the West Dorset Club, 5 and 3, and in the fourth round I defeated Sidney H. Fry, of the Royal North Devon Club, by 4 and 3. Of course I was pleased with the results and felt that I was playing well.

I might as well confess that I did not expect to lose in my match with Bruce Pearce. I felt that here was a man I would be meeting on more nearly equal terms, for his knowledge of the course could be little if any better than mine, and my game in the Troon tournament had been better than his.

The chief feature of my match with Bruce Pearce, according to reports, was the shedding of my coat on the nineteenth hole. At least that seemed to be the point of the game that attracted the greatest attention, and thereby hangs a tale and the little question of the power of suggestion. Ordinarily a Scottish May is cold and calls for heavy tweeds, which are generally worn. I had been practicing at Atlanta, Georgia, and my clothes were lightweight. Even the new overcoat

that I had bought at Liverpool I had lost on the train on the way to Prestwick.

It happened that Silas H. Strawn of Chicago, president of the United States Golf Association and a good friend of mine, was touring the British Isles with William V. Kelley, a member of the Chicago Golf Club, and, of course, they were coming on to the championship at Prestwick. On the way Mr. Strawn made some purchases in Glasgow, and the thought came to him that I would probably need a tweed golfing suit such as was worn for that climate. So he brought one on. I was delighted with it and felt that for once I was properly clothed for the championship. I was experiencing a feeling of satisfaction when the weather began to get warm and I, unaccustomed to tweeds, began to suffer, but I was not willing to change back to my old clothes.

The culmination of my discomfort was reached in my match with Bruce Pearce. The sun beat down mercilessly, and I grew hotter and hotter in my unaccustomed garments. Time and again I felt that I would have to remove my coat, but I had no belt for my knickerbockers. Then the thought began to haunt me that I would ask some one to lend me a belt so that I could remove my coat, but the knickers were not cut to be worn with a belt, but came up on my back in a most extraordinary fashion.

I was 3 up and 5 to go, and with every step I became more irritated by the heat. I began to slip behind. We were even on the eighteenth and had to play an extra hole. Then when I was in a bunker and he on the green, with the match safely his, I did what I had

wanted to do throughout the whole match. Before making my shot I took off that coat of torture. It could do me no good then, but instinctively when all was lost I followed a desire that had obsessed me from my first drive to the last niblick shot. It was a great relief, but unproductive at that stage of any good to my game.

After my defeat I went away with a party of Americans for a delightful trip through the Trossachs, coming back for the final match between Mr. Hilton and Mr. Lassen. I followed the entire match with much interest. I was finding the British Amateur thrillingly entertaining, and there was little time for regret over my own defeat. The crowds, the management, the world-famous players, were most impressive to me. The galleries were huge, and, much to my surprise, kept in order by policemen.

I was loath to leave my new friends, for even in the short space of time I had spent in Ayrshire they had grown dear to me. I had lived at beautiful Piersland, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Walker, and they and their children and all the delightful friends of that household made my first visit to Britain a joy that it will be a life-long pleasure to look back upon.

Mr. Strawn, Mr. Kelley and I went from Prestwick to the old grey city of Edinburgh, and we had some delightful matches at Muirfield, North Berwick and Gullane. They had already been to St. Andrews, and so I journeyed alone to the great stronghold of golf. To play one round on the historic course had been my real reason for crossing the Atlantic. I played not one, but several rounds on the course. A temporary

membership and friendly treatment made my Scottish journey ever memorable.

I crossed the bay from St. Andrews and played at Carnoustie, after which I took a night train from Dundee to London — my first experience in a British sleeper. I did not have long to tarry in London, just a hasty bit of sight-seeing and then out to Stoke Poges, where the Gold Vase Competition was to be played. It was a fine course and a wonderful field. Among the players were Mr. Hilton, with his Prestwick honors thick upon him; Captain Hutchinson, E. Martin-Smith, H. E. Taylor, the Pearce brothers and Robert Harris, the great Carnoustie player, who won the vase. Mr. Harris played great golf that day, his score being 145 for the two rounds, Mr. Taylor coming in second with 148, and I, third, with a rather laggard 153. Of my game a London paper said:

"Those who had not been to Prestwick were anxious to see Mr. Evans, and as he had been drawn to play with Mr. E. Martin-Smith there was every prospect of an exacting round. Mr. Evans possesses the grand style with plenty of execution; but at an early stage of the game he began missing short putts, and the malady recurred often enough in the morning to spoil his round. From the tee and through the green his golf was that of a master; he was seen at his best in the afternoon. It was a grand day's golf; it would have been worth making the journey to Stoke Poges to see the 4th to the last hole by Mr. Evans in the morning, when he made two great recoveries, playing his second from a pulled tee shot in the ditch and laying his approach pitch from the top of a bunker dead."

I was staying at a small cottage near Stoke Poges, and while I was in the district I played at Walton Heath and Sunningdale. It was after a round on the latter course, and following a too generous and unaccustomed consumption of tea and jam, that I was

taken quite ill. Everything had been delightful until then, but sickness found me also a very homesick boy. C. H. Alison, the secretary of the Stoke Poges Club, had been looking after me, and he redoubled his care when he found me ill.

I had been invited to stay during the British Open Championship at Rashleigh, the home of Mrs. Worth, an American who had lived for many years in Walmer. There was one son, Frank Worth, a golfer, and I was made to feel as if I were another son of the household. I could have appreciated this at any time, but in my tired, half-sick condition I was unspeakably grateful to the delightful woman who received me as a son and asked me to call her " mother."

My first trip to England fell within the year in which King George was crowned, and in honor of that event the amateur-professional competition, immediately preceding the British Open, was called the Coronation Match. In this I was paid the great honor of being paired with John Ball. It was a graceful compliment to America, and I have always been sorry that it could not have fallen into worthier hands, or at least to a man who was physically fit at the time. I do not think, however, that it was my recent illness that caused my bad playing, rather excitement and nervousness over a match with the great amateur. We were on the first team against James Braid and Arnaud Massy. The weather was disagreeable, rain in the morning and a stiff wind in the afternoon.

Mr. Ball and I started off rather well, winning the first hole, I having holed a four yards' putt, and I recall with pleasure a particularly good cleek shot that

I made, and the lusty cheers with which it was greeted, but there were other plays not so good. Mr. Ball's own game was admirable, but he met all my own little shortcomings with unruffled kindness.

It may be of interest to mention that Mr. Ball and I are the only golfers who have won the National Amateur and the National Open titles of our respective countries in the same year, and his victories occurred in 1890, the year in which I was born.

The amateurs in the Coronation Match proved comparatively easy pickings for the "pros," only one amateur team coming through with a victory.

By the time that I began to play in the Open I was feeling quite fit physically and for three rounds I played well, at least I consider 78 for three successive rounds on the difficult Royal St. George course very good golf. Then I fell down to the ignominious depths of 89, and lost my chance for a good score.

I consider the days I spent at Sandwich in 1911 the most instructive period of my whole golfing life. I was able for the first time to see the greatest golfers in the world playing their best golf, and it was necessary to go to Britain to see them, for we had no players with such mastery of shots. I watched these great professionals in action and I think that I profited much, for ever since that time I have considered my game sounder. One reason why I wanted to go to Paris was to see them play again. At Sandwich Massy and Vardon tied for the title and Massy lost in the play-off.

It was at Sandwich that I met Ryder Richardson, the secretary of the Royal St. George Golf Club, a man

very popular with Americans, and particularly with one who comes from Chicago, U. S. A. I can never forget the genial way in which he greeted me and the kindness and consideration with which he treated me at all times.

I had not really intended to go to Paris, and for the very good reason that I had not expected to have sufficient money for the trip, but by some chance or another my little store of coin was lasting miraculously. As I was down at Sandwich, just a few miles from Dover, it was only too easy to slip across to Calais. I was seasick-proof, too, and the Channel had no terrors for me.

The French Championships were to be played at La Boulie, about eleven miles from Paris, and just outside of Versailles. In Paris I met for the first time Monsieur Pierre Deschamps, a charming man who presides with Gallic grace over the destinies of Golf de Paris.

The club membership was cosmopolitan. In addition to the French and a few Italian golfers, many Englishmen and some Americans, who resided in Paris, were members, and two Russian Grand Dukes held the position of honorary vice-presidents. The social life was pleasant, the clubhouse comfortable, and the course a good one, stretching out over hills and encircled by woods. And always the larks were singing in the sky, and to me the sound was entrancing, but some of the players found that the liquid melody affected their shots most evilly.

The French Open Championship began on July 3, and it was the first event in which I played on French

soil. I won the position of first amateur, but was considerably behind the leading professionals, who played brilliantly. The event was won by Arnaud Massy and was a great triumph for French golf. Only the week before at Sandwich Massy had tied with Harry Vardon for the British title and lost in the play-off. Most of the great British professionals were at La Boulie. Ray was second, C. Mayo, third, and Vardon, fourth. For my own small part in the event I quote from a British journal:

"Mr. Evans found peculiarly congenial soil in the Republic. He finished first amateur in the French Open Championship with a score for the four rounds only six strokes worse than that of James Braid, eight better than that of the next amateur, and ten better than that of Mr. S. H. Fry."

In the first round of the French Amateur Championship which followed the Open in a few days, I met E. Senn; next Francois de Bellet, former champion of France, then came a very close match with E. A. Lassen, runner-up to Mr. Hilton in the British Amateur at Prestwick. In the semifinals I had J. E. P. Mellor, and in the finals I had J. G. Anderson of Brae Burn, Massachusetts. This match was at 36 holes and success, which meant the title of French Amateur Champion, did not come to me until the thirty-eighth. It was a very hot day, the match was close. We worked hard, but perhaps not brilliantly, for we were very tired. At least I was.

M. Deschamps tendered the golfers a beautiful dinner that night, and I use the word beautiful designedly, for it was lovely to look upon and luscious to taste. In spite of my fatigue I had been very happy in Paris, and I wanted to see more of it, but by this

time my money was about exhausted, and there was nothing for me to do except to make a hasty trip across the channel to Liverpool, where I took second-class passage on the steamer Franconia.

Returning I landed at Boston, the port from which I had sailed. Friends persuaded me to stay over and play in a tournament in Essex County. It began the next day and would continue to the end of the week. I believe that I won the low qualifying medal, and several match rounds, and then ran up against Parker Whittemore, who defeated me in the final by 2 up and 1 to play.

Of course, I should not have tarried for that tournament, for the Western Amateur was due to begin in Detroit the following Monday, and if I expected to participate I must catch a certain train out of Boston that night. It seemed impossible, but Mr. Willett, who had been most kind to me, took me in his car and raced me to an outlying station, where I caught the train for Detroit. I reached there late Sunday night, and in the first paper I purchased Monday morning I found the headlines:

"LE PETIT POULET EST ARRIVÉ."

I qualified very well that day and was drawn in the first round against my old opponent Mason Phelps. We had a very unusual match and he beat me 1 up. It was not the defeat that was unusual, for I had a habit of suffering at his hands, but several features of the game were. We played through the rain, and we halved fourteen straight holes. I was cold, tired and anxious to get home, and after my first acute disappointment I was not really sorry to lose, although

I had done the best I could on a course on which I had had no practice, and I confess that I was homesick. I had not seen my people since March, and this was August 26.

Later on I was happy to learn that my old friend and interscholastic rival Albert Seckel had come successfully through the terrific matches of the week. He defeated Robert Gardner in the final by a big margin. It so happened that this winning of the Western Championship was Albert's greatest golf achievement, and I was glad that I had not, by any particularly lucky round, stood, even for a moment, in his way. Several times before he had played magnificent golf and I had come along and with a strangely fortunate round swept away the fruits of his victories.

In 1911 I played my last round in the Chicago City Championship. I was sorry to give up these events, for they had brought me much happiness. The thrills of the big gallery and my own highly-charged interest in those parallel holes of the flat and rather monotonous links are a priceless, lifetime possession that the greatest course in the world could hardly cause me to approximate now. I can never go back there without something of the old feeling.

To my friendly gallery on that eventful day in August, 1911, I must have seemed a different sort of golfer when I stepped up to the first tee, for I had just returned from Great Britain, and, to myself at least, I felt that I had brought back many new and valuable ideas. To me that trip marked a new era of golf — one which would take me out of the heap, for had I not sought the fountain head of golf knowl-

edge? As a matter of fact I had really revolutionized my game. I had simplified it, and I hoped that I had strengthened it. I was anxious to try it out on a familiar course. I was using my new grip, and an old and spliced Jimmie Braid brassie, for my wooden shots.

There was a tremendous field — about 250, I think. At the end of the qualifying round I was pleased to find that I had broken the course record with a 69, six strokes better than my clubmate G. M. McConnell.

In my first match round I beat W. B. Quinn; in the second Joe McDonald, a promising young player; next I met Marue Carroll, whom I had met many times before, and my opponent in the final was Francis Blossom of Midlothian, whom I defeated by 9 and 8.

I have mentioned these rounds because I wanted to show by a tournament on an accustomed course the effect of my British trip on my game. I think that I averaged 71 1/6 for the entire week of the championship.

The final victory had given me permanent possession of the Evening Post Cup. I had been working for it for five years.

The City Championship, the Glenview tourney, where I won the low qualifying medal and reached the finals; the Idlewild, which I won, and incidentally set a new record for the course, brought me to within two weeks of the National Championship at the Apawamis Country Club, near New York City. Unusual interest attached to it that year because Harold Hilton, the new British Amateur Champion, was coming over. It was felt that his participation was a compliment to the country, and in a small degree to my visit to his own.

H. S. Macaulay had a lovely cottage near the Chicago Golf Club course, at Wheaton, and he very kindly invited me to go out there for practice, which I did. Mr. and Mrs. Macaulay are both dead now, but I hope that I was able to make them realize how deeply grateful I was for their kindness while I was in their home and their telegrams of encouragement while the big tourney was on.

Following my usual custom, I reached the Apawamis links just in time for a round or so before the qualifying round. It is a pet belief of mine that it is a mistake to reach the tournament grounds too early. Nothing is gained by tiring oneself out before the event begins. Many a man is exhausted before he reaches the first match round, and I for one never had any strength to spare. There is, to be sure, the risk of losing out in the early rounds owing to unfamiliarity with the course, but that is more than counterbalanced by the chance to improve with each round.

There were 184 entries in this event. Tom Sherman led the first qualifying round with a 74, but fell down somewhat on the second. Harold Hilton made a 74 on the second round and with a 76 on the first carried off the low medal. Robert Gardner and Albert Seckel were tied for the next place, Paul Hunter was fourth, and I, fifth—a fine showing for the Chicago contingent.

I played the second half of my qualifying round with Francis Ouimet. He was nervous and much afraid that his two 82's would not qualify him, and as a matter of fact they did not.

My second match round was an unexpectedly tough one. It was with A. F. Kammer, a man practically

unknown to me, but it was only by the greatest piece of luck that I was able to beat him on the thirty-eighth hole. His defeat of Mason Phelps in the first round showed his skill, however, and should have prepared me for the strenuous round. Paul Hunter, who had been playing very brilliant golf throughout the season, lost to Jerome Travers by the narrowest of margins.

In my third round I defeated my old pal Albert Seckel, but in order to do it I was obliged to make a 70, the best score in the tournament.

This victory brought me against Fred Herreshoff in the semifinals and to a very rainy day. For some reason I did not think that I would have any trouble beating Fred, but I was sadly mistaken. I had had trouble with the erratic rolls of the Apawamis greens before, but my difficulties increased with the downpour. Still I was 3 up at the end of the morning round, but in the afternoon, before I hardly realized it, the advantage of the morning had vanished and I was being steadily outplayed. I could not "come back" and I was soon shaking hands with my victorious rival. This defeat was a keen disappointment to me, because I had been very anxious to play Mr. Hilton.

The final was a thrilling match played before a tremendous gallery. Mr. Hilton was 3 up at the end of the first nine holes, and 4 up by luncheon time. This lead soon increased to 6 up. Then Mr. Herreshoff came back with a vengeance. On the twenty-seventh he was 4 down; on the thirty-third all even, and the last three holes were halved in a series of heartbreaking shots. Then, when Britain and America went down

that first fairway of the extra hole, two singular things happened: Herreshoff missed his second shot and put his third on the green; Mr. Hilton sliced his second to the woods on the right, hit a stone and bounded back on the green, winning the hole and championship.

American writers have frequently described this championship-winning shot as "lucky," and that is true. Somewhere in every well-matched competition the winner has chanced upon a "lucky shot." I have suffered from many myself and I have also benefited by them.

The evening of the Apawamis final a number of golfers, among them K. L. Ames, Mr. Hilton, the new international champion; Albert Seckel, Fred Herreshoff and the author were taken to Rye, New York, where a swift motor boat carried us out to the yacht of Ledyard Blair, whose guests we were.

We awoke next morning to find ourselves lying in the blue waters of Peconic Bay, and over on the point we saw a golf house and knew that we were near the National Golf Links of America, a remarkable course with which the name of Charles B. Macdonald is closely associated. Here were reproduced some of the most famous holes in the world, and we had come for the first tournament ever held on the course. The entry list comprised about all the leading American golfers, with Mr. Hilton to add to its quality.

Fred Herreshoff, who was playing such remarkable golf that year, won the low score with 84, the figures showing, when one considers the players, the great difficulty of the course. I was able to defeat Herres-

hoff in a match round, however, and reached, as I had hoped, Mr. Hilton in the final. It was a very windy day and I learned a great deal from that match, for Mr. Hilton played beautifully, keeping the ball low all the time and never very far. It was evident that he had learned to play on the windswept courses of Great Britain. I did not seem to have any chance to beat him, for I was never in the lead, although I caught him in the afternoon.

Mr. Hilton certainly made, and deserved to make, a clean sweep of American golf that year. He had a greater variety of shots and better control of them in the wind than any of our leading players. The thing that troubled him, however, was our mosquitoes, and we youngsters found his dislike of them very amusing. We learned, too, that he limited himself to fifty cigarettes a day.

Returning to New York, Seckel and I were the guests of James L. Taylor, a director of the United States Golf Association. I had known Mr. Taylor for about three years and had seen him at each National, where he had been very cordial to the young boy who was always much pleased to receive a smile or word of encouragement from the big officials. Mr. Taylor wanted us to go to Manchester, Vermont, for a big golf tournament, an invitation which I finally decided to accept.

The course, the Ekwanok, was very picturesque and the first one in the mountains on which I had played. The tournament was well-attended. The competition was for the famous Equinox cup, a trophy already bearing many well-known names. I met Freddie Mar-

tin of the home club in the finals and won after a very close contest. Freddie was a very promising player; his death a short time ago was a great loss to the game.

Late that autumn I had the honor of being elected an Athletic Member of the Chicago Athletic Association. It was the first time that this club, its name long synonymous with the best there is in athletics, had recognized golf.

Throughout the whole summer of 1911, filled as it was with golfing pleasure, there was a feeling that a very important decision would have to be made in the fall, for I realized that I should either have to return to school or enter business. I was sorry, of course, that I had missed the few months from school, but then, on the other hand, my trip abroad and my travels in this country were, I felt, of more educational value to me than years at a university, and more and more it was being brought home to me that it was necessary to begin to earn my living. I had no intention of studying for a profession.

I had made a great many friends by this time, and naturally their advice varied with their own business, but one and all showed a generous desire to help me. I considered insurance, stocks, bonds and various other occupations.

About that time I was at Lake Geneva, and Swing Starring, brother of my chum Mason, suggested that I become a salesman in the bond house in which he was employed. I took his advice and applied for the job, and I am still with this house — Allerton, Greene & King, now King, Hoagland & Company.

At the Broadmoor Country Club, Colorado Springs, Col., 1918. Jock Hutchinson, Warren K. Wood, James Barnes and Chick Evans confer on ground rules before the start of the Red Cross match.

Photo by International Film Service Co.

Gen. Thomas H. Barry, U. S. A., discussing golf with Evans at the Old Elm Club, near Chicago, before the start of the Red Cross match in 1918.

Photo by Pletzcker, St. Louis.

Scene at the fourteenth green at Oakmont Country Club, near Pittsburgh, where Francis Ouimet put Evans out of the 1919 National Amateur in the second round by one up.

Golfing adversities during the season of 1919 failed to wipe out Chick's smile.

CHAPTER XIII

MY SECOND WESTERN TITLE

An old club in new quarters — A flood, a tourney and another title — Fire precedes Torrid Championship — Heat knocks out British players — Victory over Hilton a solace for defeat by Travers.

The Western Amateur of 1912 was scheduled for Denver. It was the first time that the event had been played west of the Mississippi River. It required a great deal of courage to ask my firm for time to play there but consent was readily given. Then came the question of practice and in this connection and at this juncture it may be appropriate to record the passing of the Old Edgewater Club and the birth of the new.

The Old Edgewater golf course was on leased ground and for several years, whenever the lease expired, the club had feared that it would not be renewed. The fear was well-grounded, for the leases were held by different people, and each year showed a little loss of land to the club; a house here, and a house there, and the little nine-hole course was being gradually diminished. During that time the members were busily engaged looking for new property for they realized that they would soon have to give up the old.

The prospective change was a matter of much regret for the affection of the members for the old course and

the little clubhouse was exceptionally strong and deep. It was easy of access, too. Finally sufficient land was located, and a handsome, commodious clubhouse was built. It was on Pratt Avenue and about a mile from my own home. The course was 18 holes and in every way our quarters were bigger and more pretentious. When I came back from Europe the removal had taken place. It was a heavy blow, and I do not think anyone can ever realize the pang it cost me to see those big apartment buildings in process of construction and the empty place where the little clubhouse had been.

The new course not being convenient for practice before or after business hours my good friend Judge John Barton Payne, at this writing Secretary of the Interior, came to my rescue by offering me a room in his cottage near the Chicago Golf Club links. There is no better golf course in the local district for practice than Chicago's and with good transportation it was easy to make connections.

On July 7 I went around this difficult course in 68, one better than a score made by Walter J. Travis, which he had designated as the only perfect round of golf that he had ever played. This achievement of mine caused a good deal of excitement at the club where the members were much interested in my career.

The entry list of the Western Championship was representative of the best in the West, and it was not long before a crowd of us were on our way to Denver. There we had lots of fun practicing and Sawyer and I made rounds of 71 — not so well as we'd done on other links but it was the record for the course. By the close of Saturday afternoon everything was considered in

readiness for the great contest which was to begin on Monday.

On Sunday afternoon I was waiting for a street car when I became conscious of a mighty rumble apparently coming from the heights above and constantly increasing in intensity. Being from a flat country the ways of mountains were not familiar to me, and therefore I was not particularly perturbed until alarming shouts reached me that a flood was coming down Cherry Creek. That water course is a comparatively insignificant stream rising in the mountains and finding its way about the golf grounds. Only the day before I had fallen into it as I crossed over to the seventeenth green, but now in an incredibly short time it became a raging torrent strewn with debris, and with the water reaching the very door of the clubhouse.

The next morning we went out to take stock of the damage and found the beautiful grounds on which we had played the day before a scene of devastation. The fourth hole was absolutely gone and likewise the fifteenth. Every bridge on the course except the suspension bridge was swept away, and sediment, dead chickens, pieces of trees and bridges littered the fair greens. Nature had entered a tourney of her own and evidently she can win the championship every time.

To those who did not know the mettle of Denver the outlook for a championship seemed poor. The Del Monte Club of California generously offered their grounds for the event. Furthermore they agreed to pay the expenses of a special train to convey the golfers to the coast, but the Denver officials got together and laid out a nine hole course on the high spots of their

land, and I believe it was the longest of its kind ever built and the most unusual. The championship began on Tuesday and all Denver came out to see the matches.

In appreciation of the splendid work done by Frank L. Woodward, president of the Denver Country Club, in repairing the damage, the visiting golfers presented a loving cup to the man who made the tourney possible. The entrants also insisted that Mr. Woodward compete in the qualifying round. Immediately after he had holed his last putt John D. Cady, president of the Western Golf Association, made the presentation.

In the qualifying round Warren Wood made low score with a 69, while I came second with a 73. Owing to the Western system of numerical pairing Warren was in the upper half and I in the lower half of the draw. Warren defeated Mason Phelps in the first round, Armstrong in the second, Fraser Hale in the third and Jack Neville of San Francisco in the semifinals. I beat Whitney of San Francisco in the first round, Kenneth Edwards of Chicago in the second, my old friend Ned Sawyer in the third and Harry Legg in the semifinals by 4 and 3. There was some interesting golf in those matches and some low scores made at times.

The final of this event was one of the most interesting matches in which I ever played. It was a beautiful day and the gallery large. Our morning round was a nip and tuck affair, and we went to luncheon with Wood 1 up.

The afternoon round was nerve-racking and at one time I was 4 down, but I squared the match, and after the twelfth we were never more than a hole apart with

enough mistakes sandwiched in to keep the gallery on edge. What proved to be the turning point came on the thirty-third hole. To quote a golf writer: "Wood had putted close to the cup and Evans, who was 30 feet away, putted downhill. There was danger of his knocking Wood in, but luck broke for Evans and he caromed off Wood's ball into the cup for a 3 to win."

That made me 1 up, but Warren squared the match on the thirty-fourth. I won the thirty-fifth, and the title rested with the next hole, which I shall remember as long as I live.

The thirty-sixth green is near the large clubhouse with its spreading veranda crowded, on this occasion, with men and women who had come out to see the game. Just as the sun was sinking below the mountain tops we played up to that green, and it so happened that I stood to hole a five-foot putt for a half and the match, which I did.

From Denver I went to Colorado Springs for a short rest and a sight of Pike's Peak, being the guest of Olin Hemming. At daybreak Hemming and I, midirons in hand and two balls apiece, took a trolley to Pike's Peak. At the top we had our pictures taken as we sent those balls flying into unknown chasms of the Rocky Mountains.

I came back to Chicago and began to turn my thoughts towards the National Amateur Championship which was to be played that year at the Chicago Golf Club at Wheaton. It was only about a week before the tourney was scheduled to begin that fire destroyed the clubhouse, the Casino alone being saved, but before the flames had been completely extinguished the directors had met and

voted to rebuild. For the immediate emergency lockers and showers were quickly constructed. When the golfers began to arrive they found a city of tents ready to receive them.

Hostilities began with the Olympic Cup event, which took place on August 31. The Western Golf Association had selected D. E. Sawyer, Warren Wood, Kenneth Edwards and myself to represent it, and Paul Hunter, Robert Hunter, Willie Howland and Mason, Phelps formed another team called the Second Western Golf Association team. The latter team led by one stroke on the first eighteen holes, but at the finish the Western team led with 629, the Second Western had 636, and the Metropolitan, 645. I had led the event with a new competition record, 72 — 74 — 146. Robert Hunter came second with 155.

This 1912 Amateur has been called the "torrid championship." Never have I known a whole week of such weather in Chicago. The date had originally been set for July, a pleasant month, but some of the prospective visitors thought Chicago in July would be too hot, and accordingly the time was changed to that broiling September week.

When the British players arrived two of them looked particularly formidable. One was Harold Hilton, who was defending his title, and the other Norman Hunter, who had made a long-standing record over the Chicago Golf course when he had come over with the Oxford and Cambridge team.

Mr. Hilton and I led the first half of the qualifying round with 74's. In the second half, oddly enough, he was playing just in front of me. It was not long before

it became apparent to the gallery that one of us would win the low qualifying medal. I was finding the round very trying because I knew with every shot just what Mr. Hilton was doing.

On the eighteenth hole I pulled my tee shot into a sort of seam in the midst of grass-grown cop bunkers. It seemed an impossible lie for anyone except a left-hander, and I do not happen to be one. While studying the situation I was informed that Mr. Hilton had finished with a 78, and I had three strokes to tie. Fortunately there was a polo field near by, and apparently my only play was over into it, at right angle to the hole. This gave me a good lie, but when I reached my ball I found that I was stymied by a tall tree. I have never been quite sure how I managed to do it, but I played a beautiful shot directly over the tree to within ten feet of the cup, and I holed my putt. I had tied the great Hilton!

Carl Devol, our Riverside golfer, had led with a splendid 73 for the first eighteen holes, but he fell down on the second half. Heinrich Schmidt, Fred Herreshoff and H. W. Perrin were tied for last place and Schmidt won in the play-off.

In the 1912 National the players qualified at 36 holes on Monday, thus eliminating the much-dreaded 18-hole first match play round. But we had only exchanged one trouble for another, for worse even than the short round was the terrific heat that settled down upon us.

It is probable that the heat was responsible for Herreshoff's failure to qualify, but Mr. Hilton was the first undeniable victim. Even had he been accustomed to the weather he was not dressed for it. I know from my

experience at Prestwick that British tweeds are not intended to be worn in warm weather, and the torrid atmosphere hovering over Wheaton all through that tournament made only the lightest of clothing endurable.

A waggish golfer caught one glimpse of our British visitors on that burning Tuesday and remarked that all that they needed for a polar expedition was ear-muffs. Notwithstanding our realization of Mr. Hilton's discomfort, his defeat, 2 and 1, by Gilbert Waldo came as a surprise, as there was a general feeling that he would win the event. Seckel and Sawyer, too, dropped out in this first round.

I was fortunate, however, and defeated A. W. Tillinghast of Philadelphia in the first round and Howard Lee in the second. Against the latter I played very well, making a 73 in the morning and out in 36 in the afternoon. In this round Travers defeated Travis.

In the third round the second Englishman, Norman Hunter, succumbed to the heat and was ordered by his physician to forfeit his match to Warren Wood. He was one down at the end of the first eighteen holes, and was prostrated shortly afterwards. Much regret was felt. Mr. Hunter was very popular among the golfers of America, and all of us hated to see the weather treat him so inhospitably.

In this round we were all surprised when Hamilton Kerr defeated Paul Hunter on the thirty-seventh hole.

In my third round I defeated Heinrich Schmidt, then champion of Massachusetts, 6 and 5. This victory brought me to the semifinal and it was the fourth successive occasion on which I had reached that stage of the national event.

My opponent in the semifinal was Warren Wood, and he had come up a pretty steep road. We were old friends, and as a rule closely matched. Only a short time before we had met in the Western final, and I had won by a single stroke on the last hole. I think, however, that Warren, not having to play against Norman Hunter in the afternoon, went home Thursday night, and made the long journey to Wheaton Friday morning. The day was sweltering hot, and we both felt it. At the end of the first eighteen holes I was one up. Warren did not play so well in the afternoon and I won the match 4 and 3.

Travers won from Kerr, his opponent in the semifinals, by a comfortable margin, and these respective victories brought us together the next day. Until that time I had never played in a match round against Travers although I have played in a number of medal contests and usually I have been the victor.

Naturally I was slightly excited over the fact that I was at last to play in the final of the National Championship. Travers, Metropolitan champion at that time, was considered the best of the Eastern players, and I was Western champion. I do not think that I was worrying much over my opponent, for until that match I had not had so good an opinion of his game as it deserved, and it was the irony of fate that the condition of the course, superinduced by weeks of hot dry weather, was exactly suited to Travers' game.

The long night ended, the crowd began to gather and the hour for starting came. Herreshoff was caddying for Travers and my old pal, Mason Starring, was caddying for me. The morning round gave me very little

trouble. I was outplaying Travers, but he always would come in with a good approach and putt and halve a hole that I had counted won. At one time I was 3 up. His putting was marvelous. Three times in the course of the morning round he holed putts of over twenty feet. At the sixteenth hole he stymied me, but I pitched over and stayed in the hole, which pleased the gallery.

At the end of the morning round I was 1 up, and going well, but I had learned that the man who could play a good iron run-up shot, aided by fine putting, would have a better chance on that burnt-out course than the orthodox player. I knew golf too well not to realize my danger under the conditions of the afternoon. Any advantage I could have over Travers was in variety of shots, and they would not be needed on that sun-baked course.

By the end of the second hole in the afternoon I had lost my advantage. Travers was playing a marvelous game of strictly iron shots. He used his cleek from the tee and he never took a wooden club from his bag the whole day long. Why should he? He could always get the needed distance by the long roll on the sun-baked ground at the end of his shot. This statement might appear as a reflection on the Chicago Golf Club course, but no surface in the world could have stood the long, unbroken drought of that torrid week and maintained the characteristics of a first-class course where the golfer places his shots and the soft turf holds the ball. It was just a matter of the luck of the game. A softer turf would have suited me, but the hard-baked course was what Travers' game needed and got. At its best no one can beat Travers' short game, and that sort of play was

all that was needed on that course that afternoon. But the big gallery that had come out to see me win could not understand the trouble, and this added considerably to my discomfort.

On the fourth Travers pulled a tee shot. It started on its way out of bounds, hit a mound and caromed back. The hole was halved. The growing feeling that the elements and luck are against one is not conducive to a good game. By the time that I reached the ninth hole I must have been all " in " for I drove into the pond. I think that I have played that hole 500 times, and that was the only occasion my ball has tried to swim. And Travers was out in 34.

It wasn't long before the game was over. I was beaten 7 and 6. After the usual exchange of congratulations I went back to the clubhouse and took the silver medal that I had won and threw it as hard as I could up against the wall.

Trains began to bear the people away and dinner time came on, but I did not care for food that night. I got up from the bed on which I had thrown myself and walked in the darkness towards Aurora. My world had gone wrong somehow, and even the fact that I was to play off with Mr. Hilton in the morning for low score medal did not interest me.

I walked far into the night and I do not know exactly what village I came to, but through the woods came the sound of music and it was soon evident that a Saturday night dance was in progress. It did not take me long to join the dancers.

The next morning I had my play-off with Mr. Hilton and my mother and father came out to see me play.

Incredible as it may seem my first twelve holes against Mr. Hilton would have beaten Travers' fast golf of the previous afternoon one up. There ought to be a lesson in this for golfers. Good as Travers' game had been, my own against Hilton seemed to show that if I had not allowed my mind to dwell upon the unfairness of a condition that spared every weakness of my opponent, emphasized mine, and left half my strength unused, but had turned it resolutely to the problem before me I would have had a fighting chance. I made a 72 to Mr. Hilton's 75. His game was beautiful and well-balanced, but he was still suffering from the heat.

The victory gave me the National Amateur low-qualifying medal for the second time.

I had written a good many articles on golf for various papers, but I had never written up a championship event until this 1912 National Amateur which the Chicago Examiner asked me to cover. I found it very hard work and I fear the public found it hard reading. That fall A. M. Lawrence, publisher of the paper, offered me a regular position, which I gladly accepted.

CHAPTER XIV

TOURING THE NORTHWEST

Midwestern golfers on far-away links — Eastern critics raise question of amateur standing — New records on strange courses — A glimpse of Canadian links.

Sometime during the winter of 1913 A. S. Kerry, president of the Seattle Country Club, met a few of our Chicago golfers at an indoor school in Chicago. He became much interested in them and several times expressed a wish that they could meet some of the leading golfers of the Northwest. Probably he thought that they could do us up. At any rate he wanted to see them try, for not long afterwards he sent a formal invitation to the Western Golf Association to select a team of eight players to compete in matches in Seattle, Tacoma and Portland, the visitors to be guests of the Northwestern clubs from the time they left their homes until their return. Prior to this Mr. Kerry had talked informally with the officials and his proposition had been enthusiastically received.

I don't know whether the matter was ever formally voted upon by the Western Golf Association, but one of the officials wrote to me asking if I would play on the team. The same official invited seven other players, and all accepted. Of course it is possible that all

and a most hospitable committee. We found the golf course apparently walled in by mountains, with towering snow-capped peaks to be seen from every tee and green.

There is something strikingly ironic in calling any part of that strange links a fair green, for there is not a blade of grass on it. The tiny putting greens were of sand, and only in the rough were to be found little bunches of very tough grass. Although the course did not apparently lend itself to finished golf, there was a lady champion, Mrs. Earle, who played remarkably, and in spite of a whirlwind and other queer breezes Ned Sawyer distinguished himself with a 72.

We boarded our train and left the mining city of Butte in the midst of its bare, black mountains, only to awaken next morning in a beautiful garden spot. It was Spokane. It, too, was surrounded by mountains, but there were many waterfalls, the grass was green, and the fragrance of pine trees was in the air. The golf course was a very good one. Warren Wood made a 76 — 77, and I broke the course record with a 74 in the afternoon.

From Spokane we went to Seattle, where we met a part of the team that was to oppose us in the big matches. From there we took a steamer for Victoria, British Columbia. We all fell in love with the Victoria golf course at once. Never except in England have I seen such turf. Warren Wood and I had a great match against Captain Chambers and E. V. Macan and we beat them by a good margin. We both had 71's in the morning.

The Northwestern team was composed of Chandler

Photo by Pletzcker, St. Louis.

Bobby Jones of Atlanta and Evans, just before the semifinals of the Western Amateur at Memphis, 1920. The southern marvel met defeat after a hard match.

Photo by Pletzcker, St. Louis.

A sensational 15-foot down-hill curving putt on the thirty-sixth hole kept Evans in the 1920 National Amateur tourney at Roslyn, a match he eventually won on the forty-first green from Regi-

Photo by Pletzcker, St. Louis.

W. C. Fownes, Jr., and Chick Evans, third round rivals in the 1920 National Amateur at Roslyn, Long Island.

Photo by Pletzcker, St. Louis.

Francis Ouimet and Chick, both former caddies, meet in the finals of the National Amateur at Roslyn. Experts made the easterner favorite, but Evans won 7 and 6.

Egan, Jack Neville, champion of California, E. V. Macan, Northwestern champion, H. A. Flaeger, better known in Chicago as "Dixie," H. K. B. Davis and T. S. Lippy.

It was on June 13, on the links of the Seattle Club that the first contest between the Midwestern and Pacific Coast teams took place. I played against Chandler Egan, and broke the course record in the afternoon, making a 32 — 37, and beating Egan by 10 and 9; Warren Wood defeated Macan by 7 and 6; Harry Legg defeated Neville 2 and 1; Sawyer defeated Flaeger 3 and 2; Hale beat Matterson 10 and 8; Devol beat Kerry 5 and 4; and Stanton beat Lippy 5 and 2.

That evening at dinner our team presented Mr. Kerry with a loving cup as a token of its appreciation. There was another interesting incident of that dinner-dance — Dixie Flaeger met for the first time the young lady who afterwards became his wife.

The next day we played the Northwest team on the Seattle links. I beat Macan 4 and 2; Egan beat Wood 5 and 4; Legg beat Davis 9 and 8; Lee beat Neville 3 and 2; Devol beat Flaeger 5 and 4; Sawyer beat Kerry; Hale beat Lippy and Stanton lost to Matterson.

We liked the course at Tacoma very much. I made a record score of 33 on the first nine in an 18-hole match. It was at Tacoma that I met Jim Barnes, the great professional, for the first time. He was extraordinarily popular at the club. The members thought that no one could play as well as he. We had a spirited match with a large gallery and he confirmed his club's faith in him by beating me 3 and 2.

Our whole team of eight men was entertained the

entire time while we were in Tacoma at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Thorne. Mr. Thorne was president of the Pacific Northwest Golf Association and his home, beautiful Thornewood, was situated on American Lake, something over five miles from Tacoma.

At Portland we were put up at the Country Club-house, situated on the bank of the Willamette river. Our first day's golf there was a medal-play tournament which I won with a 72 — 73. In our team match against the Northwest team the next day we were defeated for the only time, Mr. Kerry and Dixie Flaeger winning from Carl Devol and Howard Lee.

It was a bunch of weary golfers who left Portland, the night of June 22, en route for Salt Lake City, where we arrived the following evening. The next morning we had our matches. Mine was with Armstrong of California, who had recently arrived. I won in the morning, and he in the afternoon.

We had no time to tarry at the Mormon city, but hurried on to Colorado Springs. The local team there was composed of Mr. Hubbell, Mr. Hagerman, Mr. Broad, Mr. Davis, Mr. Randall, Mr. Jones, Mr. Hemming and Mr. Taylor. We won every match. Mr. Woodward, vice-president of the Western Golf Association, come down from Denver to tell us what a mistake we had made in going on this trip. Much as we respected him and his judgment we had had too good a time, and were in too good company, to be convinced of any error.

We arrived in Kansas City June 26, after the hottest and weariest day I had ever spent on a railroad train, but the cordiality of our welcome cheered the fagged-out team. J. C. Fennell was most active in our enter-

tainment and I was among the fortunate number who stayed at his home.

Our first match was at the Evanston Golf Club where, notwithstanding the heat and fatigue, Warren Wood played magnificently, making two scores of 72 — 72 and winning a handsome diamond stickpin. I was second, Legg third, and Sawyer fourth. The members of the opposing team were Ray Thorne, D. Miller, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Johnston, Dr. Logan, Mr. Hodge and Mr. Morrison.

The next day we played at the Kansas City Country Club, and here Ned Sawyer won the honors, the tangible evidence being a handsome silver cup. Here our team divided. Warren Wood, Ned Sawyer and Carl Devol departed for home and business, the rest of us going to Omaha for another match. After some interesting golf the rest of us turned our faces Chicagoward, ending the most remarkable trip ever taken by young golfers.

CHAPTER XV

THAT "SEMI-FINAL HOODOO"

Hole in one precedes sensational golf in Western Amateur — Low qualifying medal in National for third time — Francis Ouimet wins the Open Championship.

The Western Amateur Championship of 1913 was awarded to the Homewood, now Flossmoor, Country Club, and began on July 21. There was an exceptionally fine entry list, of, I think, about 150 golfers.

The championship was preceded by an Olympic Cup event in which five teams competed. The Western Golf Association team, consisting of Warren Wood, Kenneth P. Edwards, Willie Howland, Jr. and the writer, won the cup with a total of 628. Warren had 150, I 154, and Edwards and Howland something over 160.

In the qualifying round I played with Mason Phelps and he, Warren Wood and Paul Hunter tied with a 77 for low score on the first 18 holes. I was one stroke behind. It was not particularly good golf.

The second 18 holes in the qualifying round was interesting to me. Mason Phelps and I had hardly moved off the first green when a ball came trickling onto it and meandered gently into the hole. It was hard to realize that it had come from the tee 290 yards away, and that the driving force behind it was E. P.

Allis of Milwaukee. That hole is one I consider one of the most remarkable happenings within my personal knowledge of golf, and it was but a forerunner of a whole week of extraordinary golf.

Mason Phelps played magnificently in the afternoon, going out in 35, and I felt sure that he would win the low score. Strangely enough, I began to creep up on him, and he began to slip back. At the finish of the seventeenth hole we learned that we each had a 5 to beat Warren Wood, and as we were both on the edge of the green it looked as if it would be a triple tie for low qualifying honors. Imagine then the delightful thrill when I saw my ball go into the hole, advancing me to first place. Phelps took two putts for second. Warren was third.

Ned Allis was not satisfied to stop with his hole in one, but for the rest of the week he continued to show us that Milwaukee was very near Chicago, or perhaps, more correctly, that Chicago was near Milwaukee, for he defeated me on one day and Bob Gardner on the next, all of his putts having developed a remarkable affinity for the cup. Warren caught him at last in the final and defeated him 4 and 3. In the third round Warren had had an exciting match with Fraser Hale, who carried him to the thirty-ninth hole. Joe LeDuc reached the semifinals.

I was always anxious, perhaps over-anxious, to play my best in New York, probably because it was considered the stronghold of Eastern golf. Consequently I practiced hard for the 1913 Amateur to be held at Garden City, Long Island. The date was set for September 1 to 6, and following my usual custom of saving

expenses I arrived at Garden City the Saturday before the Monday on which the tournament began.

On this Saturday the first competition for the American Golfer Silver Club Trophy was played. It was competed for by teams of two from the different clubs. The trophy was won by Walter J. Travis and Fred Herreshoff of the home club, with a 72. Fraser Hale and I, representing the Edgewater Club, came in second, one stroke behind, due to some short putts that I had missed. Fraser had played excellently and we should have won easily. After this competition I had one more practice round before the qualifying round on Monday.

About 150 golfers started in the championship, including two from England and a pair from Canada.

In the first half of the qualifying round Francis Ouimet flashed into prominence with a 75. It was, I believe, the fourth time that he had entered the qualifying round of the National but on the three other occasions he had failed to qualify. It is a record that ought to hearten the easily discouraged. At that halfway mark Mr. Travis stood second, and Mr. Byers and I were tied for third place. The Garden City course measured nearly 6,800 yards, probably the longest a championship had ever been played on in this country. It was in good condition, but lightning-fast around the greens, and most abundantly supplied with bunkers. Many good golfers were finding it hard.

I was one of the last couples of the 64 players who set forth on Tuesday morning to qualify for the match-play rounds. News of scores, however, circulates quickly over a golf course, and I had hardly reached the turn

before I heard that Francis Ouimet had added a 76 to his fine score of the previous day, and was leading Walter Travis by a stroke for low honors. As I had gone out in 39, it was no wonder that Francis Ouimet was already being congratulated for low score because it would be necessary for me to finish in 35 to tie him, and 35's were not numerous in those days. I had been playing exceedingly well, but had been putting atrociously.

I must have struck a helpful idea at the turn, for from there on golf suddenly became easy, and when I pitched to within eight feet of the last hole I realized that I was putting for 31 on the last nine. Of course I missed but my 32 gave me a new course record of 71, and the low qualifying medal for the third time. Two weeks later Francis Ouimet was showing the way to the world in medal-play competition.

Mr. Travis came in third. The Chicagoans who qualified were Robert Gardner, who stood sixth, Paul Hunter and Fraser Hale. For some unaccountable reason Mason Phelps failed to qualify.

Twelve golfers were tied for the last 11 places and the whole twelve had to play off. It was one of golf's little ironies that Heinrich Schmidt, who had played better golf in the recent British Amateur than any American golfer since Mr. Travis won the British title, and who had carried the great Hilton to an extra hole, should have been the one out of that dozen to fall by the wayside. It was very hot weather, however, and Heine was wearing the British golfing outfit that he wore at St. Andrews and all my experience teaches me that our climate in August and September demands

lighter-weight clothing. Jerome Travers was one of those who tied for last place and came in by the skin of his teeth.

My draw for the match rounds was a corker. In my first, the short 18, I had W. C. Fownes, 1910 National champion, and I defeated him 3 and 1. In my second round I met E. M. Byers, National Champion of 1904, and, believe me, we had some battle. It was a case of complete reversal of form in two rounds. At the end of the morning round I was 5 up, for during the whole time Byers had seemed unable to putt. Although I lost the eighteenth hole it was queerly played by both of us for Byers took three putts and I, four!

In the afternoon Byers' putting came back with a vengeance and my lead melted away like ice under a blazing August sun. On the thirteenth he holed a 25-foot putt to square. It seemed that he could hole from anywhere, and although I won the sixteenth he took the seventeenth with a forty-footer on a green so undulating that it made you seasick to look at it, and it gave him a 3 on a par 5 hole.

We had started late and the shadows of evening were beginning to fall as we stood up on the eighteenth tee with an enormous gallery behind us and looked across the pond at the great crowd massed about the home hole. We halved it with carefully played threes, and then with darkness gathering the two players and the huge gallery set out for the extra holes, every one feeling the keenness of the competition. We halved the thirty-seventh, and on the thirty-eighth, with my second shot but a few inches from the cup, Byers holed a ten-foot putt for a half. On the thirty-ninth I won

by 3 and 5, after one of the most exciting contests of my whole golf career.

In the same round Mr. Travis defeated Fraser Hale on the thirty-eighth hole and Jerome Travers defeated Francis Ouimet 3 and 2.

My opponent for the third round was Walter J. Travis, " the grand old man " of golf, three times National champion. He was considered almost invincible at Garden City, and I had many misgivings that night. I was beginning to be a little tired of National champions, and to long for an opponent of more limited attainments. I was going well, however, and led by one at the end of the morning round. In the afternoon his strength seemed to fail and I won rather easily by 5 and 4.

My defeat of Travis brought me to the semifinal round for the fifth time. My opponent was J. G. Anderson. I was 2 up at the end of the morning round. My putting had been off all day, and neither of us played well through the afternoon. I lost the match by 2 and 1. An incident in the afternoon seemed to shatter my concentration although it may have had no appreciable effect on the result. We were both on the green, and there was a question as to who was away. An official was called to decide, but none happened to be following the match, and my caddie undertook to do the measuring. He was nervous and in some way moved Anderson's ball, and I lost the hole on the technicality. It was one of those little things that get onto the nerves of a tired player and an overwrought caddie, and it seemed impossible to get it out of my mind.

It was a bitter disappointment not to be able to play

against Travers who won the championship for the fourth time the next day.

The National Open Championship of 1913 was to be played over the Brookline Country Club course following shortly after the Amateur Championship at Garden City in which I was playing. Many of my friends wanted me to stay over for the Open, urging it particularly because I had led the amateur field at Garden City in medal play, but I had found it hard enough to spare the time from business for play in the Amateur, and therefore reluctantly hurried back home.

At home I followed the newspaper accounts of the tourney with breathless interest — the presence of the great English " pros," Harry Vardon and Edward Ray adding to the importance of the event. When the extraordinary news came that Francis Ouimet, a young boy, was not only leading the best we had, but tying the British players, excitement ran high, and on the day of the play-off I glued myself to a ticker. His great victory was decidedly a triumph for American youth and a record was established that it was thought could not be equaled.

After the Brookline tourney Vardon and Ray made a tour of the country. Warren Wood and I were asked by the Ravisloe Club of Chicago to play against them in an exhibition match, which we did. It turned out a good contest with fortune playing into my hands, as, although we did not win, my individual score was better than either of the Englishmen's. I mention this because in an interview on leaving the country Vardon declared that " Evans was the best amateur golfer in America."

CHAPTER XVI

BACK ON FOREIGN LINKS

Yankee Golfers flock to the British Championship — World's greatest amateur sets a record — Puzzle in Travers' defeat — Trying out French courses — No brass bands at home coming.

Early in 1914 I learned that a good many of the leading golfers of this country were planning a trip to England for the British Amateur event. The idea, I suppose, originated with the friends of Francis Ouimet, although it was not unusual for an American to occasionally take part in that tournament. Ouimet had defeated both Vardon and Ray in our 1913 open, and it was felt that he should give them a chance at him the following year in Britain. As long as he was going over he might try for the two major events. There was a very general feeling in the East that he would be able to make a very good showing. Then Jerome Travers and Fred Herreshoff concluded to go.

Francis, I believe, sailed early in April, and as he was young he had a traveling companion, Arthur Lockwood, an Englishman who had lived a long time in the States and was a well-known golfer. He also was entered for the event. The fever spread, and about the middle of April, Fraser Hale of Chicago and Harold Weber of Toledo sailed. As they both suffered severely from sea-

sickness they were rather done up on their arrival on the other side.

It began to appear that the largest American representation ever known in the British Amateur would be present at the big event at Sandwich, and I was asked by my paper if could go over, play in the tourney, and report it. No suggestion could have been more acceptable to me, but getting the consent of my firm was not easy. When it was finally obtained it was with the proviso that I make the trip as speedily as possible.

My mother and I sailed from Boston on the Carmania, April 29, and landed at Fishguard, Wales, May 6. We had a rather chilly but enjoyable voyage. Fortunately I am never seasick, and there were a lot of interesting people on board. Among them were two Scotchmen with whom I often played the various games on board ship. They kidded me considerably concerning the fate awaiting American golfers. When a passing ship sent a wireless message conveying the information that Francis Ouimet had played rather badly at Sunningdale they slipped a gleeful note under my stateroom door apprising me of the fact. It was not all discouraging golf news, however, and the pretty girls of the company of Irish Players who were returning from a successful tour of the States helped me to forget the probability of unpleasantness ahead. They also presented me with a "lucky pig," warranted to ward off any possible misfortune on golf links or elsewhere.

After landing we proceeded to London where we only remained long enough to get rested when we headed for Deal. This town is one of the Cinque Ports, situated in Kent, the southeasternmost part of England.

The town is impressively old, and the visitor is shown the exact spot where Julius Caesar landed centuries ago. It was only about four miles by train to the quaint little old-world village of Sandwich, the nearest station to the Royal St. George Golf course, where the British Amateur of that year was to be played. It was a beautiful green England we saw on that trip from London, and flowers were blooming in every dooryard and garden. I understood then why Kent is called the "garden spot of England."

Our hotel, looking out on the water, was next door to Deal Castle, a venerable structure surrounded by a moat, presenting in its appearance everything that the visitors from the new world expected of old castles.

At the time we arrived in Deal there were no other American golfers at our hotel. Ouimet, Hale and Weber were still practicing on other courses, but Travers and Herreshoff were already at a hotel in Sandwich, near the course. A few days later Hale and Weber came in and engaged rooms in town, our own hotel being full. This was also true of the hotels in Sandwich — everything was engaged for the tournament — one American golfer, Mr. Knapp, staying as far away as Dover.

I had no time to spare, and I got in all the practice I could, but I suffered acutely from the cold, raw weather, and only did fairly well in my practice rounds. Chilly as it was I enjoyed myself and had some very interesting games with Captain C. K. Hutchinson and Angus Hambro, Everard Martin-Smith, Lord Charles Hope, Hon. Michael Scott and Lawrie Jenkins. It was hard work, however, because I was fresh from an inland city and my only practice had been over the Chicago

Golf Club course. I found the glare from the sea particularly trying after my work on an inland course and the sharp winds added to my troubles. It seemed there was every distraction possible.

The St. George Challenge Cup is the leading amateur scratch medal competition in Great Britain. The cup was presented to the Royal St. George Club by Mrs. W. R. Anderson, wife of the first honorary treasurer, and it was made from the first gold ever brought to England from South Africa. It is valued at £21. Competition is for the best aggregate score for 36 holes, and is open to all amateur golfers who are members of recognized clubs. At the time of our visit the holder of the cup was H. D. Gillies.

The first round of competition was played May 14. The weather was the best we had encountered, as the cold piercing winds, that had been chilling us to the bones, had disappeared.

I considered myself fortunate in being paired with John Ball, but I did not live up to my opportunity. The best I could do was 80, but it consoled me a little to know that Mr. Ball made 79. Francis Ouimet and Jerome Travers were paired. Francis, too, had an 80, but Travers had a 77, the best score of the Americans. Strange to say, his wooden club play was magnificent, but his putting was not so good. On the other hand, Ouimet was a little weak on his tee shots, but he was putting well. Fraser Hale was putting badly and got an 82. Harold Weber had an 83 through faulty iron work. Fred Herreshoff, who was out for the first time following an accident, made 81, good under the circumstances.

D. F. Ransom led the field with a 72, and John Graham and E. Martin-Smith made 75's.

The day following was cooler, but on the whole pleasant. John Graham of Hoylake, the greatest amateur medal player in the world, made a 71, and won the St. George's Cup with the fine score of 146. It was the lowest score by which the event had ever been won.

The American players' draw in the British Amateur Championship event was considered very favorable. It stood as follows:

J. D. Travers vs. C. A. Palmer; H. J. Topping vs. E. W. Holderness; E. S. Knapp vs. A. C. Chadwick; C. W. Inslee vs. J. J. Murray; Charles Evans, Jr., vs. William Cranston; Fraser Hale vs. W. K. Whigham; Francis Ouimet vs. J. K. MacGregor; Fred Herreshoff vs. M. St. John.

Arthur Lockwood drew a bye. His initial game was on Tuesday, and his first opponent R. W. Crummack, a plus 5 man from Lancashire. Palmer was a plus 4 man and noted for his fighting qualities. He had been Irish champion, and runner-up to John Ball in the British Championship of 1907. He took up golf late in life and was then about fifty-six years old. Ouimet's opponent, J. K. MacGregor, was champion of the Philippines, and about sixty years old.

The lower half of the draw was considered the harder, but several of the best British players would have to meet each other before reaching the Americans, so that on the whole the draw was considered favorable to us.

Sunday night the report reached us that C. A. Palmer was suffering severely from lumbago, and that there was a chance that he would not be able to play. He was

under a doctor's care, however, and everything was being done to get him into condition but it looked as if Jerry would have little to disturb him.

The day of the championship arrived bright and sunny, a little windy, the course very fast and sadly in need of rain. The Travers-Palmer match was set for 11 o'clock. Ouimet and I spent the morning quietly in our hotel where we had an early luncheon before going to the club. When we arrived there we were greeted with the information that Travers was 2 up and 5 to play, but that both he and Palmer were playing badly. Everyone, however, at that stage seemed confident of Travers' victory but soon disquieting rumors flew about and then came the information that the two players were all square going to the seventeenth. Excitement was now running high and the Travers-Palmer gallery had reached enormous proportions. There was nothing for the late starters to do but stand and wait.

We Americans were wondering if Travers could rally and produce. Most of them believed that he could, for they said that it was his custom to do that in America, but the noise of handclapping at the seventeenth green reached us and before Palmer teed up on the eighteenth we knew that he was dormy one.

In the midst of the most intense excitement, with both sides of the fairway lined with people who had come from all over the course, I watched both players make equally good drives. Palmer played the odd, a critical shot onto the green. I looked at Travers, and never before had I seen such an expression on his face. The "poker expression," as it had been called, had vanished.

Chick goes "aloft" after his sensational victory in the 1920 National Amateur tourney.

George Herbert Walker, president of the American Golf Association, presenting the 1920 National Amateur golf trophy to Evans after the latter's victory over Francis O[illegible]. International Photo.

He played a fair shot, but it was plainly evident that on that small bit of green Travers would be forced out of the big championship that he had come across the sea to play in. The putt he missed, and with it the chance for the British Championship. It is true it was a little troublesome, a bit down hill and slightly bothered by a fence, nothing much, however, for our prince of putters. It was not his day.

Often have I tried to find an explanation for this defeat. It still puzzles me. Not that Palmer may not have been good enough to beat any of us when going well, as he was a fine golfer with a fighting record, but he was off his game and said after the match:

"I didn't beat Mr. Travers; he beat himself."

By a generous approximation Mr. Palmer, suffering visibly from his malady, was around in 88 or 89, and I heard Travers' score approximated at 90. Such scores do not represent championship golf. Good as Mr. Palmer undoubtedly was I can see no reason why a golfer of Travers' standing should have been unduly nervous or suffered a sleepless night at the prospect of playing him.

It has been suggested that the British courses were not suited to Travers' game, and the fact that he was deprived of his centre-shafted putter it had been calculated would run up his score, yet only a few days before he had played beautiful rounds on that very course, both putter and driver working well. His record while practicing in England had been excellent, but in retrospect one comes to the conclusion that his wooden shots were the weakness of his game; his long irons and his marvelous putting, his strength. He had been play-

ing some beautiful wooden shots and putting well with his orthordox putter, but possibly, under the stress of an important event, his wooden shots failed and he felt the need of his accustomed putter. New clubs do fail us at critical moments. But whatever the reasons for his downfall under such conditions, it remains an inexplicable happening with each golfer explaining it his own way.

Henry Topping and E. S. Knapp were also defeated in the first round; in fact every man entered from America, except Arthur Lockwood, who had drawn a bye, was swept away from the upper half. Americans in the lower half, with the exception of C. W. Inslee, who lost to Mr. Murray, were more fortunate: Fraser Hale defeated Mr. Whigham 5 and 3, Francis Ouimet defeated Mr. MacGregor; Fred Herreshoff defeated Mr. St. John and I defeated Cranston, and all by good margins.

On Tuesday Francis Ouimet and Fred Herreshoff enjoyed a day of rest, walking in the galleries while the rest of us Americans wrestled with redoubtable Britons. I had a very hard match with Mr. Bretherton, nephew of C. A. Palmer, the vanquisher of Travers, and a fine, determined young player. Hale met the young Australian champion, Iro Whitton, last after a gallant battle. A. G. Lockwood defeated R. W. Crummack, one of the best of the Lancashire players, by 1 up on the last hole, and Harold Weber, playing beautifully, defeated, by exactly the same close margin, another fine Lancashire player, John Remer, brother-in-law of Mr. Crummack.

The day following Ouimet and Herreshoff were

expected to play two matches and for that reason they began early, Francis' match with H. S. B. Tubbs being set for 9:24. I do not think that there was a golfer in the neighborhood who believed that the man who had defeated Vardon and Ray could be defeated by Mr. Tubbs, who, although he is one of England's steadily good players, had no big honors to his credit, and little if any championship experience. The incredible happened, however, and golf critics have been looking for an explanation ever since.

As my own match with Mr. E. W. Scott did not begin until 12:45 I did not reach the course until about 12:30, so that I did not see any of Francis' match but I heard that Tubbs played unusually well, and that Ouimet appeared very nervous and did not put up his best game. He lost 2 down.

Herreshoff had two brilliant matches, losing unfortunately to the Hon. Michael Scott on the last green. He played a fine game against J. R. Pratt in the morning, and his afternoon round was a magnificent display of golf.

Harold Weber also played two matches that day, one against K. M. Carlisle and the other against A. S. Marriott and in both he was successful. In fact the quality of his golf in the championship was very good.

I defeated E. H. W. Scott 3 and 2 after being all even and 5 to go. The following perhaps undeservedly high estimate of my game appeared in one of the papers:

"The brand of golf that Mr. Evans displayed in his match to-day stands without a peer so far as this tournament is concerned, and no doubt the American played one of the greatest games ever seen on the local greens. He was in superb form.

playing with great steadiness and confidence and with few mistakes. He is no stranger in England, and there were hundreds on the course to-day who had seen him play three years ago. Those same hundreds marveled at the improvement in the cheerful little Chicagoan's game."

This was very kind, if not over-exact, and I needed encouragement.

America had entered the event with ten players, seven from the East and three from the West. When night fell on Wednesday, the third day of the championship, only two Americans remained in the competition and they were both Western players, Harold Weber of Toledo and I of Chicago. Our delegation had been headed by an amateur and an open champion. Our amateur champion had lost on the first day; our open champion, on the second, and various untitled ones had dropped each day until only the Western pair remained. I doubt if sufficient credit has been given to Harold Weber for his playing in this event.

The game of C. B. MacFarlane, who defeated me in the fourth round, was the great feature of that event. It was the best golf that I have ever seen and the fact that it was played against me was of small consequence. Before my match I tried to get a little light on his game. He had played in the international matches but there were conflicting reports as to his general ability. After I had played him I knew that he could justify the best that could be said of him and after I had watched his game in the afternoon I was equally sure that a less complimentary judgment might also be true.

The day of our match was warm and sunny and on my way to the first tee I learned that the weather exactly

suited Mr. MacFarlane. It did not take me long to discover that it did. At the end of the first nine holes he had five threes, a two, two fours and a six, making his total 31, a record not only for the course, but for the British Championship. When one realizes how many great players have played over the Royal St. George course, one can see what such a record means. Also when it is taken into consideration that the fourth hole, which is an easy 4, was played by him in 6, a further light is thrown on the match-play game that he put up.

I was particularly anxious to do well and tried hard. I was out in an approximate 36 and was 5 down. Mr. MacFarlane won the first hole in 3, laying a full cleek shot within three feet of the cup. My mashie shot was four feet away, and partially stymied I missed my putt. I was never even after that. On the fourth, where I had a chance, a bad kick and a slight hook put me in an unplayable place in a bunker and after a scramble we halved in 6. I was watching for a break but only a slip came at the tenth, which I won.

The eleventh and twelfth were costly to me, but after being 6 down, I won the next three holes, only to lose 4 to 3 on the short sixteenth. The match was over before I knew it, and I yearned for the 36 holes of match play which we have at home, for my caddie, who was fond of figuring scores, discovered that with such a game as I played in the morning I would have been 7 up on MacFarlane's afternoon game when he was beaten 2 up by Mr. E. Martin-Smith.

In the meantime, whether a few moments before or after my sixteenth hole, we have never quite decided, Harold Weber was defeated by Captain Hutchinson. I

was too closely occupied elsewhere to see anything of this match, but I heard that Harold played well. It was no disgrace to be beaten by Captain Hutchinson, who is one of the best golfers in England.

There were many interesting matches among the Britons that day, and Hilton, Blackwell and Gillies all went out. Eight players now remained, and for the first and only time in my life, I guessed the winner. I had seen Lawrie Jenkins play at Troon in 1911, and in my article that evening I said that I fancied him for the championship. Even the worst of golf prophets hits it sometimes.

For the next two days the tournament was wholly British—and Irish, if one wants to be a bit more exact, for Hezlet was there in great force. Although this is not a history of the event it is interesting to know that after the hardest kind of playing on both sides J. L. C. Jenkins of Troon, Scotland, and C. O. Hezlet of Port Rush, Ireland, reached the finals, Hezlet having beaten R. P. Humphries on the last green after a splendid struggle in the semi-finals, and Jenkins reaching victory in the same round by a hard match with E. Martin-Smith.

All week the weather had been ideal, but Friday night it rained. Saturday morning began lowering, and rain fell at intervals during the day, but it did not disturb the big crowd, or the happy Scots who had come to see "Wee Jenkins" win. James Braid had traveled all night to be in time for the great match. And, indeed, it was fine playing for the last stage of a big tournament even though the rain had slowed up the course.

The crucial moment came at the eleventh in the after-

noon when Jenkins holed a chip shot for 4 and won a hole that was believed lost. A feature play of the game was at the sixth when Hezlet holed out from a bunker. The match ended on the sixteenth green.

The cup was presented on the clubhouse lawn by Lord Northbourne, the president of the club. His compliments to the American players were loudly cheered by the British audience.

We left Dover on Sunday morning by the 11 o'clock boat. The passage was rough and I discovered that most of the American golfers are not good sailors. We reached Paris about 5 o'clock that afternoon, and that evening M. Pierre Deschamps, president of the La Boulie Golf Club, gave a dinner for some of the visiting golfers at the Ritz. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Park, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Lockwood, Lord Charles Hope, holder of the French title, Francis Ouimet, M. Jean LeBlan, of Lille, my mother and I.

Early the next morning Sam Park's car carried most of the American golfers to La Boulie. Mr. Park is an American citizen who had been living in Paris for several years. I had known him in America and he had made the trip to Sandwich to see that we reached Paris in time for the championship. It was a pleasant drive out through Versailles to the club, and the heavily-turfed course with its almost solid background of trees looked familiar. The first person to greet me at the first tee was Arnaud Massy, the only Frenchman who ever won the British Open Championship.

That morning we were all entered for a handicap medal competition. This I won, but none of our scores

were good. I give them here in order to show the effect of the sudden change in type of course upon our games. I had 80, Francis Ouimet, 81, Henry Topping, 86, Harold Weber, 87, Fraser Hale scratched, and Jerome Travers picked up after making the first nine in 45.

The trophy was a beautiful silver cup, and before leaving Paris I presented it to Mr. Park's little daughter Elizabeth.

The draw for the French Amateur Championship resulted as follows:

C. A. Palmer vs. A. G. Lockwood; F. S. Worthington vs. Francis Ouimet; F. Ruffer vs. Harold Weber; Jerome Travers vs. Charles Radcliffe; Fred Herreshoff vs. Edmond Esmond; Fraser Hale vs. W. A. Vagliano; Charles Evans, Jr., vs. Henry Topping; E. S. Knapp vs. Jean LeBlan.

The reason Paris fails as a serious golfing centre is that visiting players yield to the charm of the city and forget to take their game seriously. At a big British championship, on courses far from large cities, one thinks of nothing but the game, and above everything else the contestant is on hand when his name is called, or his connection with that championship is severed. In Paris it is different.

Instead of going to bed early the night before the first French championship round, Monsieur Jean LeBlan, a young golfer from Lille, and I were out rather late investigating the somewhat dubious pleasures of a supposedly American entertainment called Luna Park. Consequently, the following morning, they were waiting for us two at the club—Monsieur Deschamps with courtesy, Madame LeBlan and my mother with anxiety

and our opponents with very visible signs of that ill temper and impatience that our conduct deserved. It was raw and chilly around that tee. At intervals rain fell.

Under the rules of golf as practiced in Great Britain and America we should have been disqualified an hour or so before we arrived, but M. Deschamps courteously permitted us to play. I was profoundly penitent, knowing Henry Topping, but Monsieur LeBlan was blithely unconscious of any wrongdoing. When I reached the clubhouse, anxious to atone as far as possible for my tardiness, I started on a run down the long flight of stone steps, and plunged headlong to the bottom. Fortunately I suffered no injuries beyond some bruises and a shaking up.

The long and chilly waiting had not hurt Mr. Topping's game. As a matter of fact it was very good, much too good for me, and after eighteen long and trying holes I lost my connection with that tournament.

Topping continued his good golf long enough to beat Jerome Travers in the semifinals. I cannot speak from personal knowledge of the match, for I had seized the occasion for a little sight-seeing.

Ouimet got Topping in the final. Neither played well. No doubt they were tired. Once more I pondered over my luck and wondered why I never met a good golfer who was tired or, if he were, his fatigue and my opposition had a stimulating effect on his game.

When the French championship ended I thought at first that I would make a hasty sight-seeing trip into Germany where I had never been, but instead I spent the precious week that I decided to steal from business

trying out some of the courses around Paris, and counting in La Boulie I played over four, the other three being Chantilly, St. Cloud and Fontainebleau.

At St. Cloud I had my first girl caddie, a very athletic young woman called Salome. I discovered, after trying my uncertain French upon her, that she was English, and she chased balls and climbed fences with an amazing agility. Previously I had the usual American objection to girl caddies, considering the work too hard for them, but if Salome was typical of her sex it is not a weak one.

Another course that we visited was Golf de Chantilly, situated about a mile and a half from the little town of Chantilly. The course, which is long with good sandy soil, is considered one of the best around Paris. The professional at Golf de Chantilly at the time we were there was the famous Jean Gassiat, known not only as a good player, but as an inventor of the large, wooden-headed putter.

Fontainebleau was the last of the French courses that I saw and only the word "beautiful" can describe it. The road to it, a splendid military highway, is the same that the German army traveled in 1871, and here and there are the marks of their passage. The course is very good; the soil is sandy and there is a fine turf, excellently kept. Scattered all over the grounds on the day we were out were many mixed foursomes, a form of the game very popular with the French.

Time passes rapidly in Paris, and after setting several dates of departure, we finally booked passage on the Kronprinzessin Cecilie, which we were to take at Cherbourg. We bade a reluctant adieu to Messieurs Pierre

Deschamps and Sam Park, who had proved the best of hosts to traveling Americans. At the Paris station, where we took the boat train, we found Mr. and Mrs. Fred Herreshoff bound for the same port, the only American golfers to return with us.

There was no brass band to greet us on our arrival on this side of the Atlantic, but we ourselves realized that we had done pretty well abroad. Certainly there was nothing in Fred's game in England of which he had need to be the least bit ashamed and I don't think it was conceit that made me rather fancy my own.

CHAPTER XVII

TRIPLE HONORS IN WESTERN

Record smashing tourney at Grand Rapids — Trailing the "pros" in the National Open — Champions clog the way in a draw — Defeat in first round kills semifinal hoodoo in Blue Ribbon event.

The Western Amateur Championship of 1914, played over the Kent Country Club course at Grand Rapids, was perhaps the most successful event in which I ever engaged, for I won not only the title, but the low score medal in the qualifying round, besides breaking the record of the course in the final.

There were probably 200 entrants in the event, and one who lent great interest to it was Jack Neville of San Francisco, who is without doubt one of the strongest players on the Pacific Coast. From Los Angeles to Seattle he has defeated almost every golfer of note, including our own Chandler Egan.

On my first practice round on the course I seemed to enjoy absolute confidence and I broke the course record with a 69. It seemed a good omen.

On the day of the qualifying round the morning dawned beautifully but by 11 o'clock clouds began to gather, and from that hour until 2 in the afternoon a violent rainstorm swept across the course. Then the rain ceased, the wind died down, and a fine golfing

afternoon followed on the well-washed course. Golfers played with a fine disregard of the weather, but some suffered badly.

In the first round Runcie Martin led with a 72, Robert Gardner and I being a stroke behind. My 74 in the afternoon, making a total of 147, gave me the low score medal, Robert Gardner coming in second with 149.

I had a shock on the 18-hole first match-play round, for I just managed to beat J. K. Bole one up in 21 holes. It was a close call and my success seemed more a matter of good fortune than of skill. In the same round Ned Allis beat Robert Gardner, an unpleasant little service that he had performed for both of us the year before.

In my next round I defeated Howard Lee of Detroit and in the third, with many misgivings, I met Albert Seckel. It seemed like old times for we had learned our golf together, and he had given me many a hard tussle. He had married, however, and been out of the game for several years, and to this fact I attribute my ability to beat him by a comfortable margin. Ned Allis had disposed of Jack Neville in the second round and was beaten in the third by Jimmie Standish. Here we were at the semifinals, and the odd thing was that only two states were now represented—Michigan and Illinois. It was Michigan against Michigan, and Illinois against Illinois.

The semifinal match between the Michigan players was also an oddity, Standish, the winner, never being up until the thirty-sixth hole, which he won. It was generally considered that Stanton would win because

it was his home course on which he was considered invincible. His many friends were so hopeful that it seemed impossible for him to lose, but of all the prophets in the world the golf prophet is the most unreliable.

My match with Ned Sawyer was brimful of thrills and excitement. As a bystander remarked, "Not a hole was won except under par." I counted it the greatest good fortune that I was able to finish the morning round 1 up, for Ned scored a 72 and I a 71. The killing pace of the match-round medal play eased somewhat in the afternoon, and at the twenty-seventh hole I was 4 up, but I only won by 2 and 1.

In my match with Mr. Standish in the final the big margin that I held at noon did not represent poor golf on the part of my opponent, but a happy break of luck that encouraged me to try for medal score. Out in 34, 2 under par, and back in 33, gave me a total of 67, which is the best golf I have ever played in a championship match, and incidentally it gave me a lead of 9 up. It is unusual to win low score in the qualifying round and break the course record in the final. It was the first time in the history of the Western Golf Association that the medalist had won the championship. I succeeded because I was putting, and could stick the ball on the greens. To my second shots the greatest credit belongs, for when they are all right I only need fair putting to win my matches.

The 1914 National Open Championship was held in the third week of August at the Midlothian Country Club, which is situated about twenty miles to the south of Chicago. More than usual interest was attached

to the event from the fact that Francis Ouimet, who had just returned from Europe, would defend his title and the golf world was wondering whether he would be able to repeat his Brookline miracle.

That year, owing to the large number of entries, it was thought necessary to separate the chaff from the grain by means of a qualifying round, and it was only by the merest chance that I was able to compete in the event, as a foolish experiment with a hand ball almost cost me qualification. The sprained ankle made me somewhat melancholy and the baking-hot, low-lying clouds and high winds added to my discomfort. It had been a long time since I had played two such poor rounds of golf.

When the first day ended I found myself tied for twelfth place with four others, eight strokes behind the leader, Walter Hagen. I had been putting badly, but I could hardly attribute that to a sprained ankle.

Francis Ouimet had started well, but he fell down rather badly on the last day of the event. Walter Hagen got an early start and set a new competitive record for the course with a 69. From beginning to end he played fine, consistent golf, and he won the championship by holing a twelve-foot putt on the last green for 290 strokes. The applause for this feat echoed over the Midlothian course to me and my gallery, and spurred me on to a greater effort. I had started considerably later, and from time to time the word was brought to me that I was gaining on Hagen. It was a round of many thrills, and I considered myself fortunate to be able to finish second with a score of 291. I was seven strokes ahead of Ouimet, who was the

nearest amateur. I felt as happy as though I had finished first.

This was the first National Open event in which I had ever played, and it was Hagen's second. The year before he had tied for fourth place at Brookline with J. M. Barnes, MacDonald Smith and Louis Tellier.

According to custom I practiced hard before the National Amateur, my good showing in the National Open spurring me on. The championship this year was to be played at the Ekwanok Club, near Manchester, Vermont. Of course I realized that it was hard for a dweller in one part of the country to win a championship in another, but as usual I was optimistic, and this time I thought that my hopes were based on a better foundation.

There was a large number of Chicago entries, for it had been five years since the Havemeyer Cup had come West and our players resolved to make a determined effort to place it in a Western clubhouse.

Jeff Adams had caddied for me at Midlothian and I decided to take him East. It would require more scrimping on my part, but he was anxious to go and it was a comfort to have him around. Our trip was long and tiresome, for the Manchester course was exceedingly inconvenient of access to Western players. In fact it was not really convenient to any except the New England golfers.

As usual I only arrived in time for a practice round or so before the championship. In my first time around the playing conditions gave me quite a shock. I felt dazed. The tree-clad mountains towered around me, and it was next to impossible for me accurately

to judge the distance up to the hole. I can picture to myself now the little bit of a white ball flying against the tremendous big black background making distance—but such little distance! I realized then that I should have come to Manchester earlier and accustomed myself to the unusual conditions.

Manchester is a beautiful, quiet spot, just right for an ideal golf community. The president of the club at that time was Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, son of our famous President, and a former resident of Chicago.

The course itself lies in a valley. There is wonderful turf, both on the fairway and on the putting greens, with the holes skillfully laid out at the base of the mountain. On one side the player could hear the echoing sound of golf clubs striking against the balls, and on the other the ticking of the telegraph instruments carrying the story of the strokes to the outside world. That beautiful course, though, did not inspire me to good golf, for I was seventh at the end of the first half of the qualifying round, and I retained that position at the end of the 36 holes—the worst I had played in the National Amateur qualifying round in many years. Other Chicagoans suffered, too, Bob Gardner and Willie Howland, Jr., just getting in.

Once more I was unlucky in the draw. Byers first, Travers next, and Travis next was my prospect, but I destroyed my "semi-final hoodoo" by dropping out in the first round. It was that miserable 18-hole first round with which we used to begin our Nationals, and I was beaten on the last hole. Mr. Byers was late at the tee, but when he did start it was with a fine streak of putting. On the first nine holes he took

ten putts to my twenty. He said that he had never putted so well in his life, and I can testify to his skill in that department.

I shall never forget one hole. It was about 400 yards, and our second shots had to be played over a hill. Byers played a magnificent spoon shot, and when I went up to the top of the hill to get the distance I saw his ball looking as if it were leaning against the pin. My heart sank but I determined to do my best, and I played a shot that went straight to the hole and just inside of his.

On the eighteenth hole I topped my ball into the rough. A friend told me to play short of the ditch, and in trying to follow the advice I went in. Experience teaches that each golfer must do his own thinking. No one can help him while the game is on. Once in the creek I should have lifted with loss of stroke, but the fact is that I should never have been in so tight a place had I known the course better. My chance of a championship went glimmering, not because of a missed shot, but because of a misjudged one. This does not mean that I should have defeated Mr. Byers, but I should have carried the game a hole further.

Robert Gardner defeated Freddie Martin of Ekwanok in the second round and was beaten by Ouimet in the third round.

In the semifinals Travers defeated Travis, and I think that was the last time that our greatest golfer appeared in the National. Fownes had been playing beautiful golf throughout the tournament. The course did not affect him as it did us flat-country people. I

am told that his match with Ouimet, and which he lost on the last hole, was a very remarkable one.

Immediately after I was defeated I had left for Chicago, so that I saw nothing of the subsequent matches. Ouimet's defeat of Travers in the final appears to have been foreseen—Travers apparently being considerably off his game in the afternoon.

CHAPTER XVIII

GOLFING ACROSS A CONTINENT

Golf in the Golden West — Two title holders beaten in one match — Indifferent luck among the "pros" — Western champion for fourth time — Fortune fickle in the National.

The 1915 golfing season began rather early for me. There was a big tournament to be held in connection with the Panama Exposition at San Francisco, and my paper asked me to "cover" it. Getting the permission of my firm I accepted this assignment.

It was a pleasant trip, two-thirds across the continent, both for my mother, who was my traveling companion, and myself, who had never seen California. As soon as I could get into my golfing clothes on our arrival I went out to Ingleside, where the P. P. I. E. golf championships were to be played. I shall always remember the first hole I ever played in California. It was one of those things we golfers dream about. Before a curious crowd I made a perfect drive, an excellent second shot, and holed my putt for a 3 on the 400-yard first hole. This was an ideal but not a customary performance.

The Ingleside course was fair to look upon. It had an easy incline, like the gentle slope of a long hill. The subsoil seemed to take an iron blade particularly well. The course was rather sparingly bunkered, but

to make up for it there was heavy grass, nearly knee-deep, on the sides, forming a great mental hazard.

In the qualifying round a 68 in the opening half gave me a record for the course and a big lead for low score honors which I won for 36 holes with a score of 143. Chandler Egan came second, eleven strokes behind.

Of the 32 players eliminated in the first round a large number were defeated by big margins. In the second round Hoover Bankard of Midlothian, who played fine golf in this tournament, defeated Robin Hayne to the surprise of the Californians. Heinrich Schmidt, internationally known at that time, defeated Jack Neville 4 and 2 and I defeated Dr. Walters of San Jose.

In the third round I ran up against Heinrich Schmidt and was beaten 4 and 3. I had not seen him since his fine showing abroad. He was a great little golfer, as his 34 for the first nine in the afternoon showed, but the thing about his game that disturbed me most was his unconscionable slowness. He even looked the ground over for his cleek shots. He made a remarkable round, however. Holing out from a bunker and sinking a 15-foot stymie were among his marvels. I had a 4—3—4 finish for a 70, but Heine had the same figures for a 68.

Chandler Egan had a peculiar match with Harry Davis in the semifinals. At one time he was 4 up, but his putting went bad in the afternoon, and he lost. In the other semifinal match Schmidt had to come up from behind all the way and only won by 2 up on the last green. Thus the fortunes of golf brought the big

upstanding Davis and the diminutive Schmidt together for the final on a miserable day of cold and rain. All day long Davis played an uphill game, really winning by three long putts in the afternoon. At one time in the morning Heine was 5 up and he went to luncheon 4 up. In the afternoon Davis rallied, squared the match on the thirty-third and won by one stroke on the thirty-sixth.

On April 24, Jack Neville and I went down to the Del Monte Country Club for an exhibition match against Walter Hagen, National Open champion, and Jim Barnes, Western Open champion. We won by 2 and 1, having a best ball of 68, and feeling, as we had good right to be, very proud of ourselves. Very few amateurs have the luck to beat two open champions at one swoop.

The P. P. I. E. Open Championship was concluded on May 2. On Saturday Walter Hagen had run wild, making a 66 — 74, and this coupled with his 146 on Sunday—they play their tourneys on Sundays on the coast—gave him a total of 286 for the 72 holes. John Black of Claremont was second with 294, Harry Davis and I tied at 297 for third, and Jim Barnes was fourth.

A very handsome cup had been put up for the leading amateur, and Harry Davis and I concluded to decide our claim to it by a nine-hole match. We had a thrilling play-off and I won. Nowhere in the country have I ever seen so many trophies as were awarded in these tournaments.

Charles Templeton Crocker, chairman of the Exposition Golf Committee, put up two cups for an exhibition match between Mr. Davis, the winner of the cham-

pionship, and Mr. Schmidt, runner-up, and Chandler Egan and I. Chandler and I won by the large margin of 6 and 5, Chandler playing remarkably good golf, and Schmidt equally poor.

The amateur-professional events produced some interesting results. Hoover Bankard and Harry Davis beat Walter Hagen and Bob Simpson, and E. S. Armstrong and I beat F. J. Reilly and Jim Barnes.

Leaving San Francisco I played at Santa Barbara. At Los Angeles I met the late Charles E. Van Loan in an interesting match. On our way East my mother and I stopped at El Paso, but my first golf was at Fort Worth, where I played, rather poorly after my long journey. It was an exhibition match at the River Crest Country Club. I met many golfers and was pleasantly entertained by Morris Berney.

Soon after I had reached home the beautiful cups I had won arrived from the coast, and every one who sees them in the trophy rack at Edgewater realizes something of the magnificence of the P. P. I. E. Golf cups, and the generous spirit of the California people.

I have always regarded the golfing year of 1915 as a hard one for me, for I began too early, continued too late and literally wore myself out with the game. The National Open was set for June that year, much too early for the golfers who had played in the California Exposition tournaments. The scene was Baltusrol—the distance of a continent from San Francisco —a course that a British writer had called " a third-class inland green." I, however, considered the links a good one, but the putting greens were too tricky for visiting golfers.

I began by leading the whole field, making 71, an amateur record for the course which still stands. Indeed I had reached the last hole with a 4 for a 69. That was fine golf! Then, pleased with myself, which was not often the case, I did the most foolish thing that any golfer can do—I changed balls in the midst of a tournament while playing well.

It is true that I ended second amateur, ten strokes ahead of Francis Ouimet, the 1913 Open champion, and but one stroke behind Walter Hagen, and, yet it was a bitter disappointment. I know that I should have done better, even though I was at the disadvantage of unfamiliar greens and still fatigued from my recent journey across the country.

The 1915 Western Amateur Championship was played over the Mayfield Country Club course near Cleveland. Vardon is reputed to have called this one of the three best courses in the country. My part in the tournament was almost an exact duplication of the 1914 event at Grand Rapids. I had a great match with D. E. Sawyer in the semifinals and I won it through much tribulation of spirit. Once I was as much as 4 down, and did not square the match until the thirty-second hole. I quote from a summary of the match made by a writer at the time:

"Fourteen of the holes were won under par, ten taken at par, seven halved in par and two halved under par. Thirty-four holes made in par, or better, and only two won in figures over par, indicate the very high quality of the play."

There were other notable rounds in that tournament. Paul Hunter had won the low score medal with

a count of 150, followed closely by W. C. Fownes with 151, which had included a 72, a new competitive record for the course.

The following day I met Jimmie Standish in the final and history again repeated itself. I won by a big margin, and became Western champion for the fourth time. Four times seemed enough, and I determined to save my time and energy for national events. Not until 1920 did I again enter the Western.

Very foolishly, however, I entered the Western Open because it was held that year at Glen Oak, near Chicago. I was ill and played badly. The illness may not have been the reason for my defeat.

It was the first time I had played in this event since I won in 1910. A day before the tournament I made 71 in a practice round. The next day, paired with Walter Hagen, I played excellently, and putted execrably, accumulating 87 in the first round, the first time in many years that I had been over 80 in a medal round. Two of the strokes were a penalty imposed because, in a spirit of levity induced by an avalanche of putts, I used the wrong end of my putter and poked the ball into the hole. It seemed the only way that it would ever get there. I was leading amateur, however.

The next event on my full season program was the National Amateur at the Detroit Country Club, August 28 to September 4. I have heard this called the tournament of surprises. To me it was a series of untoward happenings. As I was very tired from too much golf I decided to make the trip to Detroit by boat. It turned suddenly cold, I was chilled through, lost my

overcoat en route and contracted a heavy, feverish cold. The weather was the chilliest I have ever known at that time of year.

I have almost always been unlucky in the National Amateur "draw," but I think that I reached my crowning misfortune on that raw day at Detroit when the list of pairings was announced. For the first round I drew Ned Sawyer, and of all the 31 golfers I might have drawn, he was the one I least desired for my first round. Francis Ouimet had an easy match. Jerome Travers, another, but I had a man who was playing at the top of his game, and knew every weakness of mine.

The lower half, where Ouimet was placed, seemed particularly desirable, and I would have given anything I possessed for his draw. It seemed the irony of Fate that I should have to meet the man who always played me so nearly even, while Francis drew the golfer I had beaten by large margins in the last two Westerns. Yet, the result was practically the same. I was defeated 6 and 5 by Sawyer, and Ouimet 5 and 4 by Standish. On the day of Ouimet's defeat Travers suffered a like fate at the hands of Max Marston. Then Robert Gardner defeated Marston on the thirty-seventh hole, and proceeded triumphantly thereafter to a well-deserved championship.

At the conclusion of the final between Gardner and Anderson I was asked to join the winner in a best-ball match against Jerry Travers and Francis Ouimet. Apparently it was to give the public a chance to see the players who had suffered so untimely a taking off. The singular thing about it was that the time of the championship match was set ahead to permit the best

ball match to be played. It was my triumph. My score was 73; Travers had 76; Ouimet, 77, and Gardner, 78. The Eastern golfers and I, of course, had been resting, but Gardner's score was remarkable, coming at the end of a long championship.

CHAPTER XIX

WINNING THE DOUBLE CROWN

Change of style aids in winning the National Open — New mark set for professional event — Champion meets champion in the Amateur — Congratulation from the trenches — A Hoosier celebration.

It was the year 1916 that brought me all that I had ever hoped for in golf and yet several happenings conspired to make the early months a season of gloom for me. In February C. L. Allen died. He had been a very kind friend in the Old Edgewater days, and although in later years he had played more at the Chicago Golf Club, of which he had twice been president, I had felt his death keenly.

Succeeding a rather serious illness of my own, came the news of the death of Charles L. Hunter. In this case there was not the intimate personal relationship that existed between Mr. Allen and me, but from the days of my earliest competitive golf I had often played in the same tournaments with his son Paul, who was almost exactly my own age. The father and son were inseparable companions, closely associated in my mind with the game itself. I had known them through the years of my connection with the game.

There was a bright spot, however. I had not been looking forward to the coming season with my usual

zest, but in February leading Chicago golfers received invitations from Senator Thomas Taggart, of French Lick, Indiana, to take part in an invitation tournament to be held on the French Lick course, late in March, or early in April. I was a member of the Chicago party, and although I was sick most of the time, I played well, and really enjoyed the event which was an interesting one with entries mostly from Chicago, Louisville, and Indianapolis.

I won the low qualifying medal for a good start. Sawyer and I came together in the final. I owed him something for putting me out in the 1915 National, and this time I was more than ready for him. The weather was exceedingly rainy, and there were little creeks and rivulets all over the course, but in spite of the discomfort I went around in 70. Consequently I did not have many holes to play in the afternoon to win a beautiful trophy.

My success at French Lick seemed a good start and the outlook was taking on a cheerful aspect, but a day or two after returning home I was taken ill and had to go to a hospital.

I grew better and left the hospital a few days before April 25 when my brother was married to Miss Hortense Gowing of Wilmette. On the 29th my only sister was married to Donald Jones of Colorado Springs. Weddings should have enlivened me but I fear they only added to a feeling of change. The whole world seemed different.

In January I had attended a meeting of the Western Golf Association in which the place for the Western Championship aroused a great deal of discussion. It

was decided to hold the event in California at the Del Monte Club. California deserved the recognition, but there was the difficulty of getting golfers there, the expense in many cases being prohibitive. California offered to bear the expense, but the question of amateurism arose, and the debate waxed warm. Although I had decided to give up Western Championship events and confine my competitive golf to the two big national events, the selection of California almost induced me to change my mind. Had I been in better health I might even have done so. Only once before since my first venture in 1906 had I missed a Western, and that was in 1907 when I had been very ill.

In practicing for the National Open at Minneapolis, after I had regained my health, my putting was giving me trouble, and on the very day before I left for the North I followed a suggestion of Mr. Ames, and changed my style completely.

I am somewhat superstitious, and when Jack Hermes, fresh from Honolulu, offered me a little Billiken he had picked up there for good luck, I accepted it joyfully and carried it with me to Minneapolis. Remembering my own caddie days I took with me a young boy from the Chicago Golf Club, Johnson by name, but generally known as "Shorty." He was the best-natured boy I ever knew and one of the quietest. He was very short and sturdy, and when I was practicing at the Chicago Golf Club, he walked there from his home in Glen Ellyn, every day, for a long time. He was also inspiring and cheerful when I was going bad, undisturbingly happy when things were coming our way and he, most properly, became the custodian of the Billiken as I never

carried anything in my pockets for fear of interfering with my swing. The Billiken lived up to its reputation for I enjoyed a week of fine golf. One late afternoon when I had come in, Jimmie Donaldson asked " Shorty " to caddy for him while he played a certain ball. Jimmie's clubs and my Billiken were good for a 66.

In practicing over the course I made the good score of 73 the first day I was in Minneapolis. The second day I played with Jimmie Donaldson in an amateur-professional team match. We had a good score and had been told that we were first, but just as darkness was falling Lawrence Carpenter, a local lawyer, and Wilfred Reid came in, the attorney holing a beautiful long putt in the failing light for a tie. In the draw we won first place.

The qualifying rounds were held in two divisions of 36 holes each. I was drawn to play mine with the second division which was another piece of good luck for it was better to have three days of 36 holes of golf than an intervening one with a chance to get cold.

Alex. Campbell, better known as " Nipper," my interesting Scotch friend from Brookline and Baltimore, led the first group with 144. Two amateurs, J. S. Worthington of England, and Harry Legg of Minneapolis, had 146 and 147 respectively. I knew when I saw these scores that my work was cut out for me. It was in this round, I think, that Louis Tellier made a 70. Hagen totaled 149.

I played my qualifying rounds in the second division on Wednesday. I had been paired with Nelson Whitney who could not come. Two months later I met him in my hardest match of the National Amateur Championship, and there is a chance that, had he played with me

at Minneapolis, he would have had a good enough line on my game to defeat me at Merion. On such slight chances golf honors hang. George Fotheringham, a very agreeable " pro " took his place.

An odd thing happened to Jimmie Simpson of the Blue Mound Country Club. When he reached the eighteenth hole he had 4 for a 69. He got off a fine drive, and the ball disappeared completely. It was as if the earth had swallowed it. In spite of this misfortune he led the day's qualifiers with 144, Tom Vardon and I coming second with 145.

There was one 70 each morning, and Joe Mitchell of Ridgewood, N. J., was the fortunate golfer the second day.

The first day of the championship was about the prettiest June day I have ever seen. It had rained the night before, freshening the air and making the always fine turf beautiful and gripping. I was paired with serious Otto Hackbarth and we had the splendid starting time of 9:05, when the greens are untrampled and the little moisture catches the ball easier.

Of course I was anxious to do my best, and I justified the good luck that was coming my way, as before I realized it I had reached the turn in 32 strokes, a sort of continuation of my good golf twelve hours before. This surprised me so much that I lost three or four strokes on the next three holes, but I finished with a 70, which tied for low with Wilfred Reid and Joe Mitchell.

The excitement and constant confusion of golfers coming in every few moments with their scores did not give me much time to be amazed over my own good showing

The author has a willing, but possibly awkward, golf pupil in Otis Skinner, the actor.

Miss Alexa Stirling, Women's National golf champion, 1920. Her position, incidentally, shows a good follow through with a wooden club. It was in front of Miss Stirling's house that Chick practiced for the British championship in 1911.

in the morning, and as I went out after lunch, before all the golfers of the morning round were in, I did not know exactly how I stood in relation to the others. I was out in 36. It seemed very easy to come back in 33, a total of 69, which broke the official course record held by Harry Legg. My day's total was 139, partly due to good putting. Wilfred Reid came next with 142. There was a long string of famous names behind us.

The last day of the tournament was also the hottest and it seemed scorching after the preceding days of glorious weather. I was paired with Freddie McLeod, the same golfer who was my pacemaker at Midlothian when Hagen beat me by one stroke. I considered him a lucky partner. I soon found myself struggling in the heat and was very fortunate to bring in a 74. Reid fell down to 79. Jim Barnes, however, was picking up and came in for luncheon with a 71. All through the long, hot, struggling afternoon, rumors of marvelous scores were flying from player to player. Reid was no longer greatly feared, but an unknown field was pressing hard. Barnes seemed the most formidable, but at any moment any one of a half dozen brilliant " pros " might have come out of the heap and rushed past me to victory.

At the fifty-fourth hole I was still leading by three strokes—213 to Barnes' 216. He had picked up three strokes on me by his 71. At the fourth hole in the last 18, I had buried myself in the bunker, and the cost of getting out, and the three putts I took, gave me the biggest 7 of my life.

There was some congestion at the fifth hole, and I sat down at the tee, with my first leisure for reflection — a prey to gloomy forebodings, but something said: " For-

get it, and keep going." A few holes later I learned that my fears had been realized. Owing to that seven, Barnes and I were even, but I kept on going at par, or better. Barnes cracked a little on the ninth and hooked into a trap. This gave me the lead again with seven holes to go.

The twelfth hole at Minikahda is about 540 yards long, and twenty or more yards in front of the green there is a creek. At the time I did not know to a certainty what Barnes' score was, but I was confronted by a necessity of making an important decision. If I carried the creek I could make a 4, and if Barnes and I were even, it would mean much. He surely could do no better, but he had a great chance to do as well as he is a great distance-getter. If I played a little short I could make a 5, but if I went into the creek a 6 would be the best that I could get. I decided to risk the creek, and I never played a better shot in my life. I listened for the gallery at the green and when the encouraging sounds came echoing thrillingly from the little wood near by, I was overjoyed.

In playing matches before a gallery I have fallen into the habit of watching the part of it near where my ball drops, for that group alone can tell me whether it is a good shot. Many a time a gallery directly behind the shot has applauded for something that looked good, but was not. I had a sloping putt for a 3 but took my 4. This twelfth hole performance helped a great deal, and the information that Barnes had played the ninth hole badly helped more. I swung into the last six holes carefully, taking no chances, while the 3 and 4 footers for par dropped joyfully.

It was a wonderful feeling when I put my second shot on the eighteenth green. I had two strokes for par, but took three, getting 286, an average of 71½ for four rounds, which was the lowest score ever made in the National Open Championship.

Later in the evening, after Barnes had come in four strokes behind me, there was a rustle about the clubhouse, and we learned that Jock Hutchinson had made a 68 in his last round, 140 for the day, and 288 for the 72 holes.

Telegrams for me began to rush in, but among the letters of congratulation that I received there was none that I prized more than the following from Lord Northcliffe, written on July 4, and forwarded through James Keeley of the Chicago Herald:

Elmwood, St. Peters, Kent.

Dear Mr. Evans:

I cannot tell you with what pleasure the news of your victory was received in England. Some of us who are over fifty still play golf, and I happened to be at a club when the news came in of your splendid win. The members could not have been more delighted had the Open Championship been won by an Englishman over fighting age. Your bearing and conduct at Sandwich two years ago were recalled by all. Your extreme good temper, in face of a freak player's extraordinary luck, made a marked impression.

May I ask you to recall me to your Mother? Yours sincerely,

NORTHCLIFFE.

My friends have been many and they have been chosen without regard to their station in life. One interesting friendship was with George Toon. When I first met him he was a waiter at some eastern golf club, and when I went to Minneapolis for the National Open in 1916, I

found him a head waiter at the Minikahda Club. Throughout the week he pulled strenuously for me to win, and his liquid celebration in my behalf cost him his job. When I next met him he was a steward on a dining car on an eastern railroad.

He had a wife and child, but he was an Englishman, and when his brother was killed he determined to go to war. He wrote me long letters of his training in Canada, in England, and how they started for France. Soon there were no more letters. One day a casualty list came to my notice, and I read:

"Killed—Private George Toon, 3105824, 8th Canadian Reserve."

While at Minneapolis I also met an enthusiastic little caddie, an exceptionally bright youngster who rejoiced over my victory in a markedly whole-hearted manner. Two and a half years later, a judge in a South Clark Street Chicago police station, called me up and said that a boy, who had caddied for me in Minneapolis, was under arrest in his court. The judge wanted to know if I would go his bail as I was the only person the boy knew in Chicago.

Arriving at the station I recognized him at once although he wore, not the dress of the former caddie, but the uniform of Uncle Sam. He had just returned from France. Would I go his bail? The query was superfluous. As the charge was not important, the legal formalities and a free ticket were easily arranged for, and the youngster who had cheered me so heartily at Minikahda was on his way home.

There was an unusual circumstance connected with the National Amateur Championship of 1916, on the

links of the Merion Cricket Club near Philadelphia. It was the first time since the national championships had been instituted that the holders of the two titles dwelt in the same city. Robert Gardner, the Amateur champion, and I, the Open champion, had been delayed a little in setting out for the scene of conflict; he by an infected finger, and I by business, but oddly enough we happened to pick the same train going east. The qualifying rounds of the big event were to begin on Monday, September 4, but we arrived only two days prior to the start.

Play for the American Golfer Trophy, a team event, was staged as a preliminary. In that competition Robert and I represented the Chicago Golf Club, and came in third with a 72, not a bad showing for the first time over the course. In view of the result of the 1920 championship it may be interesting to state that we were one stroke better than Davidson Herron and Max Marston.

On account of his ailing finger Robert only played the eighteen holes of the event, but in the afternoon Clayton Ingraham, a former Midlothian member, and I played Willie Howland and Paul Hunter of Chicago, and I see from notes made at the time that Howland played extremely well and the rest of us fairly so.

The Merion Cricket Club is fortunate in possessing two good courses, and in consequence it was able to try the experiment of having the qualifying rounds played over two courses, thus relieving the great congestion, and shortening the time.

The east links, the Merion course proper, is fine and well-trapped with large greens but not so fast, I was happy to observe, as the usual Eastern greens. The west

course had few artificial hazards, but many natural ones, and the greens were small and a bit tricky. It was one of those courses on which it seemed easy to make a phenomenally small score or an extraordinarily big one. I went over it on Sunday and set an amateur record of 71. The next day, in the qualifying round, I played rather badly, thus justifying my description of its qualities.

When the officials began to write the scores in the qualifying rounds on the board a distinct shock passed over the spectators, for never have I known them so high in a national tournament, for 80's were plentiful. Those who played over the east course in the morning finished over the west course in the afternoon and, as the big figures were written down, there was much speculation over the ability of prominent players to pass.

The low medal score of 153 was made by W. C. Fownes of Oakmont. Max Marston came in second with 155 and E. M. Byers, another Pittsburgher, was third with 157. Herron failed to qualify. There were only eight scores under 160, and six played off a tie at 167 for last place. Out of the dozen or more Chicagoans who had entered only four qualified: F. R. Blossom and I at 158, Robert Gardner, 160, and D. E. Sawyer at 162. John Anderson had a peculiar experience, making a 90 on the east course and a 70 on the west, safely qualifying and shattering my record of the day before. The two Atlanta boys, Perry Adair and Bobby Jones, the latter a youngster of fourteen years, both qualified.

When the draw was concluded I found myself paired with Nelson Whitney of New Orleans, a man whose playing, the early part of the season, had led me to con-

sider as one of the strongest contenders for championship honors. I knew that a hard day was before me, but I was glad to see that no Chicagoans would be brought together in the first round. It was the first time since I had played in the event that this had been the case.

The first day of match-play rounds was baking hot, the course was dry and the greens lightning fast. My match with Whitney was trying, both in and out, with never more than a hole separating us in the morning. In the afternoon, however, the game was more my way, and it was a relief when it ended on the thirty-fourth green in my favor. It was my hardest match in the whole tournament until I reached the final.

Ned Sawyer had an inch-by-inch match with John Anderson, the former losing on the thirty-seventh green when he missed a three-foot putt. Gardner did not have much trouble defeating John Ward, but a great deal of surprise was expressed when Fownes, the medalist of the event, went down before Buxton. The latter, however, had beaten the Pittsburgher before, and is really a very fine player. Henry Topping was defeated by W. P. Smith by a single putt that hit the cup, poised on its edge and stayed there. But the wonder of the day was Bobby Jones, the fourteen-year-old boy from Atlanta. His defeat of E. M. Byers, ex-National champion, was sensational. Perry Adair also won his match.

At the end of the day when the slain were all accounted for we found that half of the Chicagoans had been swept away, only Robert Gardner and I remaining.

On Wednesday Bob Gardner was expected to have a difficult match with Max Marston, and Mrs. Gardner

had come down from Maine to see it, but the game was rather disappointing, for at no time did Marston have a chance. It was pleasantly spectacular, however, for the gallery was very large, and the golf was well worth looking at.

Bobby Jones went on his victorious way, defeating Dyer, who himself is a fine player, by uncanny golf. White defeated Kirkby, Hunter lost to Anderson, and Ormiston to Guilford, and I defeated W. P. Smith rather easily. After our matches Bob Gardner and I shook hands with the hope that we might meet in the final. The day's weather was fine, gray skies, and less slippery greens.

It was blazing hot on Thursday, but in spite of it a tremendous crowd followed the Gardner-Jones match. Philadelphia had taken mightily to the little Southerner. It was hard on the more experienced player because popular sympathy usually goes out to youngsters. The Atlanta marvel came to luncheon one up, but Gardner played a strong game in the afternoon, winning by 4 and 3.

I had no trouble in my match with Anderson, my game was coming right and I defeated him 9 and 8.

The four left in the semifinals were compelled to play under sultry weather conditions. The very ball seemed sticky, and never have I found the heat more oppressive. Gardner was playing Guilford, but I did not see any of the match being busily engaged with my own. Apparently Guilford never had a chance, and I was told that Bob was steadily out-driving the long-distance player from Massachusetts.

In my match with Corkran I lost the second hole, but

after squaring that I led him all the way. He was a good little player, however, but I won on the sixteenth hole in the afternoon, which meant that I was safely past the semifinal round. The afternoon had been marked by a shower, accompanied by violent thunder and lightning and fierce winds.

When Saturday came the weather and course had both been freshened by the rain of the previous day. I thought that I had never seen a more beautiful morning than when Gardner and I stood at the first tee ready for the match which would decide the National Amateur Championship. Even at that early hour there was a big gallery, estimated at 3000, and this was more than trebled before the day was over, for Philadelphia is a fine gallery town.

I began well, winning the first hole in 3, a stroke under par. It was a good start, but Robert squared the match three times in the course of the morning round. I went to luncheon, however, gaily enough, 3 up. At the clubhouse a friend from Edgewater summed up the prospects with the remark that "Bob Gardner can't give Chick Evans three on 18 holes — and win." That sounded encouraging, but very early in the afternoon it began to look as if he could.

The gallery had seemed large when we started in the morning, but the crowd at the first tee in the afternoon spread out in all directions. We made our tee shots down a long aisle lined with people. This time I began badly, and the hole that I had played so beautifully under par in the morning I messed up into a 5 in the afternoon. We both played the second hole under par, but by the fifth hole Gardner had wiped away my

lead of 3, and it was looking bad for Chick Evans. There may have been a little overconfidence on my part, but there was certainly good playing on his.

I won the sixth by a full midiron shot, the like of which I had practiced over and over again, dozens of times during the twelve years of climb to this opportunity. I won the seventh. Gardner took the ninth with a beautiful 2 to my 3. On the tenth I holed the longest putt — a thirty-footer — that I had ever made in a championship. It gave me a half, and I followed my advantage by holing a sloping four-footer.

The thirteenth is only 125 yards. It has a villainously undulating green with a brook on two sides and traps on the other. That day the pin was on the far edge of the fast, hard green. If I played safe it would give Gardner an easy half. I determined to play the psychological shot as close to the flag as possible, knowing that if I got a good one he would be obliged to try for a 2. Danger yawned everywhere, and my heart gave a tug as my ball stopped a foot from the back edge. Bob's went into a trap. From then on it was easy.

The crowd that had swept the course like a mighty army all the afternoon had now been increased by the people at the clubhouse and they swarmed everywhere over to the fourteenth hole, which we halved in 4.

The end came on the next hole. When Robert grasped my hand in acknowledgment of defeat, some one in the crowd shouted: "The double crown for Evans!"

As we got our medals, in a sort of daze, some one pushed my mother forward. She was looking very little in that immense crowd as we embraced. A free

ride to the clubhouse half a mile away on the shoulders of Eddie Moore of Edgewater and others, with a cheering crowd following, furnished the climax.

A paper said that evening: "When a slight, elderly woman under whose glasses tears of joy glistened came through the crowd, Chick threw his arms about her and kissed her and the crowd went wild with enthusiasm for it was his mother and all week she had followed her son over the course."

One of the papers called it "the greatest ovation ever given to an American golfer." I am no judge of that, but I do know that a Philadelphia gallery is a delightful one.

When the wires flashed broadcast the news of my final victory a deluge of congratulations poured in. One reason for the special interest in my success was that I had been trying for the prize a long time. Then the fact that it was the first time in this country that an open champion had ever played an amateur champion for the amateur title, made the event unique. Also Robert Gardner and I had never before played against each other in the national event. Those congratulations were as sweet as the victory.

My victory gave me the proud distinction of being the only golfer in this country who had ever held both amateur and open title at the same time. In England John Ball had won both British amateur and open titles the year in which I was born.

There was another interesting incident. It happened that Mrs. Vanderbeck, a Philadelphian, held the National Women's Championship and one of our most popular pictures taken at Merion was a group called

the "Three Champions," composed of Mrs. Vanderbeck, Robert Gardner and myself.

The day following the tournament, Sunday, I was invited by Paul Mackall, a former Chicagoan, to go to Bethlehem to play a four-ball match with E. G. Grace, Ned Sawyer, and Paul himself. Tired as I was I accepted, and I had an interesting day. It was the first time that I had ever met Mr. Grace. It was the beginning of a friendship that has grown stronger with every year that has passed. Incidentally I consider Mr. Grace the greatest all-around golfer among business men whom it has been my fortune to meet.

On Monday I played at Pine Valley, perhaps the most difficult golf course in the country, for the first time, and that night went over to Atlantic City to join my mother and to forget golf. I had been there only a few hours when an elderly gentleman sought me out and asked me to play a game at the Atlantic City Country Club. I had had no chance to rest, but I was glad to oblige, and Mr. McSweeney and I played against Maurice Rissley and Clarence Hackney. We won by one up. I made a 72.

When I at last reached home, somewhat of a wreck from the long golf siege that had meant rest neither day nor night, I found many interesting letters awaiting me. They were from all parts of this country and from Europe. Many were from the trenches. One that I particularly prized was from a Canadian friend, A. V. Macan, Lieutenant in the 29th Canadians. He wrote from a spot very close to the German line.

There was one very characteristic letter from Henry Leach, the noted British golf writer. There were letters

from champions, such as Hilton, and all the good golfing friends abroad. There was one from President Deschamps of La Boulie, Golf de Paris, and along about Christmas time one from a former French champion, Lord Charles Hope, who was then with the British forces in Greece. His card had wandered to the Royal St. George Club in England and thence to America to find me.

Soon after my return to Chicago the Indiana Society gave a " Fore Luncheon " in my honor, at which I was an appreciative guest, but I fear, a poor speaker. They presented me with an illuminated testimonial that I prize highly. Of course the members of Edgewater Golf Club, my own, celebrated in my honor, and presented me with a roadster as a token of their appreciation of my double victory. The president of the club at that time was Mr. E. T. Hendee, and his death soon afterwards threw a shadow over what would otherwise be one of the happiest periods of my life.

CHAPTER XX

RED CROSS GOLF

First Red Cross match in Canada — Western links turned over to a good cause — "Pros" do their full share — Western Golf Association takes charge — Eastern players lend a hand.

Winning two championships in one season realized my fondest hopes and exceeded my greatest expectations. It is true that I had dreamed of capturing one or the other for a good many years, but I had never really counted on both and certainly not in 1916. Of course I was pleased, but had there been a tendency to any undue elation on my part the great war across the sea served to chasten me. Golfers who had spent much time in Britain and France had their hearts wrung by the loss of friends.

In the meantime for the last two years the whole country had been engaged by means of bazaars, concerts and other entertainments in raising money for the aid of the Red Cross. The part I was to take in that work was suggested to me accidentally. Sometime in August, 1916, between the National Open and the National Amateur, I was invited by A. W. Cutten, a member of the Chicago Golf Club, to go with him on his customary visit to his mother who lived at Guelph, Canada, a town of about 14,000 inhabitants. The trip meant a game at the Guelph Golf Club, and George S. Lyon, several

times Canadian champion, had been asked to play with me that afternoon. I learned then that we were to play—how often we were to hear that phrase in the next few years—" for the benefit of the Red Cross."

Mr. Cutten's sisters were much interested in Red Cross work and it was Miss Constance Cutten's idea that this golf match could be made useful to the great cause. There was a big crowd out, a good many wounded soldiers among them. No entrance fee was charged, but the money was collected through the sale of pins representing a soldier in khaki. The crowd bought liberally. Individuals, too, gave large sums. It was from this comparatively modest beginning that all the Red Cross Golf competition of the country grew. I believe it was the first of its kind.

When I returned from Philadelphia I was invited to play in a number of exhibition matches, sometimes with Robert Gardner, sometimes with other players. And we did play a good many at Beverly, at Edgewater, and on different courses in and out of Chicago. Of course we could not begin to accept all the invitations received.

These invitations made me realize that many clubs were anxious to see me play, and this was particularly true of the smaller organizations in remote parts of the country where there was ordinarily no opportunity to see big games. It brought home to me the fact that " this one thing I can do." If the people were really anxious to see me play I could use every week-end for the Red Cross and carry out in the United States the idea that the Misses Cutten had tried so successfully at Guelph, Canada.

I felt that 1916 was our last year of golfing for pleas-

ure for a long time and that winter I made up my mi to enter no tournaments in 1917. By all the signs t day of our participation in the war was rapid approaching. Many good golfers were already traini at the various camps, and others were expecting to so. Those who could not train had no heart for golf. was not then so situated that I could join a traini camp, although I had definitely made up my mind enter the aviation service, if I could pass the tests, a as soon as I could adjust certain conditions after w was declared. For the moment raising money for t Red Cross seemed the most practical thing upon whi I could lay my hand.

When, in the spring of 1917, war was declared wit Germany, the national tournaments were postponed. at once announced that I would enter no tournament and play no public golf except " for the benefit of th Red Cross."

My spare time was rapidly engaged. Sometime golfers from Chicago were asked to play with me — an how ready they were to respond. On other occasions I played the local professional, or the best local players. At all times the money was collected by the club from the members and sent in as its contribution to the Red Cross or Navy League.

I think my first match of the season was at Glenview where Robert Gardner and Jimmie Donaldson, Jack Hutchinson and I played for the Navy League. The day following we played for the Red Cross at the old Evanston Golf Club, Gardner and I being paired against two professionals.

Early in June, Alden Swift, Ned Sawyer and I went

Photo by Levick, New York.

This photo was taken in 1910. The author apparently is not proud of it, for he says: "This is an interesting picture, because it shows my old grip, which it took me months to unlearn."

to Excelsior Springs, Mo. We were to play a Red Cross match over the course at the Blue Hills Club at Kansas City. It was one of the most picturesque matches in which I ever took part. The course is a large plain surrounded by hills, a sort of amphitheater. The first tee is about 25 yards from the clubhouse. As I looked back towards it I saw Old Glory waving above the building, with the flags of our allies all about. The people were solidly banked up to the second story. Governor Gardner of Missouri, the Third Missouri Regiment, 300 Boy Scouts, a military band, Ruth Law, the aviatrix, and a large part of the civilian population of that corner of Missouri were present. Our match was a four-baller, Alden Swift and Ned Sawyer against Tom Clark, the Kansas City professional and I.

Many a time in my life I have driven balls down lanes of spectators, but my second shot on the eighth hole that day was the first that I had ever sent up an avenue lined with soldiers. Another implement seemed more appropriate.

A little later, June 17, Robert Gardner and I played against Bobby Jones and Perry Adair of Atlanta, Georgia, at Homewood. The Atlanta boys were a great magnet for the golf fans, and a crowd of nearly 3,000 swarmed all over the course. A substantial sum was raised. Gardner and I won the match.

A week later Gardner and I played at Aurora against J. Donaldson and George Simpson of Oak Park, and a few days later we two played Johnnie Gatherum and Donaldson at the Windsor Club.

On July 3 two professionals from Chicago, Jock Hutchinson of the Glenview Club, Bob MacDonald of

the Evanston Club, and Simpson of the home club and I, played at the Blue Mound Country Club near Milwaukee. This is known to fame as the home club of Ned Allis. This match had some very original features.

Before our game began we gathered around the steps of the clubhouse while a member addressed the large audience briefly. Then he asked an Indian chief, a graduate of Carlisle and Rush Medical, to sing and this aboriginal American lifted a clear voice and rendered the first verse of the Star Spangled Banner, after which every one joined in. He concluded by auctioning off a blanket. With it went a good speech.

While a member spoke for the Red Cross, soldiers, sailors, Red Cross nurses and golfers stood with bared heads listening. In that city, largely peopled by Germans, I encountered one of the most patriotic gatherings I had ever met. The match itself was fine. I do not think that one of the professionals played a bad shot throughout the day.

A week later I was playing at Minneapolis, at both Interlachen and the Minikahda courses, with Harry Legg, George Sargent and Otis George. There were big, enthusiastic crowds and lots of money for the Red Cross. We also had a fine match at Duluth, a good gallery and generous collection. I think that it was on this trip that I played at Rockford, and at Grand Rapids, Michigan, and probably a little later at Des Moines; at Waveland and Grandview.

Miss Alexa Stirling and Robert Gardner played against Miss Elaine Rosenthal and me in an exhibition match July 29 at Onwentsia for the benefit of the Navy League.

Bob MacDonald and I played two professionals, Bob Peebles and Donald George, August 4 at a Red Cross match in Peoria, a hospitable spot where I love to play. It was a very hot day and a very hot trip. I did not play well, but MacDonald, after playing badly, made a 34 coming in. We were beaten 1 up.

A few days later I went to Canada to play two Red Cross matches for the Canadians — one at Guelph, where Miss Cutten originated the work, and the other at Toronto.

At Guelph, where George S. Lyon and I first played, we were quite successful once more. After our match we motored to Toronto where Mr. Lyon and I played two professionals, George Cummings and Willie Freeman, over the Lambton course. In the afternoon we made a record score — 69 — holing a chip shot for a 2 on the last hole. There were several American aviators in our gallery, and aeroplanes were buzzing overhead.

On August 11, over the public course at Jackson Park, James Donaldson, professional from the Chicago Golf Club and I played against Bob MacDonald of Indian Hill and Jock Hutchinson of Glenview. The event began with a speech by Judge John Barton Payne, president of the Board of Commissioners of the South Parks. To him more than to any other man belongs the credit for public golf in Chicago, and I think that his heart must have leaped with pride at the sight of his handiwork.

On August 16 I went to Iowa for the second time that summer. Ned Sawyer and I had been asked by the Dubuque Country Club to take part in the event,

but an injury to Ned's shoulder kept him at home, much to the disappointment of the Dubuque golfers. Alfred Peaslee, Dubuque's best golfer, took Ned's place as Judge Bronson's partner, and I played with William Lawther. Later Mrs. Warren McArthur, Jr., of Chicago and I played against Mrs. Warren McArthur, Sr., and Alfred Peaslee in a mixed foursome.

Dr. Paul Hunter and Kenneth Edwards of Midlothian and Robert Markwell and I played an exhibition match at the Lake Shore Country Club August 17, and in acknowledgment the officials sent a substantial sum to the Red Cross. The following day I played at Lake Harbor in the morning, making a 71, and at the Muskegon Country Club in the afternoon, where I made 69. Jack Alger and I were paired against Jack Wilson and Jack Daray, Grand Rapids professional.

August 25 Lieutenant Fraser Hale of Skokie and I played against Lieutenant S. Powell Griffiths of La Grange and Robert McNulty, who had just entered the army and was awaiting orders. It was the first time that men in uniform had played in a Red Cross event. I was particularly anxious for a good match but it was an unlucky day for me. I had been ill in the morning but determined to go on. At the fourteenth hole I collapsed, and was unable to proceed with the game. The doctor on the grounds pronounced it ptomaine poisoning.

In the week of September 21 I played my last Red Cross matches for the season, at Akron, Cleveland and St. Louis. And it had been a season which to me was my finest.

From the club estimates furnished me approximately $50,000 had been raised by our work and this sum the

various clubs had turned over to the Red Cross, or to the Navy League as their sympathies inclined.

Successful as were the Red Cross matches of 1917, and generous as had been the assistance of other golfers, I discovered when I at last found time that fall to count the cost that the greatest possibility of the work could not be achieved by a little group of individuals. The success that I saw was not a work for individuals but for an association.

Throughout 1917, and a small part of 1916, I had been accepting invitations to play wherever I had a spare date. Although I had neglected my business right and left it had proved impossible to play at all the clubs to which I had been invited because of conflicting dates. In addition railroad fares were in many cases unnecessarily doubled because the events were not systematically scheduled. Individual efforts meant many bootless journeys and much wasted time, strength and money.

Through the autumn I thought the matter over carefully and decided that the chief association of the country should take charge of the competition. Accordingly I sought out Mr. Miller of the Skokie Golf Club of Chicago, at that time the only director of the United States Golf Association in our city. The day before he left for the East to attend the annual meeting of the United States Golf Association I sent him a letter asking him to present to the Association the plan for a systematically arranged season of Red Cross golf. We were in the war and there were to be no championships that year.

I had spent a good deal of time in preparing my letter, and I was distinctly disappointed when, on Mr.

Miller's return, he reported that the request had been tabled. At any rate nothing more was heard from it. I had thought that the little group of western golfers, both amateur and professional, had proved already the great possibilities of the idea.

I next went to C. F. Thompson, president of the Western Golf Association, and asked him if his association would be willing to take Red Cross golf under its care. I explained to him the difficulties in the way of individual club management, and the unnecessary burdens laid upon the players.

Mr. Thompson was quick to see the possibilities of the plan under official management, but he was on the eve of departure for California, and the matter had to be worked out by correspondence. The moment, however, that Mr. Thompson showed his interest in the matches I knew that they would succeed. I did not trust to anything that I might say but sent to him stirring pictures of scenes of our Red Cross matches of 1917. I followed this up with a letter in which I outlined my ideas.

I suggested that each club should guarantee a certain sum before a Red Cross match was arranged; that professional players be paid their expenses; that amateurs pay their own unless these should prove prohibitive. It afforded me a great pleasure to offer my own services free of expense to any club where I might play, although my modest means did not permit me to count on any big outlay. But I wanted to do all I could toward the cause.

In regard to club guarantees I suggested to Mr. Thompson that public courses be exempt as I knew from

experience that they would more than contribute their share.

Mr. Thompson's reply was so encouraging that I asked C. M. Smalley, secretary of the W. G. A., Crafts W. Higgins, assistant to the secretary, Warren Wood and several golf writers to meet me for discussion of exhibition matches.

As it was necessary to keep the matter entirely above suspicion, it was decided that the W. G. A. should make dates, arrangements, handle correspondence, while the clubs should manage collections. Our great desire was to put the thing on a high plane to keep the game alive in war time, and to make a wholesome, needed amusement pay a tax for the benefit of the boys at the front.

Soon after our meeting Mr. Smalley wrote to the Board of Directors for their approval of our plan. It was unanimous.

The players responded nobly. Not one refused to do his share. The following were named in Mr. Smalley's letters as volunteers: Warren K. Wood, Kenneth P. Edwards, Robert Jones, Perry Adair, Charles Evans, Jr., Jock Hutchinson, James Barnes, Walter Hagen, Robert MacDonald, Phil Gaudin and Gilbert Nichols.

We were soon making a good deal of headway, and surmounting the usual obstacles when, along towards May, we realized that we had neglected to get the official sanction of the American Red Cross. We were lucky to have in the person of George E. Scott, the Assistant General Manager of the American Red Cross, National Headquarters at Washington, an ardent Chicago golfer, and a good friend of mine. So to him I wrote enclosing our plans for our tournaments, and our

desire to make his association our beneficiary. In due time we received the proper authorization.

The Western Golf Association soon had its hands full, for there were many requests for matches that could not be given. The great advantage lay in the fact that we did not retrace our steps, but when one course asked for a match we immediately notified others in its vicinity and the events were grouped. The clubs themselves soon recognized the advantage of this plan, and in time we were making engagements three months ahead.

The secretarial work was heavy, and ably performed by Mr. Smalley and Mr. Higgins. It took a large part of any one man's time. But the day of conflicting dates was over and the golfers rejoiced in their freedom from care.

Too much credit cannot be accorded to President Thompson, who while still in California, closely directed our affairs.

The first Red Cross match of the season was set for April 20, at French Lick Springs, Indiana, with Jock Hutchinson and I pitted against Gil Nichols and Jim Barnes. It was Nichols' idea that we begin at French Lick, a big resort course, and accordingly I sent suggestions to Mr. Taggart. It was rather early in the year to get these professional stars together, but the French Lick season is considerably ahead of Chicago's — its height being in the Spring and Fall.

Thanks to Arner Tollifson the course was in fine condition, but April 20 arrived with a downpour of rain that made postponement necessary. By morning this valley course was a network of rivulets pretty to look upon, but squashy under foot, and when a ball landed it

received a liberal coating of mud. This meant a wabbly ball, but no one minded a little thing like that in a Red Cross match, and, although the rain still fell, we proceeded to play.

I must say a word for Hutchinson's game. Despite every handicap of weather, muddy balls and pressing crowd, it was wonderful, as his medal score of 70 testified.

Each player, at the end of the match, autographed the ball he had used. These were then put up at auction in the lobby of the hotel. The one I had written my name on went to Mr. Block of Chicago for $500, after an initial bid of $50. Jock Hutchinson's ball was sold to Jackson Deering, Jr., of Chicago, for $400, and Arthur Joseph of Cincinnati bought Barnes' ball for the same price.

Nichols was at that time a New York "pro," and when the ball was offered Robert Leit of New York bought it for $700. He offered it for sale again and Jacob Wertheim bid it in for $500. He, in turn, handed it back to the auctioneer who sold it to Mr. Romaine of French Lick for $500 more.

Mr. Joseph offered Barnes' ball for auction again, and A. D. Geissler of New York bought it for $500. This ended the sale of four balls for a record price of $3,500.

Arner Tollifson, the French Lick professional, offered a bag of clubs for raffle. They were won by Harry Winekin of Pittsburgh, who offered them for sale. They were bought by Harry S. Bloom for $650. A dozen new balls had been thrown in to make the bidding spirited. Mr. Bloom offered the clubs and balls for sale

again, and they were sold to Miss MacDonald, a pretty little girl from Chicago, for $425. As she was a very tiny mite Tollifson agreed to cut them down for her, and Gil Nichols offered one lesson.

Subscriptions followed the auction. Mr. Taggart started with $500. I have not room for the long list of generous men, but among those from Chicago were Leopold Bloom, $500; Harry Strauss, $250; Milton S. Florsheim, $250; B. V. Becker, $100; J. S. Eisendrath, $300, and Maurice Rothschild, $200. Among other large contributors were George Ade, Ort Wells, Mont Stein, A. M. Messing, Dr. Bernard Duffy and E. B. Moore.

More bidding succeeded the voluntary donations, with lessons from the professionals being put on the "block." Jackson Deering said that he would like to bid on some lessons from me. I offered six and he won them with a final bid of $300. Then came another rush of subscriptions with the total reaching $20,000, a record for Red Cross tournaments up to this time.

Just one week from the French Lick event Jim Barnes and I played against Jock Hutchinson and Gil Nichols at the South Shore Country Club, Chicago. It rained heavily in the morning, and the wind was piercingly keen in the afternoon, but there was a good crowd out, and considerably over $2,000 was raised. In this match the privilege of caddying for the players was sold. Mr. Rammel paid $30 to caddy for me, but one hole was enough and he turned the "pleasure" over to Robert McNulty who came up from Camp Grant, where he was in training. Charles Burras made a fine auctioneer.

Jimmie Standish, who defeated Ouimet over the same course in 1915, and I, played against Jock Hutchinson and Mike Brady at Detroit, May 6. It was our first real weather and it brought out a good gallery. The Stars and Stripes floated over the clubhouse and each green bore a Red Cross flag. The course, designed by Harry Colt, is one of the best three in the country, according to Vardon and Ray. More than a thousand dollars was collected.

The match at the Windsor Golf Club, one of the most patriotic clubs in Chicago, on May 12, turned out a financial success. In the match were Warren K. Wood of the Flossmoor Club and I, against Jock Hutchinson of Glenview and Robert MacDonald of Indian Hill. It was Warren Wood's first appearance in Red Cross golf that season, but his name had been written many times on the Western Golf Association program, and no player that year was more faithful than he.

A professional quartet, Barnes, Hutchinson, MacDonald and Jim Simpson, played at the Losantiville Club, Cincinnati, May 18, and on the same date Warren Wood, Kenneth Edwards, Bobby Jones and I competed at Memphis. The second largest collection so far, something over $4,000, was collected at Memphis. C. F. Thompson, whose guiding hand had been felt in every Red Cross event that season, was able to be present for the first time.

The Memphis method of raising money was interesting. Before we arrived at the club 1,000 tags at one dollar apiece had been sold. This provided a neat sum in itself. After the crowd had gathered Sam Williamson mounted the club steps and sold the players. Bobby

Jones, southern champion, sold for $300 to Mrs. Humphrey. The auctioneer dwelt on my state of single blessedness before I went under the hammer. Warren Wood and Kenneth Edwards, both with better halves, followed on the block. Bobby Jones, up a second time, again brought $300. The auctioneer then offered Mrs. Humphrey herself, and sold her for $500.

Warren Wood and I had made an engagement to play on the Queen's birthday, over the St. Charles Country Club course at Winnipeg, for the benefit of the Canadian Red Cross. On our way we played at the Northland Country Club, Duluth. F. S. Patton of Winnipeg and I played against Warren Wood and C. P. Wilson of Winnipeg. It was a Scotch foursome, two points to the hole. Our side won by 5 points. There was a large gallery and as about $1,500 was raised, we felt repaid for the long, fatiguing journey.

The next day in the rain, Warren and I played a Scotch foursome before a good-sized gallery at the Winnipeg Country Club, at Birdsall, a suburb. My partner was Archie Campbell, and Warren was paired with E. W. McVey, the Manitoba champion. Campbell and I got off to a poor start but we came back strong and managed to win 1 up.

On our way home, Warren and I played at the Minikahda Club, Minneapolis, Minnesota. We were paired against Harry Legg and Sargent.

Olympia Fields is one of the wonders of Chicago golf. Conceived by Mr. Beach and largely brought into realization by the untiring efforts of Prof. A. A. Stagg of the University of Chicago, the seemingly impossible was accomplished. A large tract of ground had been

purchased, wholesale work had been done, and, although nearly all sports were to be included in the plan, golf had been taken care of to the extent of four courses for playing and a fifth one for practice. One of these courses was now ready to be opened to the members, and Red Cross golfers were asked to play the first game over the course, which measured 6,733 yards.

The golfers were Wood and Evans, amateurs, against Bob MacDonald and Jock Hutchinson, professionals. This seemed a popular combination, the clubs usually signifying the players wanted.

As a rule the gallery goes out to see the game. This time it wanted to see the course. The players themselves were, perhaps, even more anxious to see what Chicago enthusiasm had accomplished, and they appreciated the honor of being the first to play upon the course.

It was an unlucky day for Chick Evans. First, he was arrested for speeding, as he had not realized how far Olympia Fields was from Rogers Park, his home. A great deal of eloquence led to his release. On top of this came a "blow-out." In consequence he arrived thirty minutes late and the other members of the four-ball match were in a somewhat disgruntled condition.

His own worries were of little moment, however, as the event was a great success. It was in charge of Company M, Illinois Volunteer Training Corps, Captain Chase in command. A generous gallery contributed between $5,000 and $6,000 to the cause.

The Western Golf Association realized that there was always a chance that the Western public might become a bit fed up with local players and lose its interest in the Red Cross matches. For that reason Mr. Thomp-

son invited leading Eastern players to help us in our matches, offering our assistance in return, and they generously responded. Eastern professionals had assisted from the beginning, but on June 8, at the Ravisloe Country Club, we had a match with our first eastern amateurs. Jerome Travers and John G. Anderson. Warren Wood and I played against them. The only drawback to the occasion was the fact that our visitors were off their game. We, having been "off" quite often, did not mind it, for Red Cross players had to expect it. It was a very hot day and they were tired by their long journey. On the other hand Wood played beautifully, the best of the quartet.

The event was a big success, approximately $6,000 being raised. A total of $1,500 was paid for caddie privileges. Young Burton Mudge gave $525 to caddy for me. David Simon purchased the caddie privilege for Travers for $160 and turned it back to be re-auctioned to L. E. Block for $250. George Bauer paid $160 for Wood and he, too, was re-sold to J. Block for $250. Mr. Greenebaum purchased Anderson for $160. Tom Bendelow auctioned off a feather ball purchased in Scotland from Young Tom Morris. It went to Mr. D'Ancona for $500, and he promptly gave it back to the Western Golf Association for the Red Cross.

CHAPTER XXI

AUCTIONEERS ON THE LINKS

Small club sets a mark in donations — Nation's capital turns out and Red Cross prospers — Western golfers on eastern courses — Contributions keep pace with mileage.

On June 9 there was held under the direction of the Western Golf Association at Lake Shore Country Club, Chicago, a Red Cross exhibition event that I shall always recall with pleasurable memories. Here was a club with 200 members which raised $35,000 during one afternoon of golf. This set a record for the country at that time and I do not believe that any club exceeded it later. I am glad to add that the quality of the golf was somewhat in keeping with the generosity of the club. One golf critic wrote:

"Without indulging lavishly in superlatives it was perhaps the greatest four-ball match ever staged on a Chicago course."

In passing it might be explained that the membership of the organization is restricted to those of Jewish extraction. The grounds are located on the beautiful North Shore with the fine clubhouse commanding a view of the lake.

The match was well managed, as might be expected from those who had demonstrated executive ability in wider fields. There was something equally marked in

the courteous hospitality shown the players. When I begin to think of names I hesitate, so many, both men and women, assisting in the noble enterprise. Julius Rosenwald came on from Washington to become the prince of auctioneers. He deftly and artistically extracted money from the " congregation " on the club-house green, ably assisted by Alfred Austrian, Milton Goodman and the Messrs. Block.

After each hole was played the four balls used were placed in a bag and auctioned off. These balls I think brought $11,000 or $12,000 and were to be kept among the " archives " of the club. The auctions were conducted with a fine spirit, and it was enough to make one dizzy watching the careless ease with which thousands of dollars were contributed.

The players in the match were Jim Barnes of Broadmoor, Jock Hutchinson of Glenview, Bob MacDonald of Indian Hill and I. The scoring on the whole was very good, and there were many brilliant shots made. The last four holes were played in the rain and we finished all even. The scores were: Hutchinson, 69; Evans, 72; MacDonald, 75, and Barnes, 76.

One of the most dramatic matches of the season was played at the Columbia Country Club, Washington, D. C., June 15. The contest was arranged by Doctor L. L. Harban, U. S. G. A. director for many years, and one of the hardest-working friends of golf in the country.

Fred MacLeod and I were paired against Jim Barnes and Walter Hagen. The latter pair are always a formidable combination, particularly so when one of the opposing force is an amateur. The weather was ideal,

Photo by Pietzcker, St. Louis.

Evans on the eighth green in the National Amateur finals at the Merion Cricket Club, 1916, showing actual putting form of that period with a center shafter putter.

Photo by Pletscker, St. Louis.

In the author's opinion the form displayed shows a perfect follow through. This snapshot of [redacted] was taken at Memphis in the 1920 Western Amateur tourney.

neither hot nor cold, with a sky soft and hazy, conducive to good golf and likely to call out a good gallery. The publicity part had been well attended to, and though Washington is a late-rising city, there was a fair crowd early in the morning. Fully 8,000 saw the finish.

There were many Chicago golfers in the gallery, and among the most interested spectators were Judge John Barton Payne and Mrs. Payne, at whose home I was staying while in Washington. Donald Edwards and Willie Howland were there in their khaki; in fact, it was a great gallery for uniforms, and I think that the military dress of every one of the allies as well as neutrals was seen there.

As we reached the sixteenth hole there was a whirring sound, and a big aeroplane appeared. The aviator performed most of the dangerous feats of the birdman for the benefit of the crowd, and when his evolutions were over, he dropped a bag of New York mail, and in it was a letter for me. I am not likely to forget the first letter I ever received by the sky route.

The match had been evenly contested up to the thirty-sixth hole where I had a big inning. I hope that I shall be forgiven for mentioning it, even in a Red Cross match, because so many golf critics persistently declare that I cannot putt. I do not say that they are not justified in their statement, but hereafter I can always offer this proof to the contrary. Before that brilliant gallery extending along the fairway and massed about the last green, on that beautiful June day in Washington, I holed a 15-foot putt for a win.

With such a crowd one may guess that the Red Cross prospered. For the benefit of future golf generations

the club had a shield made with pockets to hold the balls used in the match, and with a place, of course, for the proper inscription. This was placed in the clubhouse to commemorate the first Red Cross day in the club's history. I feel honored to have had a part in it.

The very next day Jerome Travers and I, at the Siwanoy Country Club, N. Y., played against Barnes and Hagen, the same formidable pair I had just encountered at the Columbia Country Club. The amateurs were beaten at the fifth extra hole.

The scores in the match were good, and at the last hole in the morning Travers sunk a long approach putt to square the match. Raymond Hitchcock auctioned off the ball used by Travers for that putt. It went to A. J. Mendes for $105. I believe that $3,000 was collected. The privilege of caddying for Travers went for $700; $125 was paid for me; $80 for Hagen, and $100 for Jim Barnes.

On the same day, at the Westmoreland Club in Chicago, Miss Alexa Stirling and Perry Adair were paired against Miss Elaine Rosenthal and Bobby Jones in a Red Cross match. There was a good gallery, and about $2,000 raised. On a Monday afternoon Max Marston and I were partners against Barnes and Hagen in a four-ball match at Merion, where I had won the national amateur title in 1916. The course was in good condition notwithstanding the fact there were no men working, only girls being employed to run the mowers and keep the courses in shape — fair proof of the versatility of today's womanhood.

Two matches at Mayfield Country Club resulted in divided honors. The first day Warren Wood and I were

beaten by Jim Barnes and Robert MacDonald; on the second this was reversed.

The Sunset Hills Club of St. Louis approached the Lake Shore Country Club of Chicago in the matter of large golf contributions to the Red Cross fund. This club raised in the neighborhood of $20,000 when Warren Wood and I played Perry Adair and Bobby Jones of Atlanta on July 1. It was an extraordinarily well managed event. It may be interesting to know that an autograph letter from President Wilson sold for $2,000.

Hutchinson is a flourishing town of about 20,000 people, situated in Central Kansas. I knew some people there, and they invited me to stop off on my way to Colorado Springs, where we were to play July 4.

When Warren Wood and I reached there the town was sweltering under a fierce Kansas sun, but the energy of its inhabitants was not diminished. Before the match started over $600 had been obtained by the sale of tickets and small articles. The auctioneer was a professional and an interesting local character. He was slightly hunchback and must have brought me good luck, for I broke the course record with a 33 the first time around. And he certainly could get the money. Each time that one of us made a hole in par the ball was sold. Whenever the bidding lagged he would turn to the service flag, bearing a dozen or more stars, and say:

"See this here flag! Them's the boys over yonder; there ain't no use talkin', we gotta bid more!" And they did.

When all sales were added up it was found that about $1,600 had been collected.

The local members of our four-ball match were Tom

Griffith, many times winner of the Kansas State Championship, and Emerson Carey, president of the club.

Independence Day was celebrated in a truly patriotic manner at Broadmoor, a wonderful, brand new course near Colorado Springs. Almost actually carved out of the Rocky Mountains it was formally dedicated that day by a match played by Warren Wood and the writer against Jim Barnes, the professional of the club and Jock Hutchinson of Glenview.

Considering its newness the course was in good condition and the scores made were not at all bad. Although a violent rainstorm swept the course with thunder echoing from the mountains, play was but slightly interrupted. It was hard on the big gallery but the golfers were used to rain.

In asking for the match Spencer Penrose had guaranteed $10,000, but it seemed no trouble at all for that club to raise $12,500. A golf ball, autographed by President Wilson, was sold for $500. The rest was made up by subscriptions and the sale of tickets.

The following Monday the same quartet played at the Lakewood Country Club of Denver, where $3,000 was raised. Another ball autographed by President Wilson was bought by Tom Botterill for $650. Barnes had a particularly fine score, a 68, and he had never seen the course before.

Another week found Warren Wood and myself at Pittsburgh, where we played against Hutchinson and Hagen at the Pittsburgh Field Club. The amateurs were defeated. This was another banner day, over $10,000 being taken in. The high water mark for carrying privileges was reached for me, at $1,000.

From Pittsburgh I rushed back to Chicago for a match at my own club, the Edgewater. It was something that we had been looking forward to for a long time. First we had hoped to get Francis Ouimet, but he couldn't come, and the line-up at last was Evans and Hagen against Hutchinson and MacDonald. As it was my own club I think it right to add details. There was a gallery of about 3,000, and $10,000 was raised. Herman Hettler paid $600 for the privilege of carrying my clubs; Mrs. C. C. Kawin paid $250 for forecaddie privileges; Hugo Arnold, $150 to caddy for Hutchinson; W. E. Wroe, $100 for forecaddie privileges; C. C. Pell, $180 to caddy for Hagen; Mrs. E. E. Keegan, $130 for forecaddie privileges; H. E. Bell, $150 for the privilege of caddying for MacDonald, and Mrs. Lamb the same amount for forecaddie privileges.

From a golfing viewpoint the scores were good, with Jock Hutchinson and Robert MacDonald meeting their first defeat in a Red Cross match. I led with a 72, Hagen had 73; Hutchinson, 74, and MacDonald, 75.

It is generally known that Hazelden Farm, near Brook, Indiana, is the home of George Ade, and there is a Hazelden Golf Club with nine holes and a pretty log clubhouse on the property. This club wanted a Red Cross match, and Mr. Ade applied to the Western Golf Association for players and a date. The match was scheduled for July 18, which happens to be my birthday. I also happen to be a native of Indiana, which made it seem fitting that I should be one of the players. The others of the quartet, Kenneth Edwards, Jock Hutchinson and Bob MacDonald, represented Illinois and Scotland.

When we arrived we found a crowd, greater than I could believe existed in that whole countryside, awaiting us. It had not come entirely to see our game, for a much more spectacular performance than ours was given by six aviators from Rantoul, Illinois. One of these experts was Kenneth Carpenter, well known to golf in pre-war days.

The old friends and neighbors of Mr. Ade gladly seized this opportunity to give generously to the Red Cross, and about $5,000 was raised, a sum a big city club would have been proud of. Ade himself caddied for me in the first round. It is true that, like many another honor, it held a bit of discomfort, for I am easily "fussed" and not accustomed to have such a service rendered by such a celebrated individual. I recovered, however, by the second round and broke the record of the course with a 30. Our match went to 22 holes without a decision.

On July 20, Warren Wood and I were defeated by Hutchinson and Hagen at St. Paul, Minnesota. The match was for the Fatherless Children of France Fund, and more than $3,000 was raised. I felt I was really doing a worth-while service, up to that time of that year I had appeared in matches which had brought in something like $170,000, and I was quoted as saying, and no doubt it was true, that in the last 28 days I had slept in 27 different beds.

The day following the St. Paul match Oswald Kirkby of Englewood, N. J.. and Max Marston of Baltusrol played Warren Wood and me at the Flossmoor Country Club near Chicago. We were defeated 2 and 1. Mr. Kirkby's home-coming in 34 deserves mention, as it was

three strokes under par. The " purse " amounted to more than $4,000.

Stewart Gardner, professional of the Old Elm Club, and I played against Jock Hutchinson of Glenview and Jack Croke of Exmoor at South Bend, Ind., July 24, and we met with defeat. There was a large gallery, and more than $1,000 was raised.

Kenneth Edwards and I competed against the professionals, Frank Adams and Jock Hutchinson, at the fine old Illinois town of Galesburg, July 25. We had an interesting match and a good deal of money was made. " Caddie privileges," our expressive Red Cross Golf term, alone sold for $300. The buyers were W. C. Hudson of Chicago, Dyke Williams, Henry Hill and Otis Goff of Galesburg.

On the morning of July 22, Warren Wood and I played against Kenneth Edwards and Phil Gaudin at the Riverside Club in Indianapolis. Celebrating the return to my birthplace, I was able to break the course record with a 70, 4 under par. In the afternoon of the same day we played another four-ball match on the Highland Park course in the same city. Both matches were successful events.

The match at Beverly August 12 had several noteworthy features. Jock Hutchinson set a record of 66 for the course, 4 below par. That was something that Adams and I could not equal, but the price paid at auction for the privilege of caddying for us broke the world's record. Frank Johnson paid $1,100 for the chance to carry my clubs, and James Dailey, $2,300 to carry Frank Adams'. MacDonald brought $205, and Hutchinson $600. The auctioneer was Charles Burras.

Warren Wood and I played against Jock Hutchinson and Phil Gaudin over the public links at Lincoln Park August 19. It was the first time that any large event had taken place on the course. It was a huge success. A crowd of 2,000 contributed nearly $5,000. Sailors from the Great Lakes Station held the ropes and kept the crowd in order. We found the links exceedingly good, almost like a seaside course, having been laid out on new land along the lake. It may be of interest to learn that the best score made was 78.

I had planned a short period of rest before beginning another series of matches, when one day my telephone rang and a voice from the Great Lakes Station informed me that I was wanted to play with Lloyd Gullickson, a sailor, against Jock Hutchinson and Bob MacDonald on the Jackson Park course for the Navy Relief Fund. Although Jackson Park had already held two successful Red Cross matches, and feeling that even the loyal enthusiasts of that course would tire of exhibition golf, I replied that if President Thompson of the W. G. A. could fit the match into his schedule I would be there.

Mr. Thompson agreed with me that in the previous matches Jackson Park had done its bit, but Lloyd Gullickson was a product of the public course and he felt that his game would have a peculiar appeal for the golfers there. The young man, scarcely more than a boy, had been in training at the Great Lakes Station for several months. He was an orphan and had developed his game under great difficulties.

It was a " gasless " Sunday, but, though never a wheel of automobile turned that day, the popularity of the players brought out the largest gallery in the his-

tory of Chicago golf. While the caddie privileges were being auctioned off the crowd spread from the clubhouse, from three to twenty deep, on both sides of the 407 yards of the first fairway to a close grouping around the first green. How those people gave, and how they enjoyed it.

I managed to find time to drop in on " Club Relations Day " of the Chicago District Golf Association and to listen to a speech of Charles Burras, with its keynote of " Give till you are happy." So far it seemed that the clubs of this Association had turned in nearly $100,000 for the Red Cross.

Miss Elaine Rosenthal and I played at the Skokie Golf Club against Miss Ernestine Pearce and Otto Hackbarth, the club professional, Sept. 8. There was to be a " Wild West " show and also an aeroplane exhibition by Lieutenant Osborne of the United States Army Corps. Osborne, before entering the service, had been a clergyman, a true " sky pilot." About $4,500 was collected. It was a generous crowd for there were many boys from the Skokie Club " over there." Among the best known was Fraser Hale, a lieutenant in the artillery, who had sailed a year before, and was then acting as an aerial observer.

The match at Skokie was supposed to be our last in the Chicago district. During that week Jock Hutchinson and I played an exhibition match at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. We were given for partners in the match two Iowa boys, Bob McKee of Des Moines, and Rudolph Knepper of Sioux City. They were both under 18, and both played a good game. About $1,800 was raised.

We had a match at the Milwaukee Country Club Aug.

3 in which I was paired with Jimmie Standish of Detroit against George Simpson and Frank Adams, Chicago professionals. Jimmie Standish seems always to have a very stimulating effect upon my game and to his presence I attribute my good score. A local paper of that date mentions that " Milwaukee golf fans witnessed one of the most perfect games of golf ever played in the city to-day when Chick Evans broke all course records at the Milwaukee Country Club."

When we were asked to play on August 4 at the Old Elm Club, near Chicago, I was both surprised and pleased, for the public was invited. Never before had the doors of this club been opened to outsiders. The club had been founded to meet a special need. Almost all its members belonged to other organizations, but as they were men of big affairs, their time for sports was limited. Consequently they could get but little golf if they must wait their turn on crowded links. To give themselves privacy and time they had built this club.

The membership was strictly limited, expensive and hedged about with all sorts of restrictions, one being that no women were allowed either on the course or in the clubhouse. These rules may have given a wrong impression, but there was no intention of aristocratic seclusion but to provide a chance for busy men to enjoy, without interruption, their period of outdoor recreation. The exclusion of women, very common at British courses, was merely carrying out the idea that the club was founded for playing golf, and not for the social functions of a country club.

Every restriction vanished on our Red Cross day. The public came and, of course, the ladies. I realized then

what the club members had been missing on those links. The brilliantly colored sweaters and white dresses are a large portion of the picturesque side of golf, and what would a gallery be without them?

Warren Wood of Chicago and I had been selected to represent the West in a series of Red Cross team matches scheduled for the East to take the place of the National Amateur and Open championships. Warren, however, who had many responsibilities, could not make the trip at the time chosen, and Bobby Jones of Atlanta was asked to take his place. He was already in Baltusrol when I left Chicago on September 13 for that place. There on the scene of the National Open Championship of 1915 our first eastern match was played. Our opponents were Oswald Kirkby of Englewood and Max Marston of the home club. We defeated them 2 and 1, for us an auspicious opening on our eastern invasion. I had a special reason for rejoicing, for when Marston and Kirkby had played against me at Flossmoor my side was the loser.

The match was closely contested, but at no time were Bobby and I down. Max Marston's drives on that day were some of the longest that I have ever seen. On the seventh hole, 562 yards in length, he was on the green in two. Fortunately for us he was not putting so well. Kirkby, however, was "sinking 'em" and once he holed a long curly putt of about forty feet to win a 250-yard hole in 2. Bobby and I were doing very well ourselves, and in consequence the interest in the match held to the end.

The crisis came at the 460-yard fifteenth hole. We were then 1 up. Kirkby and Marston were straight

down the course, but Bobby went out of bounds. I pulled just over the trap into the rough. My next shot I count among the mysteries of golf, for my ball sailed from the rough to the edge of the green, and we won the hole. We halved the next two and the match was won. The collection amounted to about $1,500.

From Baltusrol Bobby and I went up into Westchester county, N. Y., to play at the Scarsdale Club against Jack Dowling and Tom MacNamara. There the large crowd was entertained by the late Clifton Crawford, the actor, who made a notable speech in pleading for a big collection. Bobby and I were beaten 1 up by the two professionals.

Our next match had been scheduled for Englewood, New Jersey, against Oswald Kirkby and Jerome Travers. There had been much discussion as to the probable outcome of this match, but a heavy downpour of rain made it impossible to play on the day selected. We were obliged to take the train that night for Connecticut, where we played against Max Marston and J. G. Anderson over the pretty course of the Shuttle Meadow Country Club. Our opponents were badly beaten, Bobby Jones being the bright star of the occasion.

Early the next day we took a train for Worcester, Massachusetts. Although it was raining when we arrived we determined to go out to the Country Club and see if it were possible to play. The rain had not been severe enough to do any harm. It was about 3 o'clock before we set out in our match against Louis Tellier and Tom MacNamara. The course was fine and it was my good day. I made the round in 70 or 71. We lost the match to the professionals, however, on the nineteenth hole.

The rain did not prevent the Worcester people from coming out.

The following day, September 22, we played at the Brae Burn Country Club. As originally scheduled we were to meet Francis Ouimet and Jesse Guilford, but the former did not show up and Mike Brady took his place. Mike was in wonderful form and made a great score. We were beaten 3 and 2, after being 6 down at the turn. On the conclusion of this match Bobby and I departed for our homes, he to Atlanta and I to Chicago.

The Red Cross Golf season was drawing to a close, in fact I thought that it was over when I was asked to play with Miss Elaine Rosenthal against Alexa Stirling and Bobby Jones at the Scioto Club, Columbus. The two ladies were returning from an extensive Red Cross trip in the East. The amount raised, $8,000, was an extraordinarily large sum considering that the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign was at its height in the city.

On that Saturday night 1,400 people gathered in a large hall in Columbus where the returns from the loan campaign were to be announced. At the same hour 165 golfers sat down to dinner at the Scioto Country Clubhouse. Outside the rain was falling in torrents but inside there was cheer because the word reached us that Columbus had gone "over the top" with a liberal margin.

Our game had all the elements of popularity. There was the National Women's Champion, Miss Stirling; the Western Women's Champion, Miss Rosenthal; the Southern Champion, Bobby Jones, and the writer, then

both National Amateur and Open Champion. But the golf was not so good as might have been expected. The ladies were tired from a long season of strenuous war work and Red Cross matches and even Bobby Jones was off his game.

Miss Rosenthal and I were 13 points up. Up, too, went our confidence in our combination, for it was the third time that we had played together, and with as many victories.

The auction was held at the first tee and at no other match in the country have I seen so many people in the bidding. The auctioneer was Mr. Karv, mayor of the city, and he was at his best. The sum of $4,484 was realized from the auction of the caddie privileges and the sale of the four balls used. The remainder came from the sale of tickets.

On October 13 I was asked to play at the Bob O'Link Golf Club near Chicago, for the Overseas Tobacco Fund. I was paired with Walter Hagen against Jock Hutchinson and Robert MacDonald. I went around in 67, three strokes under the record. President Walter Ross was the auctioneer, and a good sum of money was raised. This was one of the last matches in Chicago.

Early in November it was officially announced that the Western Golf Association had raised $303,775 for the Red Cross. In appreciation of the good work all the hard-working officials were recommended for re-election.

I had played in 52 Red Cross matches, 48 arranged by the Western Golf Association and four others which were played as a matter of courtesy to certain individuals or charities. Of the amount raised by the West-

ern Golf Association I had assisted in the collection of about $250,000. Clubs in the Chicago district had contributed $89,797.32. The most profitable single match was at the Lake Shore Club, Chicago, which cost the Red Cross $2.50 in railroad fares and brought a net profit of $35,000.

As the foregoing sketch has been primarily an account of my own playing, a reference to the territory covered may not be out of place. Lines drawn from Winnipeg, Canada, to Denver, Colorado, on the west; to Memphis, Tennessee, and the White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, on the south; along the Atlantic coast from Washington to Boston on the east; to Toronto, Duluth, and back to Winnipeg on the north, roughly describe the limits of the field in which I competed. In order to engage in these matches I traveled 26,250 miles. I believe that I played every Saturday and Sunday from April 23 until October 5 and, of course, many days besides. Without the generosity of my firm and the patriotic co-operation of many other people these matches could not have been played.

On November 5, Warren K. Wood left for Red Cross work in France. He had contributed throughout the season, at a great personal sacrifice, all his spare time to golf. When that work was ended and the call for workers abroad became still more insistent, he concluded to give his whole time to the work although he had a young wife and two small children.

Two days after Warren left I received word that I had been accepted for aviation service. Previously I had been placed in a deferred classification, but it had been my intention from the first to enlist if I could

pass the tests and as soon as my disability could be removed. For the past year I had devoted all my spare time to the theoretic study of aeronautics and, after the Red Cross golf was over, while awaiting my call, I had been making a study of motors at some of the large factories of the country.

With the unexpected news of the armistice everything was changed. Our feverish activities and our restless minds turned once more to normal things. We even began to think of golf championships again and to wonder when they would be resumed.

The year 1918 had been purely and simply a Red Cross year. It stood alone as the only season in which not a single one of the championship tournaments of the country was played by the men golfers. It was with absolute unanimity that golfers laid aside their competitions, using their skill as a means of raising money for the Red Cross, or for a bit of friendly enjoyment during a time of much suffering and sorrow.

The season's golf left its impress upon the game. It made Americans appreciate the professional player. The professionals were very generous in giving their time to the game, but I am sure that they have been rewarded by this new appreciation. The professional's game is much better to watch than the amateur's, but many a time I have seen the amateur in the open events trailed by a large gallery while the best professionals walked almost alone. There will not be so much of that hereafter. We learned to understand the good points of their game in the Red Cross events.

One of the most highly treasured mementos of the season was a set of resolutions, engrossed on plate paper

Photo by Pietzcker, St. Louis.

The tenth hole at Roslyn on which Cyril Tolley, British champion, took a 9 in the qualifying round. Francis Ouimet and Evans are halving it in 2. Evans' putting stance, at this time, is clearly shown.

Photo by Pletzcker, St. Louis.

An early picture of Evans. It was taken in 1911, just after 's return from abroad, and shows his position in putting at that .

and bound in morocco, presented to me on Memorial Day the following year. The resolutions were passed by the Edgewater Club in December, 1918. They recited how I had been on the road, almost constantly, from April 23 to Oct. 5 in the interest of Red Cross golf; how I had played in 41 different cities traveling approximately 26,000 miles, and how I had assisted in raising $300,000 under the management of the Western Golf Association.

CHAPTER XXII

DEFENDING MY TITLES

A season bare of honors — Back to the Western Amateur — Keeping pace with the "pros" — Thrill of a lifetime at Roslyn precedes victory in the National.

The scene of my defense of the Open Championship title, which I had held since 1916, was the Brae Burn Country Club, near Boston. The time was June. It was earlier than usual, and if I had not been champion I do not think that I should have attended the event, for in spite of some good luck the amateurs are rather far outclassed by the professionals.

I arrived in Boston, however, a few days ahead of the tournament, and had several pleasant practice rounds, one with Charlie Hoffner of Philadelphia who seemed very promising. I found the narrow course much to my liking, but the fast rolling greens were a puzzle to me, and from first to last I had much trouble with them. Up to the greens I was playing about the finest game of my life; on them I was playing my worst.

I had scarcely teed up for my first round before I heard that Ouimet had 36 for ten holes. This was a wonderful score, but he, too, had his troubles afterwards. When the tournament ended I had lost my title rather easily, but I was first amateur. Ouimet was second. I have been unusually fortunate in the National Open,

for, in addition to winning the title in 1916, I have been first amateur in every one of the events in which I entered, except in 1915 at Baltusrol when Jerome Travers won the title.

Mike Brady has had many a chance to win and Brae Burn seemed his most glorious opportunity. Yet with but nine holes to go he faltered sadly and allowed Hagen to tie, and Hagen won the play-off.

Following my defeat in the National Open I left Boston for Long Island, where on the National Golf Links of America I had a wonderful three days of golf with Mr. Sabin, Mr. Ames and Mr. Grace. It was a delightful change from the tense nerves of the professional event.

I had been looking forward with much pleasure to the first amateur championship since 1916. The intervening years had been sad and hard and the National Amateur of 1919, scheduled for Oakmont, near Pittsburgh, promised to bring back something of the old, carefree, before-the-war days. But Fate has a way of shattering happy anticipations, and during the summer my old enemy disclosed himself with disquieting touches of pain in knee, in heel, and occasionally in my right arm. Whether it meant neuritis or rheumatism, the malady was taking the zest out of the summer from which I had expected so much pleasure. Then my father was taken ill, and the outlook was far from cheerful. As the event approached matters shaped themselves somewhat encouragingly, however, and I was able to leave Friday night, arriving in Pittsburgh in time to play.

I was paired with George Ormiston of Pittsburgh and we were among the unfortunate late starters. When we were five holes from home, one of the worst storms

of hail, wind and rain that I have ever known swept the course. For a time there was nothing that we could do except lie flat in a bunker and try to shield our faces from the hail, while a caddie with a split finger sobbed beside us. Mr. Ormiston was not very substantially clothed and when he removed his wet garments in the clubhouse he looked as if he had been through a small-pox siege.

Francis Ouimet was on the last hole when the storm broke out, but he, too, was completely drenched. The next day he was reported seriously ill with tonsillitis. My neuritis was also worse. It rained again Sunday and also Monday, the last day of the qualifying round, but in spite of the weather and our illnesses, I managed to qualify with 161 and Francis with 166.

I played my first match round on Tuesday against Dwight Armstrong of Pittsburgh and won 7 and 6; Francis played his first round against E. C. Cleary of Philadelphia, winning 2 and 1.

These victories brought Francis and me together for the first time in any big match-play event. The morning round was close and we ended all square. In the afternoon Ouimet played a remarkable game. He was 3 up going to the twenty-seventh, but I won that hole. He had needed a 4 for a record 32, but he took a 6, his resulting 34 being 3 under par!

We were all even going to the thirty-sixth. Both made good drives. Ouimet's second shot went into a bunker at the side of the green, but fortunately for him the lie was comparatively good. Mine went into the long grass, and unfortunately for me the lie was very bad. Ouimet made a good out and dropped to within 10 feet of the

cup. My shot from the rough was 15 feet away. I tried for my putt and missed by a few inches. Ouimet sank his and the gallery cheered wildly. I shook hands with the victor and the crowd rushed to congratulate him. I found myself standing entirely alone and went back unnoticed to the clubhouse.

Bobby Jones of Atlanta and Davidson Herron of Pittsburgh fought their way to the finals, the latter by some sterling golf defeating the southerner 5 and 4 for the championship.

In 1920 the Western Amateur was held at Memphis, Tennessee, in July, and it was the first time in its history that the event had been held on a Southern course. In 1915, when I had won the Western title for the fourth time, I resolved to give up the event. I was sorry to do it because I loved it, but I felt that I had had more than my share of honors in that particular event, and there were many promising young golfers just coming on who needed the encouragement of a Western title and I did not care to stand in their way.

Two events passed in which I did not enter, but when, with the war over, Memphis was selected my Southern friends begged me to reconsider my decision. They thought that the Northern golfers might so fear the heat that the tournament would not be properly representative. I had some fear of Memphis in July myself, and I had more fear of the Bermuda grass greens, but I have never been accustomed to " save " my game, and I went.

I found the personnel of players much changed from 1915. The field was decidedly young. Bobby Jones was there with a big following. He had just won the

Southern Championship at Chattanooga, Tennessee, with the greatest ease. As for "native heath"—Bermuda grass was Bobby's. He was so far ahead of the rest of us in the qualifying round that it looked like a one-man event.

As the tournament progressed, however, my game improved. I became more accustomed to the heat and the Bermuda grass greens. I was feeling ancient because all of my opponents, until I reached the final, were under age. Bobby and I met in the semifinals in what was regarded as the deciding match of the event. I was not supposed to have much of a chance owing to my opponent's popularity. Trains brought crowds from all over the South and we had a tremendous gallery.

At the end of the first 18 holes we were all square, but as usual my third nine was my best, and much to the surprise of the crowd I soon found myself 3 up and 7 to play. Then Bobby played three holes under par and won each of them, and I had a thrilling time on the next four holes. I turned an almost certain loss of a hole on the thirty-fifth to victory by what seemed to me a miraculous bunker shot and putt. Then I played the last hole safe and won the match.

My opponent in the finals next day was Clarence Wolff, a fine young player from St. Louis. It was an interesting match, and my victory gave me the Western Championship for the fifth time.

The 1920 National Open Championship was played over the Inverness Club course at Toledo. It was the largest and best I have ever attended. In spite of the tremendous field the professionals' knowledge of the

rules and their habit of quick playing made the rounds progress with incredible speed and smoothness. In addition to all the leading professionals of the United States the presence of Vardon and Ray, the British professionals, and Mr. Armour, the Scottish amateur, added to the interest of the occasion.

The course which had been almost entirely remodeled was in excellent condition, and very fine — difficult but fair — not a tricky shot, or hole. From the start the playing was of the finest, and some beautiful rounds were made. Our home-bred professionals, with the exception of Leo Diegel, who played some wonderful golf, did not do so well as usual. The British professionals had their troubles, but their greater steadiness brought them through in good shape, Ray's victory being well-deserved. I feel sure that Vardon would have stood higher, but his last holes were played in a sudden, terrific, but very short, windstorm that the earlier players missed.

While playing I was much dissatisfied with my own game. For some reason I found the course very hard. Its length fatigued me greatly. Naturally I was surprised to find, when the scores were in, that I was only three strokes behind the leaders, and one stroke ahead of Bobby Jones, the nearest amateur. Yet I had not had one brilliant round, and I had missed a number of short putts. I had a bad position in the field, a very early one, and it was entirely my own fault. I forgot to tell my club secretary to send in my entry, and it was done at the last moment, by telegraph. I had to take either a very late, or very early position, and I chose the early one, and I never knew until late in the

afternoon how I compared with the leaders. I was so disgusted with my putting, however, that I strongly considered adopting a new method, and a new putter for the National Amateur which would take place a few weeks later.

The Toledo tournament was a miracle of good management. It would not be fair to mention individuals, for the whole Inverness Club acted the generous host as one man, and the result was an extraordinary success.

About a week after my return from Toledo I played three matches on three successive days, against Vardon and Ray. The first one was with Phil Gaudin at the Skokie Golf Club, with a big gallery in a downpour of rain, and won 6 and 5; the next match was at eighteen holes at the Lake Shore Club, my partner was Robert Gardner, and we were defeated 1 up before an enormous gallery; my third match was at South Bend, Indiana, where I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Oliver. My partner was Walter Hagen, and after being 2 down and 3 to play we ended all even.

The Engineers' course near Roslyn, Long Island, seemed at first sight to be the most unusual links on which the National Amateur Championship had ever been played. I saw it for the first time early in the summer when I was making a business trip to New York, and I played a hasty and rather poor round over it. I did not see it again until the afternoon of Friday preceding the tournament when I walked over a few holes. It looked very difficult. I found most of the visiting golfers complaining about the course. Then and there I made up my mind to adopt another attitude. No good can come of fighting a course. I adopted a new resolution for

that tournament and that was that if I had made a good shot, or won a match I would not immediately believe that I had been suddenly transformed into a second Vardon, but merely consider myself lucky for the time.

The International team matches were to be played on Saturday and I played my first round over the course, winning my match. Great Britain was represented in the tournament by its Amateur Champion, Cyril J. H. Tolley, Roger Wethered, Lord Charles Hope, and Thomas D. Armour of Scotland, the French Open Champion. And Canada by its Amateur Champion, C. B. Grier, George D. Lyon, many times Amateur Champion, and a group of excellent players. This gave an international aspect to the event.

The qualifying rounds of the tournament proper were to be played on Monday over two courses — the additional course being North Shore, a very fine one about three miles from the Engineers'. My first round was early in the morning over the North Shore, where I played comfortably under 80. The afternoon at the Engineers' was crowded and slow, overwhelmingly so it seemed to me fresh from the rapid professional field at Toledo. I came through with a total of 160. I was very sorry to learn that most of the British players had failed to qualify.

Unless one approached it carefully there was something about that course to intimidate. When I looked at the bracket and found that Mr. Ouimet and I were on opposite sides I was pleased for I had waited a whole year for the chance of meeting him again. It seemed to me that his half, excepting Bobby Jones, was the easier, but I was learning the course. No one except F. C.

Newton will ever know how good was the game that he and I played in the first round. It was not because he was playing badly that I beat him by so large a margin. The galleries were following the other players. It was taken for granted that I could never win on that course.

The day following I had a touch of my old trouble — rheumatism. Neither my opponent, Reginald Lewis, nor I made very good scores, and we were close all the way, and I won at last by an incredibly thin shave.

The greatest thrill of my life came on the thirty-sixth hole when I was one down and one to play. To keep my game alive I had to win that hole. My tee shot found a bunker, and knowing that I must make the green I tried to get out with a wooden club and hit up amongst some trees. The noise made by their branches was the most sickening sound I ever heard in my life. The ball, which I could hardly see, lay about six inches deep in clover. I was about 140 yards from a terrifying green in 2, and Lewis was just over the green in the same number of shots. My mashie shot from that clover was as perfect a shot as I have ever made in the quietest hour of practice and I landed within fourteen feet of the cup. I defy anyone, though he shoot a hundred balls, to come closer to that hole from my lie. It left me with a downhill putt.

Owing to the slope of the greens I had to aim my shot considerably above the hole to allow the grade of the ground to send the ball into the cup. It worked exactly as I planned and my ball found the curve and rolled in. Lewis missed his putt, and then we started on the extra holes. All the other matches were long

over and a big gallery was following us. It was interesting but we were not playing well. It was not until the forty-first hole that I got down the winning putt. I do not know how Reginald Lewis felt, but when that match was over I was the weariest mortal who ever walked a golf links.

The next morning I was feeling fine physically, in fact I confided to my opponent, W. C. Fownes, Jr., that it was the first round that I had played over that course in which I was free from rheumatism. Mentally it was different, for Mr. Fownes had just put out Robert Gardner, and I was the lone western representative. Mr. Fownes, however, seemed very tired, and I found myself playing extremely well and I ended the morning round 6 up. I had learned by this time a great deal about the course. It was lucky that I stored up so good a lead, for Fownes' afternoon game was so fine that I was able to add but one hole to my morning lead.

The next day I played E. P. Allis, who had just beaten J. Wood Platt, who in turn had defeated Davidson Herron. Allis is a good golfer, and a magnificent putter, one of the players who hole 40 and 50 footers with ease. He had defeated me in the 1913 Western. The game demanded through the Engineers' fairway did not suit him, however, and after a rather close morning round I was able to defeat him by a very large margin.

In the same semifinals round Francis Ouimet beat Bobby Jones, 6 and 5. The margin surprised me because I know just how well Bobby can play.

The prospect of a final between Francis and me aroused the greatest excitement, and, although we had never played together under circumstances that would

afford a fair chance to judge our games, it seemed the unanimous belief of all the golf writers that Francis would win. Outside of the natural prejudice in favor of an eastern player, I think that the overwhelming belief grew out of the mistaken idea that the Engineers' was a putting course. "Francis is the best putter, and of course he will win," was the consensus of opinion.

I won that final by the big margin of 7 and 6 on the fairway and became again the National Amateur Champion. I putted well, not excellently. At last I had found a course where good second shots and well placed tee shots found their righteous reward, and for the time being the putting green was dethroned. Throughout that long week I never holed a really long putt, or had a freakishly good shot of any kind, and I missed many short putts. But I did place my tee shots, and I did keep my second shots out of bunkers, and marvelous putting was not necessary. Whenever at the Engineers' you found yourself obliged to make an extra fine putt you could be sure that your work through the fairway had faltered. Francis did not putt so well as usual, but his real weakness that day was through the fair green, and on that course you could not wander from the straight path without punishment.

I was glad to win, not only because I had waited a year for an opportunity to play against so fine a man as Francis, but also because it showed me that there was a championship course where the careful shot-making part of the game was rewarded. It was no place for the mighty hitter who lacked direction.

The night following the final I left for Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where I had a little social match with

friends at the Bethlehem Country Club. Then on my way westward I was taken very ill, but a rest all day on the train enabled me to take an aeroplane to Kokomo, Indiana, where Robert MacDonald and I were due to play Vardon and Ray. In spite of my illness my game was at its best, Bob's was also good, and we had a great victory of 6 and 5.

I was too ill to go to Washington where I had an engagement with Judge Payne, Secretary of the Interior, and Bob and I went home to Chicago by aeroplane. After a little rest I went East again to keep my engagements in Vardon and Ray matches. There was one at Merion Cricket Club, Philadelphia, where Max Marston and I were defeated, 1 up; another at Morris County, New Jersey, where Bobby Jones and I got a 10 and 9 victory, and a very interesting one at the Northampton Club where Mr. E. G. Grace and I held those wonderful Britons even for the first 30 holes, but were defeated 3 and 2 in the late afternoon.

Then I played with my cabinet friends in Washington and a little later I went to Port Arthur, Canada, for a match with Mr. Lyon. On my way to the States I was again taken ill, and I ended my glorious golf season of 1920 in a hospital at Duluth, Minnesota; but oh! how I had enjoyed myself

CHAPTER XXIII

"OLD EDGEWATER"

There is just one boon I would ask of Fate
Could I live life over again;
I would play as of old on the Edgewater course,
A boy—with the Edgewater men.

As soon as I was able to travel I came home to receive an Edgewater welcome. It was a royal one, and as a token of appreciation of the honor I had brought the club I was presented with a beautiful little roadster, the outgoing president, H. A. Lundahl, and the incoming president, Paul E. Loeber, uniting in kindly expression of their pleasure. One of the greatest joys of victory is the satisfaction it affords one's friends. It was brought home to me with deeper significance when a few weeks later I was presented with a life membership in the Chicago District Golf Association.

During the whole time that I was caddying at the Edgewater Golf Club, J. C. Brocklebank was its president. I saw a great deal of him, first from afar, and then nearer and nearer as the years went by, and I learned to know what a fine man he was. He was a good friend and I owe much of whatever success I have made of my life to him.

Mr. Brocklebank was a natural executive, and the reason that he was in office so long was because he filled

the needs of the place so exactly. The club was his Edgewater. Occasionally he would try to resign his office, but the members would not let him go. To the old members he was always known as "Brock."

He was succeeded as president by William J. MacDonald, a fine business man, who carried the Edgewater Club most successfully through its transition period from the Old to the New Edgewater. His knowledge of real estate values put the New Club on a firm basis of prosperity. He had a genius for organizing, and the Annandale Club near Los Angeles, California, has also enjoyed the advantage of his guiding hand. He was a very good player, too, and I do not think I have ever had a better friend, and that is saying a good deal.

E. C. Herring, E. B. Ellicott, now a lieutenant colonel, and C. H. Brampton were men for whom I often caddied. Mr. Herring played the Edgewater course well. He hit his shoulder on the back stroke and as a result the club grip worked back and forth in his palm, and palm-gripping I consider one of the heresies of golf. Mr. Brampton was a slashing driver and one day, when I was caddying for him, he carried into the second valley of the sixth. Mr. Ellicott, who always played on the Edgewater teams, was very popular with all the caddies.

There were two brothers, R. L. and C. B. Davis, for whom I often caddied in the early days. R. L. Davis was one of the best students of the game on the grounds, much of his time being given to practice. Later on he developed a hitchy sort of a full stroke, and its irregularity made it less successful. Another crowd that used to play together, and among whom I always liked

to get a job, was composed of D. F. and J. L. Flannery, J. E. Tilt and John McConnell.

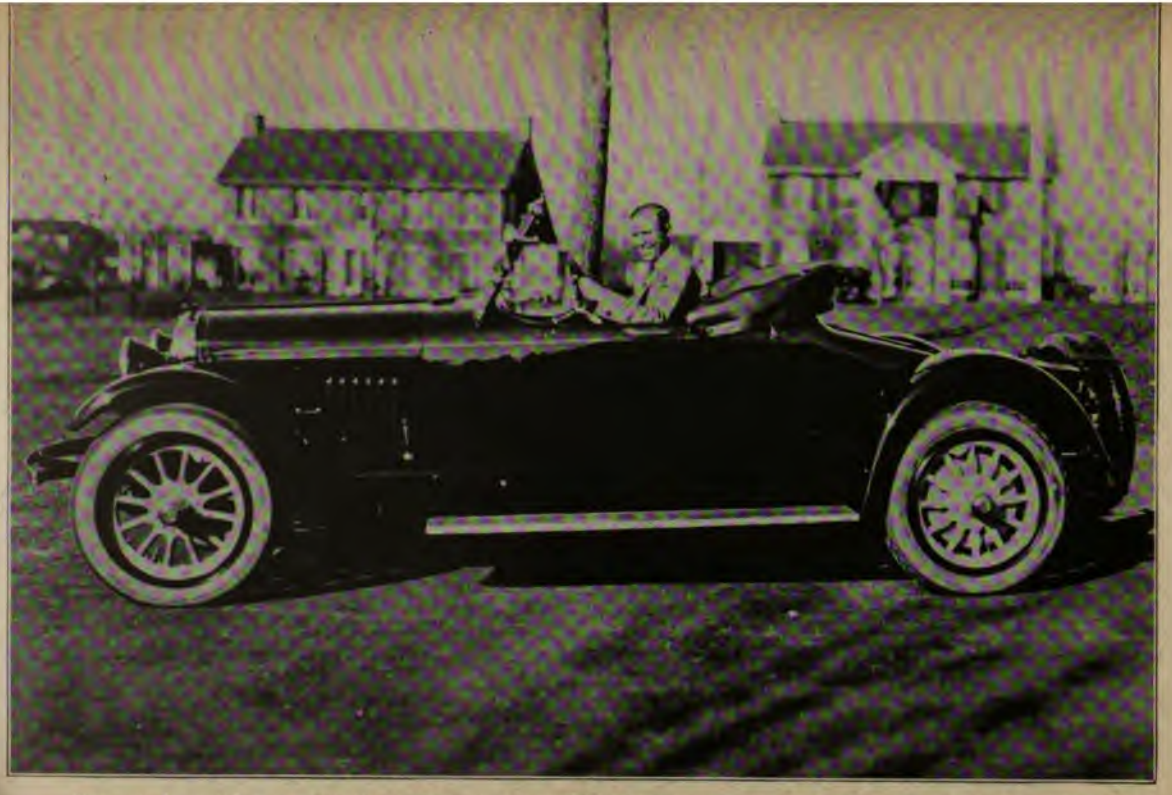
D. F. Flannery was, indeed, a good friend of mine. He was always breaking his wooden clubs because he just chopped down on the ball with the clubhead hitting the ground harder than the ball. I showed him how to get more of a sweep and he was much pleased.

Mr. Tilt was a left-handed player. He was a very small, rapid-gaited man, but even though he just sped around the course I was always at his side when he wanted a club and he never had to tell me to stand in another spot because he was left-handed. Mr. Fullerton was a still faster walker, indeed, he could outdistance any member when playing around the course.

John McConnell took his golf easily and he was a very kind and easy person to caddy for. The fault of his golf was that he always used to stop his stroke when the ball was struck instead of sending the clubhead through it.

One of the members for whom I caddied a great deal in the early days was T. N. Koehler. He played usually in a four-ball match, the other members of it being Harry Taylor, Charles H. Hermann and Claude Seymour. I have since been told that there was always a debate between these men to determine which could get me for a caddie, and that many times they matched coins for me. I can never forget my daily trips around the links with them for they were the jolliest foursome that ever came out, and Mr. Seymour was probably the most cheerful of all. No one mourned his death more than I.

One of these players told me that one day they were watching me at the finish of their game. They saw me



Cups and medals are not the only rewards which have come Evans' way. Here is the magnificent roadster the Edgewater Club members presented him after he had won the 1920 championship.

The first and ninth fairways of the Old Edgewater Golf Club on which Evans learned his game. No bunkers and few hazards obstructed the course. The site is now covered with apartment buildings.

drop an ancient, badly cut-up ball where I stood, and then taking my old mashie play it across the course on my way home. Mr. Seymour turned to the others and said: "That kid will be a champion golfer some day!"

I think that he must have been one of my earliest prophets.

One of the dearest memories I have of Old Edgewater is of my work for Henry Newton, a small and very bronzed man, who made a study of the game and golfed summer and winter. I think that my brother caddied for him, too, for rain or shine, Mr. Newton was always out. He liked to converse with me about the game while I caddied for him, and was always very kind and encouraging to me. He took a deep interest in the old club and everything connected with it. Mr. Newton died several years ago in California.

Colonel McEntee was a man for whom I caddied often. He was a Civil War veteran and I remember lying on the ground near a congested short hole one Saturday afternoon and hearing him tell of some of his experiences as a soldier. He was of special interest to me at that time, for there were not so many colonels then as now.

These men were particularly friendly with another great friend of mine at the club. This was C. K. Miller. All along my golfing way he has been a source of encouragement. I think that Mr. Miller first came out to the club to find relief from nervousness and for that reason he liked to play when the course was not crowded. There was nothing that amused Mr. Miller more than the inseparability of my midiron and me. When my way

to the national championship seemed long, and the realization of my hopes was delayed, Mr. Miller's belief in me never faltered.

W. G. Stoughton had belonged to the old club when it was playing on vacant lots west of Broadway and north of Foster, and, of course, he was one of the adventurous spirits who moved to the real course at Devon avenue and took an active part in the development of that course and club. I admired him very much, and this esteem led me to imitate him in a habit that has proved most beneficial to me. Although he competed often with other players he was accustomed to take a single club and go off alone to practice out different ideas. In consequence the boys used to refer to him as "Old Lonesome," a term that might since have been applied to me, for that is my habit of practice, and I am convinced that it is the best one.

Another one of Edgewater's earliest players was George E. Watson. He had been to England and in the course of a bicycle trip from Edinburgh to London had stopped at several golf clubs. He came home and immediately inoculated his friend C. P. Whitney with his golf enthusiasm. As a result they joined Edgewater, the course nearest to them.

One of the interesting figures at Old Edgewater was George I. Jones, known to his friends as "G. I." Mr. Jones was one of the charter members of the club and had even played golf on the "First Edgewater," down on Foster Avenue. It was as a caddie for his daughter, Miss Amy Jones, that I made my first essay at golf. He was a very quiet man who played golf more for exercise than for companionship. I caddied for him

many times. His clubs were of the kind first made in this country. He never changed them nor his shafts either.

George Manierre was one of the Edgewater regulars and came out early in the morning, often when the grass was still dewy. Horton gave him many a lesson and I chased many a ball for him. At that time he was having considerable trouble with his eyes, and one of his reasons for coming out so often to the club was the advantage the enforced rest might be to them.

When we played around, Mr. Manierre always had me tee up his ball, and owing to the fact that he did not see well it had to be done very accurately. He had a very good swing, however, and I could not realize that he could not see where the ball went.

R. A. Griefen joined the old Edgewater Golf Club about 1899. He had been a member of the old Evanston Golf Club at Main Street for two years previous. This course was usually under water, and that fact enabled Mr. Griefen to appreciate the sandy, well-drained Edgewater links. I often carried for him during my caddie days and played many a game with him afterwards. Often I played in a foursome with him and Mr. Lincoln and Harry Turpie.

L. A. Ferguson played a splendid game in the old days. He was one of the longest and straightest drivers we had. One day when I was caddying for him he got onto the "Birches" green in a drive, a brassie and a long iron, which was some golf in the days of the hard ball. F. C. Schoenthaler belonged to the club in those days but he rarely came out, his two sons, Warren and Marshall, making up for his absences.

I have a clear memory of caddying for Andrew McNally, a white-haired kindly old gentleman, and going home and telling my mother that I had caddied for the man who made the geographies. George E. Marshall was another old member who was sure to come out for a round of golf on certain days.

Arthur Dyrenforth, an eastern university man, was one of the pleasantest men and best players at Edgewater. He was a little more athletic than our other golfers, and was unusually pleasant to the boys. I caddied for him often and particularly liked him because he never got angry at either ball or caddie. W. W. Gurley was Mr. Dyrenforth's partner, and the two were always coupled in my mind.

L. A. Calkins was one of the smallest members of the club, but there was nothing small about his golf. He always smoked a cigar, and I recall how he drew his left foot off the ground when he finished his stroke. I think that he had the tightest palm grip I ever saw. He was a serious golfer and always wanted to know why he couldn't do this or that. Mrs. Calkins was also a golfer and they both played in the mixed foursomes, much to the amusement of the caddies for she was just as cool and even-tempered as he was quick and excitable.

Mr. Stiles came out rather infrequently, but I always associate him with Ed. Heath, who was a lover of Edgewater and owner of some fine horses. He usually rode horseback to the club and then engaged a caddie to hold his mount while he played golf. I had the job once but I preferred caddying.

It seems to me that there were a good many left-handed golfers at Old Edgewater. They played pretty

well, too. One of them was T. E. Grubb, a great friend of mine. He was one of the few men who came out and played with their wives. Frequently I had them " double." That means that I carried both bags, something every caddie, if he is strong enough, loves to do, for it means double pay. Mr. Grubb played a great deal with those other good friends of mine, George Weaver and Fred Larson.

Still another left-handed player was C. A. Jennings who was a very popular member of the club. Mrs. Jennings, too, was a good golfer, and was very active in ladies' events. There was also a pretty little daughter Elizabeth.

Eddie Crosby was one of the finest players at Old Edgewater notwithstanding the fact that he was on the wrong side of the ball. He was about the prettiest-playing left-hander I have ever seen. He had as fine a swing as one would care to see, and moreover, a very graceful one. Few indeed could beat him in those days. He had a dear old father, W. S. Crosby, who was very generous to the caddies, and there was a long, lanky son, Millard, of whom I saw more later.

John Francis, a Burlington Railway official, was another member of the rather large group of left-handed golfers at Edgewater. He loved to play and was usually good for an all-day job on Sunday. He played a great deal with Mr. Houston, a Kentucky gentleman with a marked southern accent that interested the caddies.

One Sunday morning at the golf club stands out definitely in my mind. It was late and when I got my job I saw that it was a new member for he was dressed in

the full and shining regalia of the novice. I knew the moment that I cast my eyes upon him that I would be obliged to chase many a ball and keep an eye open for anything that might happen. A beginner is not particularly sought after by caddies because he makes more work, but I have been glad for many a year that I never hesitated over the job that morning, for it was the beginning of a long and happy friendship.

I am afraid, too, that on that first day G. M. Weaver did not consider me a very promising-looking caddie, for he said later that "the freckled little fellow seemed too delicate and hardly strong enough for the job." We concealed our feelings when we started out, but at the end of the round we were mutually pleased, and I was most liberally paid, a big, extra, silver dollar coming my way. After that I caddied often for Mr. Weaver, and he frequently brought out Mrs. Weaver. They never forgot that I was the first caddie they ever had at Edgewater.

E. P. Chatfield was an ardent Edgewater golfer. He came to the club a little before I began playing in tournaments, I think that I was at the Evanston Academy then, and we frequently played together. Often we golfed around with only a midiron. Each winter he went away to play golf for he loved the game. He died in Florida and I felt that another link had been snapped in the chain of Old Edgewater memories.

I could tell all the Edgewater players by their swings, and in this connection I recall, with something of a pang, a little habit of mine. I always paused for a moment as I turned the alley of Southport Avenue of afternoons, for from that point I could take in the

whole course at a glance, and tell exactly who was out, as I could identify every player by his swing, and if it was a man with whom I was likely to be asked to play I can remember how my step quickened.

Mr. Chatfield's swing was one of the easiest to pick out. I think that he rather grew to depend on me, and I on him. In those late fall afternoons he was sure that "Chick would be out anyway." He was one of the kindest, friendliest men I have ever known.

An interesting figure among the members of the old club was J. L. Silsbee. He lived down in Edgewater, and I believe that he was an architect by profession. He played very often but rarely took a caddie. Sometimes one of his several pretty daughters came out and caddied for him. This did not make him popular with the caddies, but I carried for him several times and liked him, for he was never unkind and never swore when he missed a shot. He played his golf silently as if it was a serious business, taking just so much of a man's time.

During these years some clever man invented an attachment for the bag of the caddieless golfer. It was a protruding rod that could be stuck in the ground to hold the bag upright while the shot was being made, for bending over to pick up the bag after every shot on 18 holes was wearisome work. Mr. Silsbee was the first one to employ this invention at the Edgewater Club. It amused the kids very much.

My earliest recollections of Knowlton L. Ames are connected with a bright, shiny quarter that one of the other caddies had received as a tip from that sterling player. All of the boys wanted to caddy for him, not

only because he was generous but also because he played a good game and always competed with good players, and therefore there were few lost balls and not much of the trouble that makes so many extra steps for caddies. Then, too, when he came out on holidays, it always meant an all-day job and that is the sort the caddie is looking for.

Mr. Ames' most frequent playing companions in those days were Jack Sellers, C. E. Yerkes, Mr. Donnell and H. T. Holtz. Mr. Ames himself, however, chiefly used Edgewater as a spring and fall club, and in the summer months he played at Glenview and Chicago Golf, far out in the country.

At that time Mr. Ames and Mr. Sellers were as good players as any in the West and there was a sharp rivalry between them. Time and again they met in matches and their contests were usually close.

These two men had a great and continued influence over my game and my early life at Edgewater. About the first bit of useful golf instruction I ever received came from Mr. Sellers. He told me to put both thumbs down the shaft when playing my irons, and that little tip has had a great deal to do with the accuracy of these shots which seemed to come rather easily to me later on. I remember his practicing out on the third fairway and his grip, which I immediately copied, comes before me like a picture now.

One of the proudest moments of my life was when I beat both Mr. Ames and Mr. Sellers, using my midiron for all the shots. That circumstance and their praise gave me a great deal of encouragement.

There was one man at Edgewater in my early caddy-

ing days who I am sure had a kinder heart than ninety per cent of the people in this world. This was Philip R. Wilmarth, who lived in Rogers Park. He was the father of a large family. His eldest son was a great friend of mine, playing on the same football and baseball teams, and his daughter Helen, who grew up to be a very charming girl, was in my class in the Eugene Field Grammar School.

Mr. Wilmarth was over six feet in height and when he connected with a golf ball he drove it farther than any other member of Edgewater. He had a peculiar-headed driver with a very long shaft, and he took this club high up and sort of held it before bringing it down. At times he played a perfectly splendid game, but on other occasions his full, jerky swing failed to connect with the ball, and then the results made me, his caddie, almost weep.

Mr. Wilmarth came out to play very often, and one of his frequent companions was W. E. Bloomfield, a neighbor. Although Mr. Bloomfield was in no sense an athletic man and his game was poor Mr. Wilmarth liked very much to play with him. The reason for this was partly because Mr. Bloomfield was a pleasant and interesting companion, but I believe also, and this is a tribute to Mr. Wilmarth's great kindness of heart, that he felt he could always cheer Mr. Bloomfield up. For in spite of a brave, outside cheerfulness Mr. Bloomfield suffered agonies from cancer of the ear.

Among my friends I regarded none more highly than W. S. Warren. He was especially kind and encouraging to me in the early days of Old Edgewater. I think that he joined the club in 1899 or at any rate, he was among

the early members and long a familiar sight on the course.

Mr. Warren had always been interested in athletics, having been a good cricketer in his day, and he was at one time a member of the Cincinnati Red Stocking Baseball Team, which, as the baseball historian will tell you, was the nucleus of organized baseball. He liked billiards, too, but his favorite sport was golf. I know that he particularly encouraged his children to play that game. The result was that Parsons and Miss Marion were good young golfers, but in later years did not give the time necessary to perfect their game.

One act of Mr. Warren made him solid with every caddie. He put up a beautiful silver cup with buckhorn handles to be played for at the club—with permanent possession to the three-time winner. I remember seeing it in a glass case on the clubhouse veranda.

The competition for which the cup was put up was a three-day handicap event, at 27 holes, three times around Old Edgewater, on that many occasions. And Parsons Warren, son of the donor, when about sixteen years old, with little Chick Evans caddying for him won the cup.

A few years afterwards John McConnell gave a cup to be played for by Edgewater members of fifty-five years, or over, and I remember that Mr. Warren defeated Mr. Chatfield in the semi-finals, and H. J. Peet on the nineteenth hole in the final. The next year Mr. Warren gave a cup for the same kind of an event and Mr. Flannery beat Laverne Noyes in the final.

CHAPTER XXIV

MATCHES NOT IN THE "BOOK"

Players at Old Edgewater typical Chicagoans — Odd shots find queer lies — Ball seeks out a new nineteenth hole — Watch crystal serves as tee — Known by their swings.

Although only a 9-hole course, Edgewater had very fine, well-drained greens that could be played even after the heaviest rains, and in addition, it was the most accessible of all the Chicago courses. Consequently good players frequented the course in the beginning or at the finish of their season. Hence it happened that I could watch most of the good players of the district there. It was there that I saw the Egan boys for the first time, although I did not get a chance to caddy for them. Their names, of course, were familiar to me, and I scarcely took my eyes from them. I was caddying at the time for Waller Knott.

Mr. Knott was a very promising player in those days, and he and W. E. Clow, Jr., usually represented Edgewater in the scratch tournaments. Parsons Warren also played in these events. I recall that Knott had a boyish swing, not a real hit, but he was always on the line, a careful player, and a good putter, and once beat Chandler Egan in a tourney.

W. E. Clow, Jr., had a long drive like Parsons Warren, but it lacked the dash and prettiness of Pat's stroke.

He sort of swept the ball off the tee and fussed a lot with his stance and grip, while Parsons got up and let her have it. When it did go, oh my!

I think that I caddied for Mr. Clow in my first big tournament away from Edgewater. The National Championship was being held at Glenview and our caddie master told us that all who went out would be guaranteed a certain sum. I was not one of the boys selected so I asked Mr. Clow if I could caddy for him, and he agreed to it. In those days there was no easy or inexpensive way of getting to the club. The only transportation was the old bus that left the Avenue House in Evanston at an early hour. I remember walking it but I frequently went out Church Street and "bummed" a ride on some passing vehicle.

Mr. Clow tied for last place with Louis James, the winner of the tournament, and much to my sorrow lost. I went out another day, however, for we were getting paid anyway. I forget whom Mr. Travis was playing that day, but after his match I wiggled through the crowd up to the hole on which he had won, and said: "May I shake hands with you, Mr. Travis?"

I shall never forget how angry my brother was at the sight of this unwarranted presumption on my part.

Tom Bendelow, a real Scotsman, and Herbert Tweedie used to come out pretty often to the club, but my own close association with Mr. Bendelow came a little later when I had emerged somewhat from the crowd of boys. At that time he was a noted golf authority and he was laying out many courses.

I caddied very regularly at one time for R. R. Cable, and he always liked me to keep score for him. Each

night after he was through playing he studied the figures very carefully. He came out every day with his chauffeur who caddied for him if it happened that I could not.

Mr. Cable was a picturesque figure at Old Edgewater in those days—white-haired and white-bearded. I recall that he had red rubber grips on his clubs and always wore gloves when playing. At that time he was president of the Rock Island railroad, and a power in financial circles, but to the small boy caddying for him he was only a kindly old man.

There was another Edgewater golfer who felt that he owed his life to golf—Amos Pettibone—and I know that he is glad that he took his doctor's advice and joined the club, but I doubt if he is really more pleased than I. I carried for him a great deal and he came out regularly, but for a while he only played nine holes. He seemed to take such a genuine interest in me and I was always so happy to be with him.

I was playing with him one morning when I was just fifteen years old, and I made a 34. It happened that Turpie had never made Old Edgewater better than 35, Horton's best was the same, with Parsons Warren holding the amateur record with 37. It was a wonderful occasion for me and Mr. Pettibone couldn't keep from telling everyone about it.

In mentioning the names of some of the early members of Old Edgewater and a few characteristics of their playing I have tried to give a picture of the men with whom I had the opportunity to associate at that formative period of my life. Their golf swings impressed my golfing eye and by them I knew the men.

The Edgewater men were typical Chicagoans, perhaps I should say Americans. They were business and professional men of all sorts, and they had frequent guests from out of town. A good many actors came out, too, for members of that profession like golf. In later years I had occasion to impart some of my golf knowledge to Otis Skinner, among others.

Edgewater was not a rich man's club, but some wealthy men were members, and played there at certain seasons. It was not a poor man's club either, but a number in moderate circumstances belonged to it, and played regularly. Poverty and riches meant little to the boys at that time except when their own pockets were empty.

The circumstances of the families of the caddies varied considerably. A few of the members' sons caddied, but as a rule they did not do it steadily. Generally it was for some special man. Almost any boy who lived near the club and needed pocket money went down to the club to get it. Generally speaking any boy who caddied regularly either needed the money or was enamored of the game.

My father was a librarian, and that is not a highly paid profession. His chief interest is American bibliography, and when I was about 12 years old he began to publish his great work on that subject. Such a work is expensive to bring out, and can never be highly remunerative. His struggle to keep me in school was hard and consequently I was very careful of money in those days, for it meant much. I caddied not only because I loved the game, but also because it was the easiest way in which I could make money and remain

in school. My mother's heart was set on an education for me, but I cannot say that at that time I was overly interested in it myself.

Dress bothered the caddie very little, for the other fellows never criticized the habiliments, however poor. I wore a sweater constantly, even to grammar school, and I have a distinct remembrance of being offered by my mother a pecuniary inducement to wear a collar on some special occasion at school. It was not comfortable to caddy in collars and it was a dreadful nuisance to be obliged to change clothes as soon as one reached home from school. My habit was to drop school books inside the house door without going in and bolt for the club.

The feature hole at Edgewater was called Bowling Alley. It paralleled Sheridan Road but was separated from it by some rough and a high fence, a separation that did not prevent H. W. Beyer's hooking over into the road. Near the tee on the left was the stable with its accompaniments of wagons, refuse heaps and other debris. Turpie often considered it a joke to put and find a ball in the old wagon that stood there.

Once Turpie was giving a lesson to W. E. Bloomfield and he put his ball over the barn. A little later Turpie claimed to have discovered it in a horses' trough, and Mr. Bloomfield played it from there. It was only too true, however, that balls dropped in the vicinity of the red barn found queer resting places. Mr. Macomber claims that a ball of his, driven luckily between the two lines of trees of the Bowling Alley, crossed the fence and passed through the Ladies' Entrance to Punkin Pete's saloon.

Once C. E. Yerkes, Jr., sliced his ball up against the doors of the barn. The ball was in almost an unplayable position and as Mr. Yerkes was a left-handed player, he pushed the doors open and played his ball right-handed from the inside of the barn. He made a good shot, too.

The men were fond of playing jokes on each other, and one day Mr. Streich sent me ahead to put Mr. Leask's ball in the hole, having previously arranged to give me the sign if the ball warranted it. This was on the Sunset Hole and as it led directly into the sun it was hard to tell whether you had a good shot or not. Mr. Leask had made the remark that he had never made a hole in one, and would " buy " if he did. It seemed a safe remark. He did not know that a joke had been played on him until he had " set 'em up."

We had our share of unusual matches at Old Edgewater, and I recall one very particularly. It was about the first time that I ever " galleried," and I envied the caddies, who were, I think, Joe and Dan Morheiser. One of the participants in the match was Howard Ruggles, a fine baseball player. It was said he could throw a ball farther than any other man in the United States. The other was George B. Foster, a stout, calm golfer, carefully deliberate in his actions. In the match Mr. Ruggles was to throw the ball around the course, and Mr. Foster to play it in the usual way. It was in the hard ball days, and a good wooden shot then meant about 150 yards.

The match was a great and exciting occasion, and there were many out to watch it. It ended even up for the nine holes, and two extras had to be played. On

The three grips which have helped to make Evans a champion. His present putting grip is shown in the left hand corner; opposite is the all-important position of the left thumb. Below is shown his present grip for all shots except the putt.

The address.

the eleventh, the Old Circus Ring, Mr. Foster got into a bunker and lost the match.

We had other freak stunts. Once Harry Turpie carried a tall poplar, on the sixth hole, that had been the despair of all golfers. Once he and I drove balls very successfully from the crystal of President Brocklebank's watch. This was considered quite a stunt. The more expensive the watch the more difficult the trick.

CHAPTER XXV

SHOTS AND HOW TO MAKE THEM

Persistence keynote to success on the links — Change comes with rubber-core ball — Run-up shots and their value — Harry Vardon corrects grip.

In these chapters on instruction I aim to put in a brief way what I have learned during the almost constant playing of golf up to 1920. I may not fully realize this, but I should like to be able to show how the path of progress may be shortened, for, although I finally reached my objective, I came a long, discouraging way, honeycombed with pitfalls. It may be surmised that I must have loved golf much to have kept on after so many discouragements. I was always athletically inclined but I feel that this persistence in the face of difficulty was the only natural ability in which I excelled many of the boys with whom I was associated at that time.

I doubt if anyone could learn much from the methods I employed at the beginning for at that time I was merely feeling my way, full of enthusiasm but with wrong ideas. I could not afford professional instruction and I had to meet my problems alone; in fact, I have never had a golf lesson in my life. I have caddied when professionals were teaching, and I have had suggestions from them, but they had no time for instruction for caddies. Their help was in letting me play.

Fate brought me into contact with golf at an unusual time—a transition period—and my game was coincident with the history of the rubber-core ball. I have told the story of the first one played at Edgewater. When I began to consider golf seriously gutta-percha balls were still being used but the rubber-cores were coming along, and not even professionals knew at that time exactly how to control them. The old gutta-percha ball " ran " but little, but each year since I began to play golf the ball has become more resilient and therefore harder to control.

I remember one of the most difficult things in playing the rubber-core was to put backspin on it, and I believe that I was one of the first players in this country to do it successfully. This success was probably due to my concentration on mashie play, but that will be discussed elsewhere.

As I said I just went along feeling my way, starting with a half swing, thumbs straight down the shaft. Later on I realized the necessity of a full swing, and I did that, too, palming the grip, with the club slipping in and out of the right palm, but my game came along because I practiced. Most people seem to consider playing practice and that is one of the reasons that they never emerge from the heap. There is a vast difference between practicing golf shots and playing a game of golf.

My early playing was done only in spare moments, and it was not until I forsook caddying that I began to practice golf seriously, falling into a simple method of systematic practice. There were three greens at Edgewater which I played to each day with my mashie, and

in all my mashie practice since then I have described about the same sort of a scalene triangle, and have always done it a prescribed number of times.

Even in those early days I practiced alone because my concentration was better. I was sensitive about it, too, and always played early in the morning or late in the afternoon when the course was deserted. When the Elevated railroad replaced the Chicago and Milwaukee Railroad tracks I hated to have people watch me from the train windows. I feared that they would question my sanity.

At home I established the habit of swinging a wooden club out in the back yard each night after dinner, and in winter I cleared the snow away to make room for the required number of swings. Later on I made a rule never to swing a golf club except to hit a golf ball, for I had learned that one could swing beautifully when the ball wasn't there, and poorly when it was.

I owe much to the run-up shots. I used to play them between the sidewalks on Southport Avenue and I could come surprisingly close to the nearest edge and sometimes I played over two spaces. This practice was of much value to me.

When I became a member of Edgewater I used to take each morning, rain or shine, a certain number of balls, usually twelve, and with cleek, midiron and jigger, I hit them three times each towards the green. Then I would go up around the green and play run-up shots, and then putt a little, always of course the same number of times, and occasionally hit a bunker shot or two. In addition I played much more than this; in fact, I played too much. It was later on when I learned how to prac-

tice, and how much. One learns little from practice when fatigued.

Old Edgewater was a bunkerless, flat course, and I played it systematically until I knew it by heart. I had acquired a certain skill or consistency, but I had the grip of my earliest beginning, a stance I had fallen into, and I swung away like a boy who didn't know what he was doing, which I didn't. I did not analyze things. I just had a feeling that if I did a thing over and over again I would get somewhere, and this I did, consulting few people, confining myself to observation.

When in 1911 I went to England, my trained, imitative golf eye saw wonderful sights. I had so much time to play that I soon got around in good scores, but I was still playing wrong. Later when I met Harry Vardon in Paris he told me some new things, one of which was that my grip for my wooden clubs was entirely wrong. He showed me the simple little thing of putting my left thumb to the side of the shaft, but straight down, and he advised me to " stick to it."

Seeing all the famous players abroad I learned a great deal from them. In the summer I came back to this country and went to work on my new grip. The change certainly had a discouraging effect on my game, but I stuck to it and to many other ideas, and after a year they seemed natural.

In the fall of 1911 I went to work and the problem then was how I could keep up the game with so little time to play. The new Edgewater Golf Club was a fine one, but the course was too new for practicing, and it was not so near my home as the old club. The Chicago Golf Club has a fine practice field and just before going

to Denver for the 1912 Western, I used that course, as I did for the National. I had the right idea but I was wearing myself out. The year following I was again the guest of Judge Payne, as I had been in 1912 and I learned a great deal more, for he loved the game and the attitude of his mind towards it was analytical and this habit of analyzing shots which I learned from him was a great help to me later on.

In the spring of 1914 I rented a room in Wheaton about a mile from the club. Each morning I got up at 5 o'clock and went over to practice, came back for breakfast, and took a 7 o'clock train to the city for the day's work, and when that was ended I went out again to the club and played until darkness fell. Some such arrangement was kept up through 1915, but by the spring of 1916 my financial condition had so improved that I could afford a room at the clubhouse. This gave me more time and relieved the heavy drain on my strength. My success that year may have been partly the result of the change.

There is no doubt that one of the faults of my early training was a tendency to overestimate my strength. Many a lost match was the result of actual physical exhaustion rather than lack of skill.

It is from the year 1915 on that I consider my knowledge of the game had become settled and of more value to others. Beginning that spring, I wrote down each morning and evening after practice what I thought I had learned. I believe that during my period of practice for the two National Championships of 1916 I turned the mistakes of years into a successful golf game, and how I managed to do it is the story I would like to tell.

One big result of my practice has been the simplification of my grip. With slight variety I use the same grip and the same stance for every shot.

THE GRIP

When a prospective golfer first grasps a golf club preparatory to a swing he invariably does it the wrong way, that is, in the palms. This may be because most Americans have played baseball from early childhood and they grip a golf club as if it were a baseball bat. All my experience teaches me that the palm grip is absolutely wrong for the golfer. To hit a ball with a club is the first object of each sportsman but the baseball is flying in the air at the time of impact and the golf ball is stationary at one's feet. Force is the dominant idea of the baseball player, while control and placement give the ideal golf shot. Strength lies in the palm and such a grip may produce a mighty swatter, but the more delicate sense of control lies in the fingers.

When I first began to play I used the palm grip with my thumbs over and around the shaft, and it is fair to say that I played rather successfully with this grip, because I was then in school and had plenty of time for practice. One day, however, Jack Sellers, a splendid iron player, suggested that I try putting my thumbs down the shaft for iron shots. This act put the grip in the fingers and for the first time the touch-sense of golf was revealed to me. Without hesitation I threw away the work of years and began to practice my new method. Shortly afterwards my iron shots became the best part of my game. I still used the palm grip for my wooden clubs because the thumbs straight down the shaft checked the full swing on the back stroke.

Harry Vardon has corrected that error, and I had spent a long, painful period putting my new theory into practice, but it was worth all that it cost me.

As soon as I had conquered the new method, I began to "feel" the wooden clubs as I did my irons, and knew that I had advanced another step towards a simplified game. I had learned, too, that not only the quickened sense of touch made the change desirable, but there was also the actual fact that the palm allowed a great deal of play to the grip of the club, while the firm grip of the fingers held it in steady control.

The finger grip, also called the double V grip, because, when properly taken, the forefinger and thumb of each hand form a sort of V on the shaft of the club, is accomplished by grasping the club firmly with the thumb and the small joint of the forefinger of the left hand, allowing the other three fingers to find a natural position about the shaft on the left side of which is the thumb. Then the right hand grasps the club below the left, with the fingers, the thumb and forefinger forming another V. There are several well-known variations of this grip.

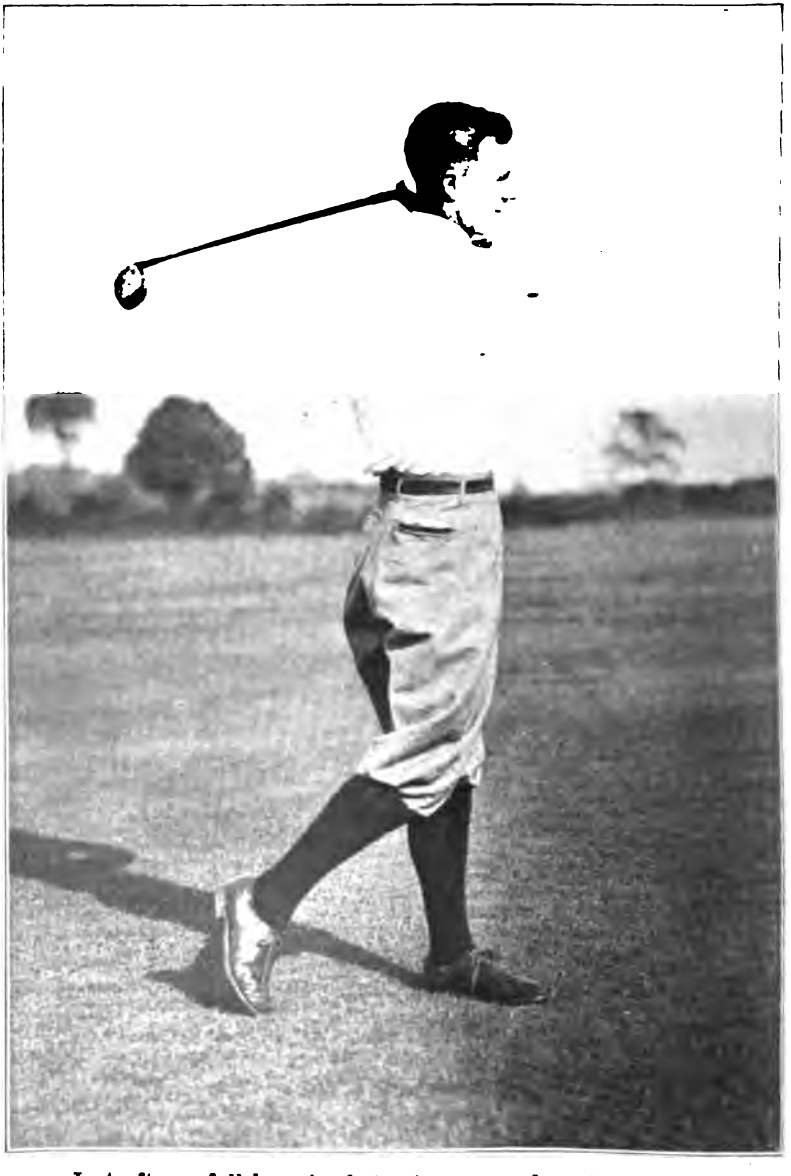
In the overlapping, or Vardon grip, the tip of the little finger of the right hand is placed on the knuckle of the forefinger of the left hand, and the ball of the right thumb is placed over the left thumb. The intention of this grip is to make the two hands work as one, for there is always a chance that they may work against each other. Vardon prefers this grip.

In the interlocking grip, which is another attempt to make the two hands work as one, the forefinger of the left hand is interlocked with the little finger of the

Upper left hand corner: On the way up. (Notice distance of hands from body.) Upper right: Correct position of right elbow. Lower left: Top of swing. Lower right: The finish of the drive.

Snapped at Pinehurst in 1911. The picture shows how the right elbow is up instead of being fairly close to the side, a style Evans employs at present.

The little flick at the top of the stroke that is so clearly shown by the blur on the club head is the necessary feature of every good golf stroke.



Just after a full brassie shot. A very good position. Observe the bent position of the arms.

right hand. Both of these grips have been used successfully.

My own grip is the plain finger grip, with my fingers placed firmly and closely together. I have at times considered adopting the Vardon grip, but as my own is satisfactory I dislike to change. It is in accordance with my belief that all golfers should have the same general fundamental methods of play, but details should be adapted to the individual. In all grips the wrists should be loose, not rigid.

My grip is the same for every shot in golf except the putt, which is a stroke bearing no relation whatever to any other in golf.

I grip my wooden clubs about the middle of the leather; my cleek, midiron, jigger and mashie at the top. My stopum is gripped in all three places according to the distance to be made, at the top for full shots, middle for half shots and the lower end for quarter shots. I am not sure that this matters, but I have found it a comfortable habit and a successful one.

My struggle with grips had taught me an important thing. The games of boyhood, such as football, are fighting games with brute force dominant and every muscle tense to meet or attack opponents, but golf is a game of matched skill, played with firm but relaxed muscles and with rhythmic movement.

THE ADDRESS

Addressing the ball is getting properly ready to make the stroke. I define right address as an adjustment of weight that results in a feeling of comfort. It seems

impossible to take position for the stroke, placing the feet on the line for the square stance, or a bit back for the open, without a feeling of great discomfort that tightens every muscle and turns a firm grip into a rigid vise.

When I get up to address the ball I stand with my feet close together holding the club loosely in my hand. Then standing rather well back I place the head or blade of my club behind the ball at right angles to the imaginary direction line that leads through the ball to the hole. The sole of my club is flat, neither toe nor heel off the ground. I am also careful not to place my club too near the ball, for in the process of adjustment I might accidentally turn it over, thereby losing a stroke under the rules. The position of the clubhead in the right spot behind the ball is held loosely with one or both hands.

You do not grip the club and take your stance before putting the clubhead down because you want to be sure that your clubhead will be in a position to hit the ball smoothly with no dipping corners to dig into the ground, or otherwise interfere with your stroke. This proper placing of the clubhead preliminary to making the shot is a very important thing because the face of the club must be exactly at right angles with the imaginary line of direction, and any variation from that angle will mean a hook or slice.

The clubhead once in position you advance somewhat and take the proper grip, the hands and clubhead being even. Bring your feet up to a comfortable position and carefully adjust them. Then, after a preparatory waggle you will be ready to strike the blow.

THE STANCE

Stance as understood by golfers (right handed) is the position of the feet when the golf shot is made. The common varieties are: The square, the open, and the left-foot-in-front-of-the-right. The square stance serves as a standard for the other variations. It is taken with the feet well apart so placed that a straight line from toe to toe will be parallel with an imaginary line from the ball to the hole. In the open stance the left foot is placed back of the imaginary line.

The left-foot-in-front-of-the-right is described by its name, and is rarely seen. I have seen it used on the tee and with other wooden shots, and some players get a hooked ball by putting the left foot forward and advance the right for the slice. The left foot in advance makes the stroke too rounded for iron play, and I have never seen a good iron player with that kind of a stance.

A great many fine players use the square stance exclusively, but this also seems too rounded for iron play.

The open stance is generally considered the best and its use is almost universal. It allows greater freedom in the use of the arms and also accommodates itself better to every detail of the stroke than either of the other stances.

My own stance is open varying, however, for different shots; almost square in the drive and practically wide open for the mashie and chip shot. I consider it the same stance accommodated to my comfort. I lay great stress upon comfort, and I advise the beginner always to consider it, for a comfortable stance is the stepping stone to rhythm and every good golf stroke is

rhythmic. Do not, however, confound the lack of ease in the unaccustomed, which wears away when the adjustment is completed, with the natural discomfort of a wrong stance.

I always take a provisional stance, and carefully avoiding any stiffness or rigidity of muscle, extend my arms full length. Then I adjust my feet in easy comfort and then indulge in a preparatory wiggle for relaxation. You are ready for the stroke as soon as the body has found an easy, free position.

I always play with my toes pointed out. I believe that among other advantages it helps to grip the ground. Once when playing very poorly I discovered that my feet were too straight, in fact almost pigeon-toed. I pointed my toes out and almost immediately my game improved. If your toes are perfectly straight, or the least bit pigeon-toed you cannot pivot properly. But if you have them equally turned out your stroke will be a little rounded or flat. Therefore to get an upright swing, with the least bit of slice spin at the end of the shot if necessary, I point out the left toe more than the right. It allows me to get my pivot and the brace of the left knee very easily. It also serves as a help in applying my weight and strength to the ball and gives more purchase to the right foot from which the stroke is made. In other words the more pointed left foot allows a free and splendid follow-through, an easier brace to the left knee, and the fullest application of strength.

Like many other young players I firmly believed at one time that a stance should be taken with mathematical precision. Often and often did I try the patience of

good and obliging players by asking them to take their stance, and then after careful watching I would attempt to place my feet in the very spot where theirs had been. Never did I find the result worth the trouble. I am convinced this idea of an exact stance is wrong.

A good golf stroke does not necessarily proceed from a geometrical diagram. It is a rhythmic movement that flows through body and club. How to produce it must vary somewhat for every short, medium, tall, thin, or fat man for the stance must give comfort and relaxation and the legs and feet must not interfere with the stroke. Therefore I lay stress upon a comfortable stance, slightly open, or nearly square, for the full shots, open for the half and quarter shots, and the shorter the shot desired the closer the feet must be brought together.

THE FORWARD PRESS

I consider the " forward press " so important a part of every golf stroke as to call for a description apart from the stroke itself. I might say that it ushers in every stroke. Immediately before starting the stroke I press forward on the club until my hands are a little in advance of the clubhead. The weight of the body is thrown a little back on the right leg and the left heel slightly raised. In this position the hands are a few inches in advance of the clubhead, which lies upon the ground and acts as a center of a circle, a small arc of which is described by the drawing forward and back of the hands. Then the clubhead is raised when the shaft is back of the perpendicular and whatever stroke desired is made, for I use it even with my putts.

THE DRIVE

The drive is the first stroke played in a round of golf, and for that reason, I suppose, it is the first stroke taught the beginner. It is played with the longest wooden club, and it gets the greatest distance. There is, too, an indescribable thrill and sense of freedom about a well-hit wooden shot proceeding in long, arrowy flight through the air. And yet, the beginner usually finds the iron club easier, and in consequence neglects the driver and brassie for so long a time that he never really conquers them. This is a great pity for the wooden shot is really the easiest of the game, but it does require courage to face the initial difficulty and patience to forego the temporary but deceitful, advantage of an iron club from the tee. That club is for very special work of its own, and it can never take the place of a wooden club on a first class course in first class condition.

We have seen a good deal of iron from the tee in America because our courses are often so dry in summer that a long iron shot can get enough roll at the end to reach the desired spot, but any such advantage must occupy a temporary position in a man's game.

I learned my iron clubs first, but my reasons for doing this were different from those of the average player. One was because it was a long time before I possessed a wooden club, and another because Harry Turpie, the first professional I knew at the Edgewater Club, was a very fine iron player and I desired to emulate him. Later on I adopted the same stroke for both wooden and irons, with variations, of course, and no detriment resulted to my wooden game as a result of my beginning with irons.

My method of driving is as follows: The first thing that I do when I get on the tee for my drive is to take my niblick and swing it once or twice. It is the heaviest club in my bag and after handling it any driver feels light. Immediately afterwards I take my driver and swing it a couple of times, or until the wrist is supple, and when it is sufficiently so the clubhead ought to swing like a weight on the end of a string. I stand with my feet close together and holding my club loosely in my hand, place the clubhead back of the ball at right angles to the direction line, that is the imaginary line passing through the ball to the hole. I am very careful to see that the sole of my club is flat on the ground, neither toe or heel dipping. Keeping my club in this position, and holding it in both hands, I take my stance, which is either almost square, or slightly open, as you care to call it. At any rate my left toe is perhaps an inch behind the straight line which could be drawn from toe to toe in the square stance. I play my ball off the left heel, or between that and a point directly between the feet.

While holding the provisional stance I stretch out my arms to test for stiffness. Then I waggle for relaxation, and with that I sink into the comfortable stance from which the shot is made. This is not to be precisely determined, merely approximately square, and certainly comfortable.

In this comfortable position I press forward on the club until my hands are brought somewhat in advance of the clubhead. I then draw my hands back and then the clubhead backward along the direction line for a short distance and lift it with a curving swing upward

and backward, my hands leading until the turning point (which is at the beginning of the twist in the waist) when for the fraction of a moment they are on the same line, a position they do not occupy again until the ball is struck. In making the shot I try to fancy that I am describing a circle with my clubhead as a gigantic pencil, the upward and backward swing being one arc, and the downward and backward the other, and I try to make both arcs the same. I think that a player should particularly avoid "looping" his shot, that is making the upward arc on one line and the descending one on another.

When my club reaches the ground it moves straight on the ground for a little distance and then passes inside the imaginary line of direction. Both ascending and descending arcs should be within the direction line. The blow is snappy and the whole movement should flow rhythmically along the body, arms, hands, shafts and clubhead to the ball. This rhythmic flow of movement is the ideal towards which the golfer must work. I add a warning here that if the ball is hit too hard work is taken from the clubhead and timing is lost. I shall have something to say farther on about timing.

I believe that the real strength of the body is thrown into the clubhead as it strikes the ball, and I think it very important that at the moment of impact the whole strength of the body be thrown into the ball. The thought I ask you to bear in mind is to be sure to get the clubhead on the ball before you put the real body strength into the shot.

There is something about the rustling air in a high wind that tends to unsteady a player and make him

" rush " his shots. That is, he tries to hit the ball too hard and in the attempt the full force of his strength is somehow dissipated before the meeting of clubhead and ball, and in consequence the hands are forced downward and a slice results.

The swing should be considered as a whole with two equal parts. When you go back your right elbow is in your right side — your left arm almost straight; when you follow through your left elbow is in your left side and your right arm almost straight. On the backward swing the right knee braces, and in the follow through the left knee does the same work.

For several years I have kept a golf diary in which I have tried to jot down at the end of a day what I thought I had learned from my practice. I add here now a few observations on wooden shots. I noticed on a few of these shots that a real blow followed by a full follow through gave me a splendid ball. Feel yourself behind the ball as it were; feel the club in your fingers; hit the ball upwards. When you are slicing it is because you do not follow through bent enough.

There is no mistaking when you hit the ball with the real rhythm. Young golfers are apt to be too strong in the swing, but golf is a game where brute force cannot make the clubhead do its proper work. It is surprising how much of the job a clubhead properly introduced into the ball does. Do not swing ahead of your clubhead; that is like a prizefighter who punches you without getting his weight behind the blow. It is inaccurate placing of the clubhead at the time of impact that invariably makes you get your hands ahead of your clubhead. All the strength in the world would not push

a ball far if you have not waited for the clubhead to do its share in the work. Do not try to do so much of the work yourself, but hold tight in the fingers is a good little hint that I discovered the other day.

Constantly in my notes I find the same warning, such as, " My tee shots yesterday were all right. The trouble of the day before was that I did not get my clubhead through, and that I was trying to do most of the work myself."

Be sure to hit into the imaginary line. Hit the ball sharply, too, and don't hold on too long. Be sure not to fall back from the fall forward if anything. Don't forget to press that left leg back, and let the arms go through in a bent follow through. There is a great deal of importance in the position of the hands on the follow through of these fast, modern balls. I think that we should try for the " all carry " shot, with a little suggestion of a slice, and therefore your right hand is not turned over as you go through. Rather it stays under until the ball is well under way, and gradually turns over from then on in the natural course of the swing.

I take great care not to get my weight ahead of the shot, and I hit distinctly from the take-off at the end of my back stroke. Do not straighten your left arm out stiffly, for it will give you a tendency to sweep the ball off the tee rather than hit it off, and maybe the hands will precede the clubhead. My tip is to let the left arm bend just a little bit at the end, not much, but enough to feel the rhythm, and that you are going to hit the ball.

All golf methods should be employed approximately,

for the physique of every player differs slightly and the manner of playing must vary a bit, too. When you feel the clubhead like a weight it will dip a little at the end of the back stroke, instead of being on a straight line. This gives a more relaxed wrist, better rhythm and more slap of the clubface and ball impact — which in turn gives a smoother flight and more pace to the ball. Because I had in mind making the two halves of the stroke the same I corrected the follow through by not letting the right arm finish too stiffly.

At another time I tried out a simple experiment. I swung at a ball in the dark and hit it squarely in spite of not being able to see that the club was squared properly. The shot felt good, but not seeing the ball fly produced a queer sensation, but I found it right up the course, where it should have been, about 225 yards from the tee. Then I hit the ball quite well with the midiron, taking a little divot. I examined the course of the clubhead by this means and concluded that the ball should be only a few feet from the hole. I walked through the pitch darkness and found it there.

The lesson taught by this is that after the player has examined his descent and direction he should give all his attention to the method of hitting the ball. Too many people want to see where the ball is going, and the result of such curiosity is a messed-up shot. While a player is walking up to get the shot he gets a mental picture of where his best shot is going. After that he need only pay attention to the way he hits it.

I heard that at one time Willie Anderson drove three balls to the green, 200 yards away, eyes blindfolded; his club was faced in the right direction by Gil Nichols.

CHAPTER XXVI

CLUBS AND HOW TO USE THEM

Brassie play one of judgment — Jigger a useful club — Niblick hints from a diary — Fast ball drives out the mashie — Champion gets and gives tips on putting.

THE BRASSIE

The brassie comes next to the driver as a distance-getting club. It receives its name from the brass plate covering its sole, and this covering is necessary because the brassie has much rougher work on the fairway than the driver has on the tee, and for the same reason it has a stiffer shaft. The important difference between the two clubs lies in the pitch and loft of the face, that of the brassie slanting backward and that of the driver being almost straight. This slanting face of the brassie enables it to lift the ball in a way impossible for the driver. The latter club, however, obtains something of the lofting power of the brassie from the tee from which it is played.

The stance for the brassie is the stance for the driver. The swing and grip of the club are also the same except that the grip should be firmer because this club comes in frequent contact with rough ground when playing from a bad lie. A brassie player must give a great deal of attention to his manner of hitting the ball. If it has

a fairly good lie it can be hit easily and rhythmically without any attempt to dig under it, for you can trust the loft of the face to pick the ball up if the stroke is made as it should be.

A great fault in brassie play is a tendency to try to get under the ball and the only result is badly torn-up turf. When the ball is badly cupped the first impulse is to use an iron, but if the situation really requires a brassie shot play it no matter how strong the iron temptation may prove. If the ball is lying fairly well the stroke with the brassie is practically as it is from the tee; skim the turf closely and the loft of the club will pick the ball up and give it proper height for the distance. The swing should reach its maximum speed just as it comes in contact with the ball, but the shot is spoiled if one tries to get too much power into it. The club must do its own work.

When the ball is badly cupped brassie play presents a problem that is particularly difficult for a player accustomed to use too high a tee, for a brassie shot usually follows a shot from the tee and the difference in height between a ball teed too high and one cupped on the fairway strikes one sharply and to the detriment of the shot. In playing a cupped ball with a brassie one should deliberately aim at a point, a half inch, or an inch, behind the ball and bring the club to the ground there. Coming down at this point the turf will be pushed along and the clubhead sent under the ball at moment of contact. Most players think that they must try to scoop the ball out of the cup, but such an attempt usually results in smothering the clubhead in the ground and getting little, or no distance.

Of course the ball may be so badly cupped that the shot cannot be made in the orthodox way with a brassie, and an iron should then be used. The question is one of good judgment. There are experienced players, however, who always stick to the brassie in spite of badly cupped lies. In such case the club must be held in an absolutely firm grip, and the ground should be taken about two inches back of the ball. A follow through with such a shot is very difficult but should be tried for.

THE SPOON

There is another wooden club called the spoon which I carry and consider very valuable. It is used for shots a bit too short for a brassie and a little too long for an iron. This club is played practically the same as the brassie, except that being shorter you must stand somewhat nearer the ball. It is a good club for a distance from 190 to 215 yards.

THE CLEEK

The cleek, a slender-bladed iron club, with a slight loft and a consequent low flight, is the longest iron club in the player's bag. It is a very good club under certain conditions for a second shot and is capable of considerable distance. I think that I can make over 215 yards with it. I play this club almost exactly like my wooden clubs. The blade is put down so that it lies naturally, placed carefully at right angles to the direction line. Some professional players turn the blade out a little. I do not.

My stance is a little open. Avoid standing over the ball too much. If you want a lower ball, however, stand

over it a little more, being careful to guard against interference. Always have your toes turned out a little because it helps you to pivot.

I grip the club lightly, exercising care in placing the left thumb on the right hand side of the shaft — not straight down on top. Avoid a tight grip. It produces sore muscles, and interferes with the work of the clubhead. Whenever you find yourself out of rhythm loosen your grip.

The stroke begins with shoulders facing the front. At the end of backward stroke shoulders are at right angles to front view. At the finish shoulders are again at right to front. On backward swing keep right elbow in, close to the body, to get a sort of " take-off " for the downward stroke. Make the descent down a line that will bring clubhead and ball together at right angles to the direction line. If you swing inside, or outside of this you will be in for trouble. Consider your club a pencil with which you have drawn the upward line, and retrace the line coming down. Play the ball just a little back of a straight line drawn from the left heel.

When the clubhead has hit the ball carry it on with the follow through, the left elbow coming into the right side giving a bent follow through. The head of the club must be thrown as if it were a weight on the end of a string, and it must follow through enough to pull it back on the upstroke of the finish. The distance of the back stroke is regulated by letting your left arm almost straighten out, being careful not to dip deeply at the end.

When playing into the wind, hit the ball crisply and

hard. In the follow through let your left knee be braced, and let your follow through go forward into the wind a little so that the ball will have a little lower flight.

I add a few notes from the diary kept on cleek practice: Just let the left arm straighten out. If you don't get the "break" you are perhaps swinging too short. Look out for that hitting with the body first.

Be careful that you do not pull across the imaginary line and hit the ball on the toe. Slap them fast. Feel the take-off, as it were, at the end of the upstroke.

If you follow through with more of the right hand under stroke you get a higher flight, and that is what you want.

Don't be too quick about making a shot. That brace of the left leg is a bully good thing. Don't try to do all the work yourself. Remember the all-arms stroke.

THE MIDIRON

The midiron is another useful club and I play it for all shots within what is called a midiron distance. This varies with different players — to me it means from 170 to 190 yards. In this connection I quote here from my diary of practice a statement of fact that should be impressed upon the mind of every golfer: It is only through practice that one learns the carrying power of each club, and when once learned consistent use should be made of the knowledge. Many a shot has been spoiled by a man who stood hesitating beside his ball. I make a practice of sizing up the position of my ball while walking up to it, and before I reach it I have an idea which club I am going to use.

Top of a half mashie shot.

Finishing a low cleek shot.

End of the back stroke in a full iron shot. Note the straightened right knee, position of left shoulder, and also length of back stroke.

The perfect finish of a full "dedstop" or cut shot. Study this picture carefully.

When a golfer has determined the distance he can get out of a club without pressing he should adhere to it. Devote each club to its own distance.

I play the midiron as I do the driver, and the best that I can do in the way of tips and further explanation of the shot is to quote from my diary. It is a record of mistakes made, faults corrected, and little discoveries made about my shots. I seem to have written a great deal about my iron play.

If you are hooking too much watch the position of the ball off your left foot. Don't stand too open, because you hit down and fall away and around with it. You must hit that ball in the centre of the club, and then your hands will tighten up unconsciously on the stroke. Do not swing so rounded. Swing more uprightly. You must roll those wrists, too, if you want success. Watch that chip of sod.

Hit down into the ball rather than up. Don't turn that toe in. Remember the take-off and the bent follow through. To get away from hooking give a more upright follow through. Right hand under a little bit — and hit. That low back stroke is very successful. Try that. Watch out for "that body ahead of the shot." Be sure to hit the ball, and for the love of Mike, don't fail on the bent follow through.

Go back young man and do the low back and up swing, and the resulting clubhead whip. Get the ball clearly and your wrists will respond neatly.

Take a chip of sod for it helps a great deal. The greatest thing is to swing independently with the arms and with the hands coming back first. It isn't very necessary to take turf when you have a good lie. The

blade seems to meet the ball more at right angles when you take turf. I have a notion that the ball offers very little resistance to the flying iron, and the meeting of the clubhead and turf just slows the head up enough to make the wrists work harder and more crisply against heavier resistance. The divot should be small. Be sure not to let the clubhead stop as in the case of a stab or a big divot, but nicely clip a little piece of sod and go on to a perfect follow through. If nervous it is a great help to take sod.

Too tight a grip. I move my body too much. Let that clubhead swing low and back, and pass that blade through the ball, and for heaven's sake don't keep falling away from them. Keep hitting them into the line, and you will get it. Let the arms swing back more fully outstretched. Can you feel the "break"?

Don't turn the blade in so much. Don't hold onto them so long. Snap them off quickly. Don't bend your body over so much that you interfere with the stroke.

Don't tell me that blade isn't useful. I was putting them up in great shape with that pass through shot. Sweep it off the ground as well as you can.

Don't try to hit them too hard into the wind. Then more than any time the rhythm should be perfect, and when it is wind doesn't matter.

That loose grip used on the full shots with the iron was a great help; it tended to relax tense parts of my body. When having trouble just try hitting the ball a little easier for a while. This enables you to get the clubhead into the shot easier, and when you feel the ball hitting the surface cleanly your confidence comes back and gradually you can apply more strength. Always

remember that weather and grass conditions are just as hard for the other fellow as for you.

Stand up fairly well. Use that three-quarter stroke if you want to. Watch the execution of the shot. Keep the body still and swing almost entirely with clubhead and arms. Oh, that clubhead! Elbows in and hit towards your object. Nice height to shots to-day and steady flight. You must feel that little break of the wrists. Brace back on the knee, go forward with the follow through. Hit the ball distinctly. Don't be jerky at the wrists.

Always think of hitting before starting the second quarter of your stroke. I try to think of the swing in halves, and not to start the second half until the first has been completed.

These notes from my diary I have found very helpful, and they have seen me through many an uncertain moment. Whatever I have said about full irons applies to wooden clubs as well.

A good thought to keep in mind when playing a full midiron shot is to be sure to complete the stroke. If you do that it is almost certain that the club will do its share of the work, in fact you can not follow through properly unless the clubhead leads. I do this best by following through with my left elbow against my body. This is what I term the bent follow through. This may not look so picturesque as standing, after one has played, with arms and club extended in one straight line, but according to my judgment it is the ideal follow through.

I hit into the imaginary direction line and give the ball the quickest snap possible. This quick snap must be made smoothly and with loose wrists. It must not

be a regular snap, but must be done with perfect timing. The snap gives a sort of a throw of the clubhead at the right time. Don't stab the ball. The clubhead must go through the turf and into the imaginary line with the broken follow through. I sometimes fancy that I am chasing the ball into the imaginary line and that works very well, too.

THE JIGGER

The jigger is a very useful club; it is middle-lofted, and in my set of clubs I have done away with all other middle-lofts. The trouble with most golfers is that they try too many different blades, or lofts and there is too much consequent strain in calculating the effects of shots.

I find my jigger extremely handy; it is an important part of my strictly revised, up-to-date play. I use it instead of a midiron when I am going down wind, and whenever I wish a high ball with as little roll as possible for the midiron distance. I also use it to the exclusion of any other club for run-up shots because a ball runs better from a straighter-faced club.

I play my jigger as far as stance and swing are concerned practically the same as a full mashie shot, so my years of assiduous mashie practice were not lost.

From my diary I get this about my jigger practice: Let the blade lie naturally. Take care not to loop the descent and pull the shots over to one side. Remember the short blow. Feel the finish of the stroke. I just kept hitting them into the line and didn't care whether they went far. There was certainly " medium " on that

follow through. Not too far forward, or too far backward. That right hand under finish was very helpful. I found that I was falling away from these shots, and as a result they were going every way but the right one.

THE MASHIE

For years the mashie was the all-important club in my bag, and I used it for an extraordinary number of shots. As a boy I was rarely seen without one in my hand, and my first reputation at golf was built upon a foundation of mashie play. At that time the approach with the mashie was one of the master shots of the game and I spent hours assiduously acquiring it. The blade of my club became thin and smooth from constant practice, and I suffered a chill of terror whenever I thought that following the ways of earthly things the time approached when its usefulness would be ended. No club was ever so dear to me and my skill in its use was my greatest pleasure and pride. It seemed impossible for me to imagine a game without a mashie, but my greatest fear was that something might happen to my own particular mashie, the tried and true friend of my boyhood.

Each year, however, the manufacturers were making faster balls and adding to the trials of the mashie player. I practiced hard to keep pace with them and to considerable extent I succeeded; even after the balls had become very fast I could impart backspin to them with a mashie. I refused to be discouraged. But, when the balls diminished in size as they advanced in rapidity it did not need a prophet to tell me that a new club was required to keep up with the liveliness of the modern

ball. It was a bitter blow, but I accepted the inevitable, and now I confess with sadness that my mashie is a club of restricted use. The stopum and the jigger have usurped its place.

I play it only for full shots, and I play those according to my system of simplification, exactly as I do my woodens, with an almost square stance and the same swing. On a windless day I play my mashie all the time in preference to a jigger, and I play it with the wind for a normal jigger distance. More and more judgment seems to be required in the selection of clubs for the work to be done. Each individual stroke presents a new problem and its solution is an individual thing.

THE STOPUM

The stopum was the logical answer to the problem of the modern ball, for that resilient creation was refusing to be controlled by our old clubs. The mashie, once so reliable, was failing us; the decreasing size of the ball made it harder than ever to get under it properly for the backspin, and I found to my dismay that well as I had learned the shot I was half-hitting about one in three. The club could not be made to meet the little ball properly. Something different was required.

I first experimented with my niblick, and I really think I mastered the shot as far as that club would take me, for I won the Western Amateur at Grand Rapids in 1914, averaging less than 71½ strokes for twelve rounds and nearly won the National Open at Midlothian that year. I could put a straight backspin on the ball with the niblick. The mashie cut-shot as I played it was an emphasized slicespin which dropped a little to the left

of the pin and always kicked to the right. The niblick backspin was "deader." Time taught me, however, that it was particularly hard to get distances with it, and equally hard to judge them. I wanted a club that would drop a ball dead on the green, and that winter I experimented with corrugated-faced clubs and I was convinced that they did the work. Skilled players can produce backspin with any kind of a club, but the corrugated face makes it easier and more dependable.

I sent my mashie and my niblick to the factory with instructions to make me three clubs with corrugated faces, and all the blades shaped like my niblick. One club was to be lofted like my niblick, one like my mashie, and the third was to be lofted between the two. My object was to find a club sufficiently lofted for backspin, and not too lofted for judgment of distance.

The factory did its work well, and after careful testing of each club I found that the only one that I could use was the club with a loft midway between a mashie and niblick.

The next step was to learn to play the shot, and it is a difficult one. The first thing that I discovered was its limitations. I could not get backspin on shots under fifty yards, and it was disastrous to try to force it beyond 150. It should never be used in a bunker for the dirt and sand even out the corrugations and defeat the object of the shot.

My stance and swing for the stopum are practically the same as those for my wooden clubs, but my stroke is shorter, and the blow, perhaps a little quicker. I brace the left knee for the follow through and play boldly, for the tendency of this club is to play short.

If the lie permits I take a little turf. I think that I get better direction if I hold my body still on the back-stroke, instead of twisting it around. With a more upright swing I get a better flight, and this is desirable because the lower flight is easier judged.

The lighter the grip of the stopum the more backspin, but also the more difficult it is to hit accurately.

One should be careful of the loft of the blade at the time it hits the ball, otherwise it is hard to judge the shot. Try to use hands as exact centre of circle at time of impact. I grip all my clubs with my fingers, but the stopum most particularly so, in fact I really press down the club with them in order to make the feeling more pronounced.

THE NIBLICK

Every golfer feels that he is only too well accustomed to the use of the niblick, for his groans have gone forth from the aching depths of his heart and the sandy depths of many a bunker. It is the club associated above all else with bunkers, bad lies, deep holes and sand traps. Its blade is laid the farthest back of all the clubs, and that means that it is capable of making the least distance.

Some players confine their use of the niblick almost entirely to bunker shots, but I use it for " cut " shots and very bad lies. I play the niblick in two ways — the high, dead-dropping shot, and the straight line cut shot with a low follow through. The high shot is a difficult one to judge, but the easier one to play. The cut shot gives a low trajectory and a complete backspin, but it is a dangerous shot unless accurately struck.

The niblick lay idle in my bag for a long time, for I could not make it go. It is my firm belief, however, that all clubs should be played from their natural lie, and I grew tired of turning back the blade of my mashie each time in order to get a cut spin.

I found that one of my troubles in playing the niblick came from resting too much on my heels. It is very important, too, to get the lie of the club just right. Let the clubhead pass through the ball. Swing your arms; keep your elbows in; feel the " break "; press that left knee. You can get a lower trajectory, and better direction if you stand over the ball.

I have found the hints from my diary concerning the playing of this club particularly illuminating, and I pass them on. Sort of pinch the grip with the tips of the fingers of your right hand. Point your left toe out towards the hole. If you follow through more you will get a low flight. Be sure to make the hands act as a moving centre of a circle, but Lordy! don't top one! The blow must be crisp. Don't let the nose of your club slide away from you. Stand more nearly square, if you please, and don't loosen hands at point of contact.

In those bunker shots the thing to do is to hit down into the sand instead of sweeping through it. It is a horrible mistake not to let the clubhead push right through the sand as if it were a ball. Stand close to that ball. Be bold with the shot.

In the long run it is best just to try to get out of the bunker with the niblick. Many a stroke has been lost by trying to get too much distance. It is a question for the judgment of the player, however; circumstances must dictate the action.

The greatest trouble in a bunker shot is that the sand flies up into your eyes making you dizzy and you quit on your stroke. Never quit.

In the fairway you must be careful not to drag on your shot, and you must take turf.

THE PUTTER

Getting the ball into the cup after it has reached the green is one of golf's greatest problems, and the stroke by which this act is accomplished differs radically from every other stroke in the game. I have not been able to fit it easily into my simplified method. I have seen good putters use successfully such widely varying strokes that I have come to fancy that confidence in what one is doing, and an understanding of one's individual limitations, are the really important factors in good putting.

The clubs for putting vary as much as strokes and I think that I have used every one of each with more or less success. The pendulum stroke is the most popular in this country, Jerome Travers being its finest exponent, and there is no doubt that the logical club for that stroke is the centre-shafted putter, for a pendulum swings from a centre and is easily balanced. If the game of golf had consisted wholly of work upon the green it is very probable that a golf club would have been a centre-shafted implement, but as the largest and most interesting part was through the air it is easy to understand why a certain orthodox form of club would be retained throughout the game. And of course there are just as good putters with the orthodox club as with

the Schenectady, but they have probably overcome a few more difficulties.

I give first the pendulum-swing putt, the most popular and most generally successful method in use in this country.

Stand with the feet fairly close together, with hands as close together as possible. Whether one bends low, crouches over, or stands comparatively erect is entirely a matter of comfort. Swing the club entirely with the wrist, imitating the swing of the pendulum as faithfully as possible. It is astonishing what good results are frequently obtained by this method.

For years I practiced with a pendulum stroke using an ordinary Schenectady after I had most reluctantly adopted that club. But I was not satisfied for I was anxious to make my putting stroke as reliable as the others, and it seemed to me that almost no one was able to do that. A golfer appeared to regard a good putt as a gift from heaven, while a good drive was the result of a correct method. Therefore my constant change has been a quest for a comparatively certain method and whether I have yet found it I do not know.

In 1916 I tried another method, and I won the two major championships of the year while employing it. I call it my first Knowlton Ames method. Point the left toe parallel with a line to the hole, and along the imaginary line to the hole which passes just in front of my right foot. Then shift all the weight to the left foot, and putt with the arms over from my body.

Immediately after I concluded to try this method of putting I find these extracts from my diary:

" I practiced it last night and it went splendid. Snake

Ames and Jack Sellers were absolutely right about my keeping my arms too close to my body. I am fast gaining confidence. I must not pull that clubhead up, rather pull it more along the ground. Try to get a straight running putt — one that doesn't lope off at the end.

" My putting was a delight yesterday. I played the ball off the left foot and when I missed it was only by a fraction of an inch.

" That hit into the front line drawing your club low along the line and following through the ball with an overspin is the whole secret. I have been hitting the ball too near the toe, too, and I am trying to cultivate the heel blow. Hold the clubhead loosely.

" Think I discovered another very important idea for putting. Lay the club out a little, as some people do with their tee shots, if the shot is going to the left of the hole. Keep the ball away from the toe of the clubhead.

" Take the wrists back a little.

" This morning I was terribly discouraged. Putt after putt saw me roll my wrists and still I couldn't stop it. I finally discarded my putter. Dave Foulis gave me his — a family heirloom. Mr. Revell impressed upon me that I should putt for a point on the other side of the hole still on the imaginary line.

" Hit the butt of the ball, follow through close to the ground. Watch your back stroke.

" Warren Wood said: ' Look here, Chick, the only way to putt is to hold the club loosely, and that will allow the clubhead to go through in the right way."

" My 73 to-day was very encouraging, especially as I leave for the championship soon."

At another time I wrote in my diary:

"The two-handed grip on the long approach putts seems to be the best; the right hand alone on the 12-footers, and the left hand alone on the shorter ones. The most helpful idea I learned to-day was to keep the clubhead on the ball, and then keep the stroke going on the imaginary line.

"Do not use your hands as a fixed centre on those long putts.

"On those long shots just swing your hands back a little and make your blow with a straight follow through.

"I must not merely use my wrists as a pivot, for there is not rhythm to such a stroke — just a jab.

"One thing I noticed yesterday, which was a big help, was that if I drew the hands back with the clubhead and brought them through with it I had the best results. To-day I think that the ideal putting stroke is the one wherein the wrists and arms are used together with the movements of the hands.

"Let the putter head pass through the ball. This is very important.

"Guess I'd better use the forward press in putting. Get in under those putts. Don't drag the follow through.

"Had a long argument with Mr. Ames on putting and decided to change my style.

"There is one thing sure, you must hit them. I am keeping my eye directly over the ball, trying to form an imaginary triangle. I am keeping my clubhead on the ground so that I won't chop the stroke. I am working on the theory that if the clubhead is lying on the imaginary line after the ball is hit it should go some-

where near the hole. Be sure and have a loose grip on those run-up shots."

I offer these extracts from my working diary because I have found them very useful to me when things went wrong. Sometimes one thing is the matter, and sometimes another, and I have often found my particular remedy by referring to my working diary — a faithful transcript of daily practice.

I had seen K. L. Ames putting with a very queer looking putter. He was doing it successfully, too, and it aroused my curiosity, for I had never seen such a golf club before. In June, 1920, I was visiting at Mr. Sabin's home on Long Island, and I found a putter just like Mr. Ames' in Mr. Sabin's closet. I asked him if I might try it, and he made me a present of it with suspicious alacrity. I practiced with it a bit trying out Mr. Ames' new method of putting, and I was rather pleased with the result.

My first chance to try it in a tournament was at Memphis, Western Amateur, and it worked successfully. I expected a good deal of it at Toledo and was bitterly disappointed — I certainly missed all kinds with it. It worked all right at Roslyn. I putted well, but not exceptionally so, for I holed no long putts, or did anything remarkable. It seemed good and dependable, however.

In 1920, still hard on my quest of the unattainable, I tried another putting stroke, which I call the Ames Method, No. 2. While using this stroke, whether as a result of it I do not know, I won the Western Amateur at Memphis, defeating Bobbie Jones on Bermuda grass greens, on which he had been trained, and to which

I was wholly unaccustomed; and the National Amateur at the Engineers' Club at Roslyn, where the greens were supposed to be particularly tricky and difficult. It may be of course that the effect was solely psychological and the unusual putter and the new method were merely a means of tapping a reserve of knowledge and skill born of hours of practice over a period of years.

This is the method: The ball is played off the left foot, and you play for a spot on the imaginary direction about a foot in front of the ball. Take hands back with the clubhead, and with a little forward press at the beginning of the stroke. Be sure not to let the hands get ahead of a line vertical to the ball before the clubhead hits the ball. Stand up on the long approach shots, and crouch down on the shorter ones. Feet together when standing up, and apart when crouching.

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